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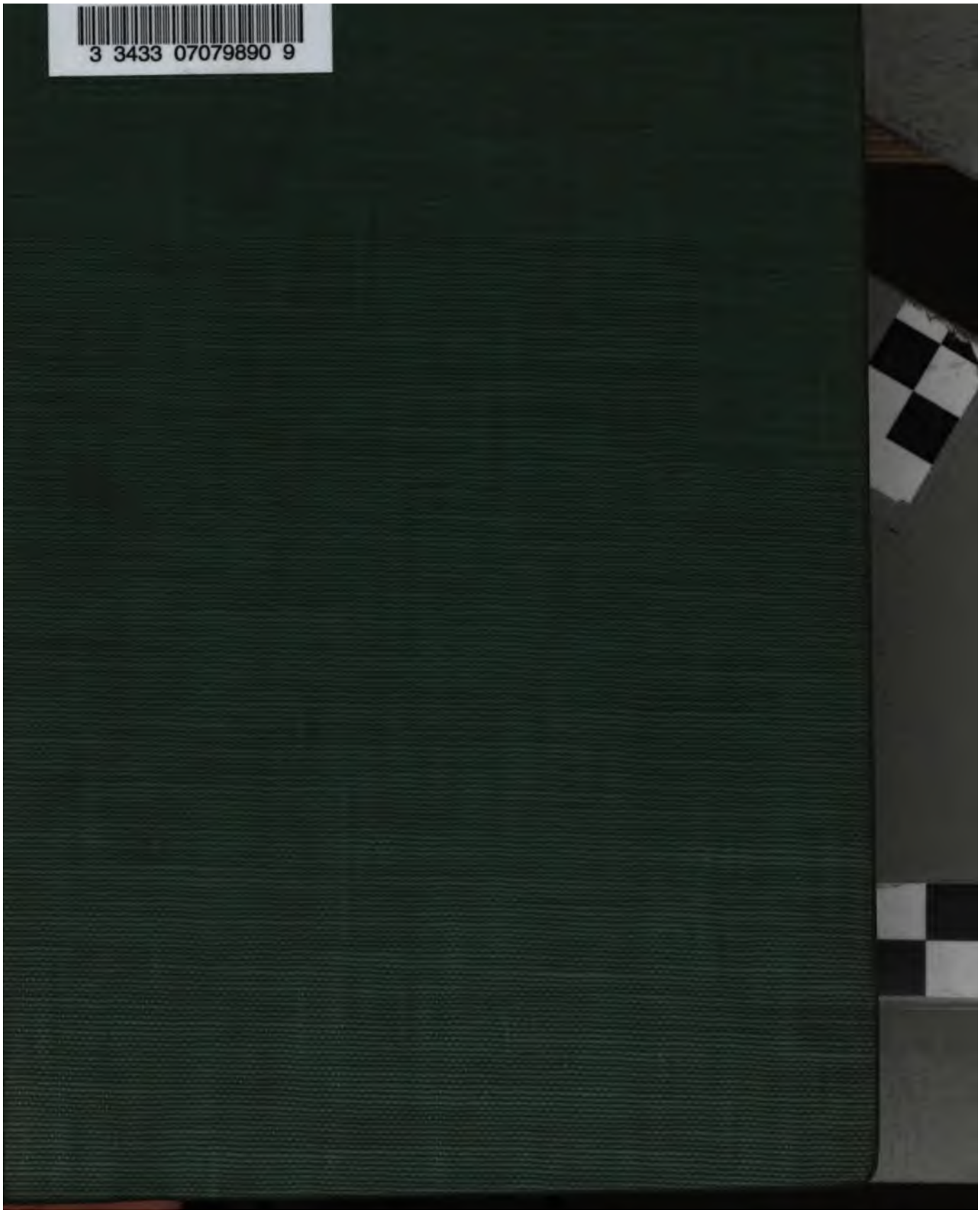
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THE DESERTED CITY.

BY MRS. EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

FAIREST of earth's embodied dreams,
Her magic spell is o'er,
For she who sat a peerless queen
Shall wield her sway no more.
No more the thronging millions pass
Her charmèd gateways thro',
Or haste with wonder-asking eyes,
Her treasured stores to view.

No more the gondolier shall sing
Upon the broad lagoon,
Or the soft peal of sunset chimes
Blend with his merry tune,
While fairy peristyle and tower,
With sunlight all agleam,
Reflected in the water's glow
Like a transcendent dream.

Fair mansions builded for a day,
With wealth and glory filled,
The eager throngs have vanished all,
The echoing courts are stilled.
The glory of departed things,
A memory and a spell,
A blossom of time's centuries thrown
Upon its tidal swell.

The banners of all nations, long
In unity unfurled,
Proclaiming brotherhood of man
And friendship of the world,
Are folded like the Ara.. tents,
To wave in pride no more
Above the gathered millions here
Upon Columbia's shore.

And like some swift dissolving view
The splendid scene will fade,
The "Ivory City" of our dreams
In shapeless ruin laid;
Yet golden suns and silver moons
Have visioned it in light,
A fadeless picture of the soul,
A memory of delight.

Oh! city with thy walls agleam,
Thy spires and golden towers,
A fairer city waits the soul,
A holier dream is ours.
And no destroying hand shall fall
Upon its mansions fair,
And all its wondrous treasure store
Is held for ever there.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

BY HENRY A. DELANO.

O, MIRAGE of spendour and glory,
That rose like a phantom at night,
Eclipsing all fable and story,
Or dreams of pagan delight.
White city, of domed architecture,
Of temples, palaces, halls,
Of triumph that conquered conjecture,
Of triumph that knows no recalls.

As a dream when one waketh at morning,
A vision that melteth at light,
I see thee dissolve without warning,
O mirage of grandeur so bright.
Were thy towers only clouds of a painting
Aurora had sketched on the sky?
The arches but rainbows, now fainting,
'Mid colours of darkness to die?

Ye are gone! The glory and beauty,
Pavilion, and court, and bazaar,
No guard nor wheelman on duty,
No caliph, mikado, or czar.
Gone, with your Persians so royal,
Egyptian, and Spaniard, and Moor,
Celestial and Buddhist so loyal,
Esquimaux, and Arabs of yore.

All nations, all sunshine, all tropics,
All the splendours of Orient zones,
All questions discussed and all topics,
St. Louis, the home of all homes,
The great West is warmed by the vision,
(All rivers to ocean must run,)
'Tis not all a dream of elysium,—
Mankind henceforth shall be one.

THE IVORY CITY—PART OF GRAND PLAZA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1905.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FESTIVAL HALL AND COLONNADES AT NIGHT.

As one strolled through the stately arcades and corridors of the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis, a dominant feeling was that embodied in the poems which accompany this article—the transitoriness of it all. No earthly monarch, not Nebuchadnezzar or Semiramis, not Solomon in all his glory, inhabited palaces of such splendid architecture as those that crowned the heights and studded the plain of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was the finest efflorescence of the civilization of the twentieth century—a dream of beauty, a vision of splendour such as the world never saw before.

Yet almost before its completion the evidences of its decay and disintegration began to appear. But much of it, and the best of it, is imperishable. The magnificent architectural scheme of the goodly structure, conceived in the mind of man before a brick was laid, shall endure when every vestige of its material splendour shall have passed away. In memories of delight, in picture and description, in poem and painting, the Ivory City shall continue to teach its lessons for many a long year. It was at once an

FESTIVAL HALL AND PAVILION, WITH GRAND STAIRWAYS AND STATUARY.

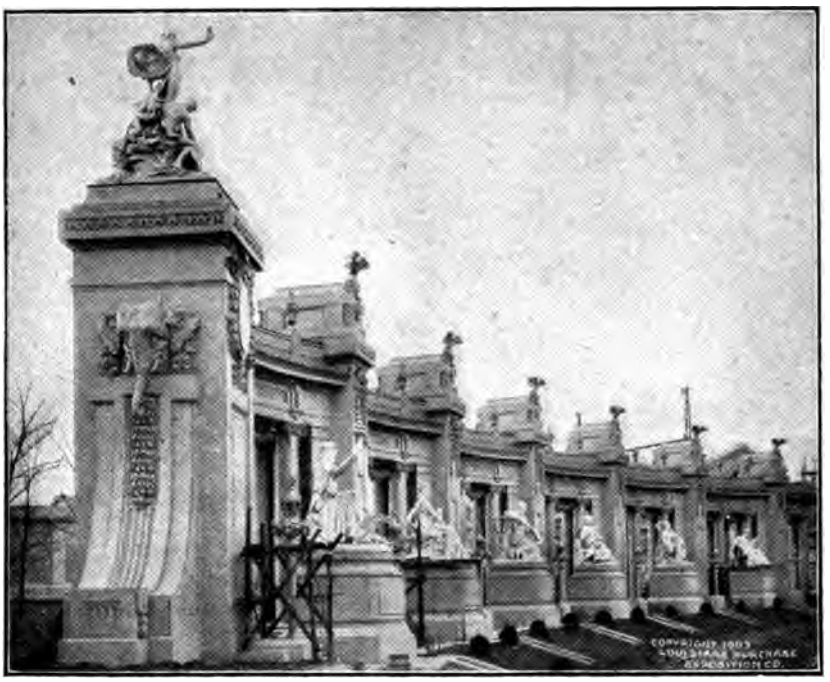
achievement and a prophecy—the crowning result of long centuries of progress and the presage of still greater triumphs and trophies of the future. It was a glorious augury of the reign of universal peace, when the only rivalry of the nations shall be a noble rivalry in the arts and sciences of a higher Christian civilization; when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; when upon every industry and enterprise of the ages shall be written "Holiness unto the Lord"; an earnest and a foretype of that city of God described in the Apocalypse of St. John, when the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into it.

There were, it is true, some jarring notes in this sacred symphony. There were earthly aspects of this fair vision. There was the deadly enginery of war mingled, with a strange irony, with the noblest achievements in the arts of peace. There were the thunders of the cannonade and the blare of martial music; but dominating them all was the thought of peace on earth, good-will to men. There were exhibits of the drink traffic, which the higher civilization of the future shall destroy. There were amusements of the frivolous, and in some cases of a pernicious, character. But the marvellous achievements of science, of

FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADES.

art, of architecture, the displays of the bountiful goodness of God, who hath given us all things richly to enjoy—these gave its real character to the great exposition. The strains of noble music, the fair scenes of the landscape gardener, glowing canvasses of beauty in the galleries of art, these all ministered to the æsthetic sense. The gatherings from the ends of the earth of philosophers and sages, its conventions for the promotion of peace and preservation of the Sabbath, for generous philanthropies and social benefits, for the advancement of learning and science, these all contributed to the cultivation of the higher faculties of man.

The Churches neglected a great opportunity to bring before the multitudes a demonstration of the world's progress in the highest plane of all —the wonderful achievements of missions, the marvellous growth of Sunday-school work, the great diffusion of Christian literature, the organiza-



COLONNADE OF STATES.

tion of the moral forces of the world, its evangelistic agencies and enterprises—these were scarce at all represented. Their proper presentation would have cost a large amount of money, and we suppose the custodians of their funds did not feel warranted in the expenditure for this purpose.

But one splendid demonstration of the dominance of Christian sentiment was the Sabbath stillness that came upon this busy scene on the Lord's day. Of its multitudinous machinery no wheel stirred. Its great arcades and halls of trade and traffic were tenantless. The innumerable activities of its throbbing industries found rest. The tumultuous frivolities of the Pike were silent. The weary workers, custodians of its countless treasures, found surcease of toil. It was a demonstration such as no great fair has ever given of the command, "The Lord our God hath commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath Day." The United States declared itself to be a Christian nation, and its government insisted on faith being kept with the pledges which were made, and the conditions under which the generous grants of money were given. That the city of St. Louis was cursed with an open Sunday, that beer-gardens, horse races and theatres were in full blast, but made more striking by contrast the rest and quiet of the "Ivory City."

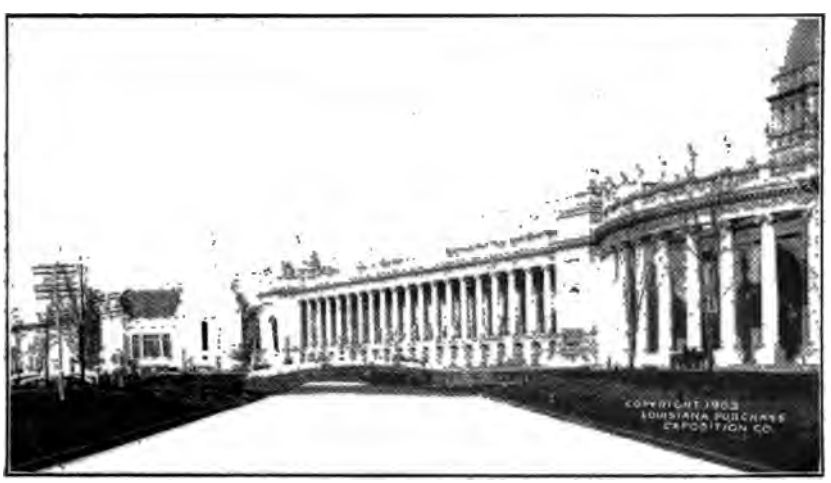
One of the most striking impressions as one entered the grounds was their spaciousness, the vastness and variety of their exhibits. Long vistas of stately architecture stretched on every side. The hugeness and grandiose structure of the buildings,

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

the extent and beauty of the intervening spaces, their landscape gardens, their great water stretches, their long slopes of green sward and foliage, were a revelation of the possibilities of civic architecture and embellishment.

Another striking conviction was that of the immense value of the exposition as a popular educator. All the nations of the world and the glory of them seemed brought under review. People of many lands and many tongues, in reproductions of their native environment gave much of the advantage of travel, and enabled one to survey mankind from China to Peru.

At the entrance to the Philippine exhibit was the statement that the careful observer would learn more of those islands, their people, their arts, their industries, than the average visitor to the islands themselves. One might circumnavigate the globe and visit its greatest marts of trade with-



THE VARIED INDUSTRIES. BUILDING

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

out finding such a concentration of the finest achievements of all the arts and sciences as were here brought together. Frequent lectures were given, with limelight pictures, and courteous instructors gave fullest information to every inquiring visitor. "Come in, sit down, and ask us questions," was a frequent placard. The great fair presented not merely the finished work, but the process of its manufacture, and the places where this took place were always surrounded with curious crowds.

The people themselves were a study of very great interest. They were not a mass of frivolous pleasure-seekers. Many of them were earnest students, examining machinery, studying charts and diagrams, asking endless questions, absorbing information at every pore. Neither was it a fashionable assembly. There were, of course, people of wealth, with elegant carriages and automobiles, who seemed bored and ennuied with much of the exhibits. But the vast proportion seemed plain, matter-of-fact people who wanted to get their money's worth of information and enjoyment. Many of them were family groups, middle-class folk from the country or rural towns, walking often hand in hand, and often, too,

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

trundling the baby in a carriage or carrying it in arms. These were the bone and sinew of the nation, these the broad substratum of the "common people," whom Abraham Lincoln said the Lord must love since he made so many of them. They were learning at every step how to beautify their homes, how to improve their farms or gardens, how to increase the productiveness of their business enterprises. It was a great "people's university." Dr. Brisbane Walker says that the country could well afford, notwithstanding the unrequited cost of many millions of dollars of these expositions, to hold one every decade as a great public educator, as a milestone in the world's progress.

PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

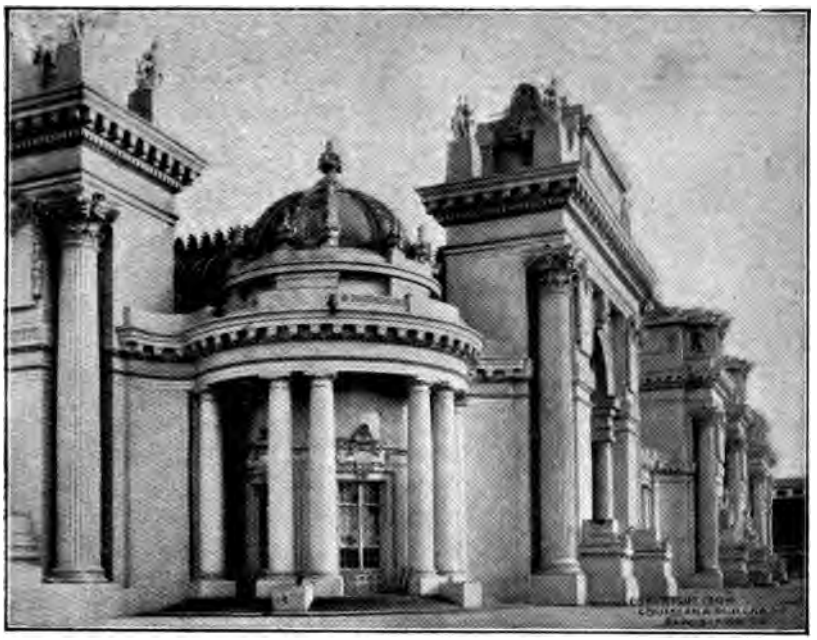
Another feeling that grew upon one, moreover, was the exhaustless resources of this great continent—the treasures of the field and farm, of the forest and the mine, and of the lakes and sea. This was especially borne in upon one as he traversed the greatest building of all, with its twenty-two acres of space devoted to agriculture. Each State of the Union, and many foreign nations, displayed in attractive form the wealth of their natural products. Exhibits of corn and cotton and endless varieties of food and fibre products were presented in pavilions and minarets and domes of gay and fantastic design. In this respect the exhibit of Canada was one of the foremost of them all, with a beautiful and spacious pavilion, a reproduction of the noble architecture of the parliamentary library at Ottawa. It attracted universal comment and commendation. The great commonwealths of this continent, each large as many a European kingdom, sent their choicest products for the feeding and clothing and housing of mankind to this great gathering of the nations, and proclaimed that the name for America was Opportunity.

PALACE OF ELECTRICITY.

Another lesson of the Fair was that of mutual helpfulness. Each country might learn much of every other; each seemed anxious to teach everything it could. Take a single example: In a German agricultural exhibit was a section illustrating the redemption of bog lands. A great map showed the location of these lands. Models and diagrams showed how they might be drained and dried, the kind of foundations needed for houses, and the style of superstructure to be built thereon, the wooden shoes for horses and long boots for men, the manner of pressing the peat into briquettes for fuel, into moulded panels susceptible of high polish, of converting it into mats and mattresses and many various economic processes. The ninety million tons of peat in Newfoundland, which cannot be sun-dried in its foggy climate, may have the moisture driven off by centrifugal rotation.

As one entered the bizarre-looking building devoted to mines and metallurgy he felt that here was the raw

THE CANADIAN BUILDING.

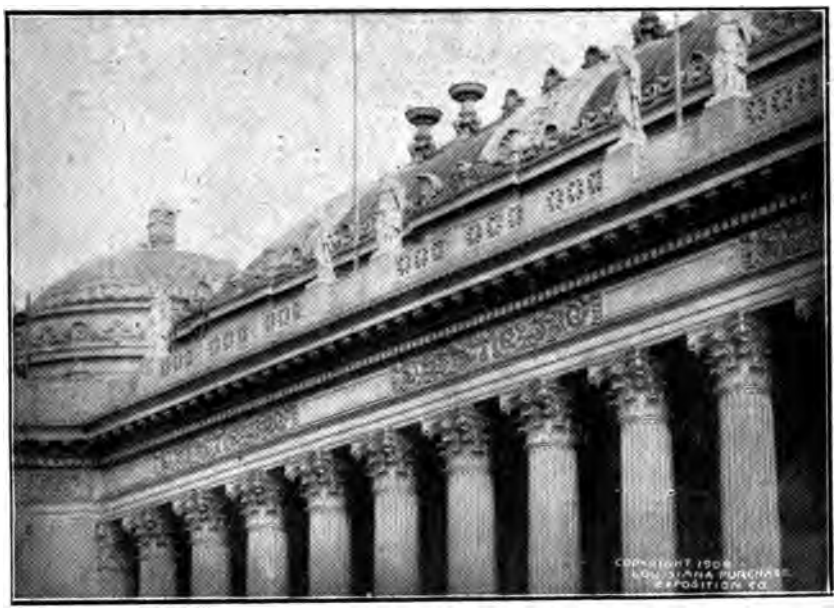


ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

material of civilization. Here again Canada's exhibit was a revelation of its magnificent resources. The legend confronted one: "Canada produces over fifty per cent. of all the nickel in the world, ninety-eight per cent. of all the asbestos in the world," and the great illuminated safe, with its massive Yukon gold, or gilt models, we suspect, was an eye-opener to our American friends. The wealth of marbles and building stones, of minerals and their products, were a magnificent advertisement of our great Dominion.

The immediate contiguity of the splendid mineral products of Colorado and Pennsylvania, Belgium, Bohemia and Britain were an object-lesson to each. A striking exhibit was that from the Alabama coal and iron regions, a colossal figure of Vulcan, some fifty feet in height, with a huge hammer like the hammer of Thor. Models of mining towns, of coal breakers, of underground shafts and galleries and addits, made one familiar with mining industries. The marbles of Carrara and Pentelicus and Sienna were rivalled in beauty and colouring by those of Vermont and Tennessee.

At the Columbian Fair of 1893 there were a few toy-like exhibits of the applications of electricity, but the progress of eleven years has been amazing. The electrical building, the only one that was open in the evenings, was an Aladdin's palace of wonder and beauty. Electricity was a perfect Frankenstein, performing all manner of work. An elaborate menu was cooked by its means. It was the motive power of an endless variety of processes and operations. The palace was bright as day with its many kinds of illumination. That transmitted through mercurial vapour



CORNICE, THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.

made the spectators look a ghastly, grizzly, green group of goblins. But its actinic rays facilitated the taking a photo "while you wait." Some idea of the growth of electrical science is shown in the fact that the Westinghouse factories exceed by many acres the entire floor space of all the buildings of the great Fair. Here, too, Canada was well to the front, her electrical generator for the works at Niagara Falls being the largest in the world.

Crowning the magnificent slope of Forest Hill Park was the great festival pavilion, with a dome larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome. In the picture it looked too elaborately ornate, like a tremendous wedding-cake; but its colossal size took away all idea of pettiness and gave it an expression of majestic dignity. The cascade which poured like a river from the base of this great structure, and tumbled over colossal steps, shook the very ground. The broad pavilions of the States swept like great wings on either side, and the architectural approaches had a dignity not equalled by anything in the great gardens of Versailles or Schonbrunnen.

Behind these were the great permanent structures of the art galleries, the very culmination of the æsthetic aspect of the Exposition. In number and variety of exhibits, that of the United States exceeded all the rest, the work of Sargent being unexcelled by that of any country. The average excellence of the smaller exhibits of Great Britain and the Continent countries was, however, of superior merit. Germany, as in every other department, was stately, imposing and grandiose. The most magnificent portrait in the whole gallery was that of Kaiser Wilhelm, standing before a majestic throne, which an irreverent observer declared was

like the great white throne of Heaven. His Uncle Edward was a very modest looking figure beside his Imperial and imperious Majesty.

The British exhibit had no such colossal canvasses nor battle scenes as those of France, Austria, Italy, where militarism seems part of the very life of the nation. But her sweet domestic scenes and noble portraits, her broad landscapes instinct with poetic feeling, reflected the more domestic character of the people. In the Canadian group, the portraits of Professor Clark, Dr. Milligan, Edward Blake, the fine landscapes of Mr. Knowles and Mr. Bell-Smith and other well-known Canadians, did not suffer by comparison with any in the gallery.

No building furnished such food for profitable study as the palace of Education and Social Economics. Here, as in many other respects, Germany took first rank. The extent and variety and excellence of her educational exhibits disclosed the secret of her rapid recent advancement in science, art and industry. From the primary school to the university most elaborate provision is made for the training of all the faculties. Take, for instance, the department of classics in the high schools or gymnasia. The old Roman life was accurately reproduced in full-size figures of Roman legionaries, with reproductions of armour, tools and implements, domestic utensils, models of houses, baths, temples, palaces, everything that would enable the student to live in the very atmosphere of that old Roman life. Especially in the technical and scientific department was this elaborate provision for studying displayed. Apparatus of every sort, models and preparations in natural science, costly acoustic, optical, astronomical and chemical apparatus was unequalled by any other country. The great universities in the United States had all admirable exhibits, but nothing to compare with those of Germany.

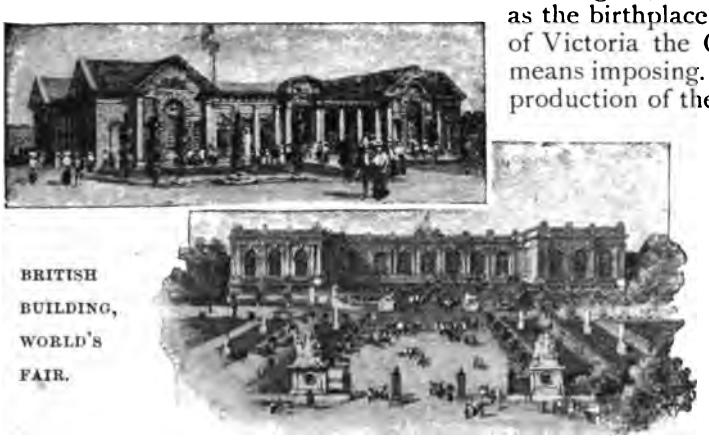
The Fatherland took the Exposition more seriously than any other country save Japan, and spent far greater

PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES.

CORNER OF THE EDUCATION PALACE.

PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.

sums of money, had more magnificent installation and architectural and artistic construction and arrangement than any other foreign country. This was seen in the magnificent German building, a reproduction of the palace of Charlottenberg at Potsdam, with splendid displays in furnishings, pictures and tapestries of its historic chambers. Great Britain was satisfied with the very modest reproduction of a part of the old palace of Kensington, dear to the nation as the birthplace and early home of Victoria the Good, but by no means imposing. The French reproduction of the Petit Trianon and a section of the garden at Versailles was far more spectacular. We suppose the hard-headed, commercial common sense of John Bull saw that the American tariff so restricted trade that it was



BRITISH BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

FRENCH BUILDING.

GOTHIC ART.

not worth his while to make an elaborate display. Countries where the national purse strings are less tightly held by the tribunes of the people, as those of the Continent and even the republics of South America, made far grander displays.

It was again Canada that saved the situation. The British dependencies, India, Ceylon, New Zealand and other colonies had respectable exhibits, but in every building those of Canada were conspicuous, representative, admirably grouped, classified and displayed. In the Forestry and Fisheries Building, for instance, she had a striking architectural structure, one that challenged attention far and near, containing three thousand specimens of Canadian woods, with splendid trophies of moose and caribou, of fishing gear and fish products. In addition she had a Forestry Building of her own, displaying her splendid timber resources.

A feature of much interest was the buildings for the several states and colonies, in many cases reproductions of historic structures, that of Louisiana being the Cabildo of New Orleans, where the Louisiana Purchase was completed. The most magnificent of these was that of Missouri, of noble architecture within and without, sumptuous reception and rest rooms, and on the occasion of our visit—but not on account of it—decorated with two thousand American beauty roses. In these buildings the weary pilgrims found opportunities for rest in huge mission rocking-chairs and on ample lounges, and kind custodians furnished all manner of information about the state or country represented.

Canada's shrewd business methods were not surpassed by any. A series of fine bas-reliefs presented scenes in the history of the country, and a panorama of pictures displayed the progress of a Manitoba farm from breaking the sod to the display in ten years of a wide, waving harvest, splendid farm buildings and numer-

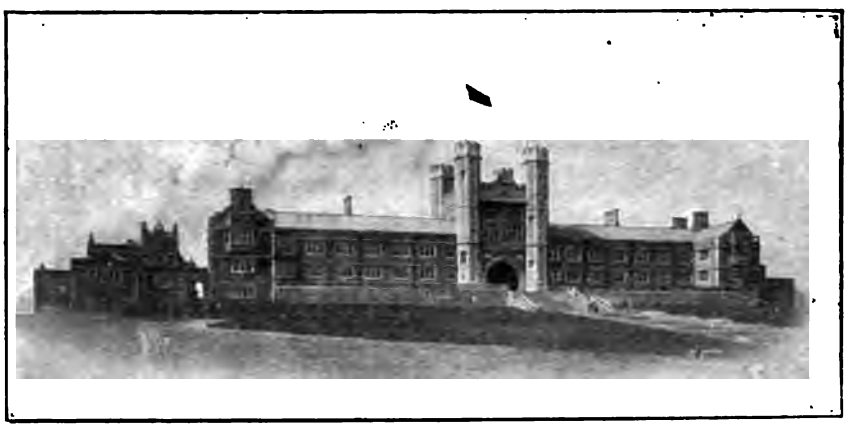
A SIOUX CHIEF.

ous stock. Annexed was an office where you could buy a ticket direct to this favoured land and pre-empt a free grant.

One of the surprises of the great Fair was the splendid exhibit in every department of the England of the East, the island empire of Japan. Characteristic of her pre-arrangement was the fact that Japan was the only country whose displays were ready when the exhibition opened. Her art products, her grotesque bronzes, her exquisite cloissoné ware, her silks and embroideries, her up-to-date educational and scientific exhibits, gave proof of her advanced civilization. Her landscape gardening, with the stalking cranes, stone lanterns, quaint bridges, tea-gardens where dainty maidens, clad in silk kimonas, dispensed straw-colored tea and said prettily, "Thank you very much, come again," and the polite intelligence of the custodians, made the Japanese the favourites of the great Fair.

Japan's rival, Russia, was conspicuous by her absence. A few blank spaces, reserved for the double-headed eagle, had some unopened packing-cases, some paltry wooden bowls and spoons, and in the art gallery were some preposterous pictures, with a few better specimens. This was all the Colossus of the North, with its superficial veneer of civilization, could present in this world competition in the arts of peace.

One exhibit was of peculiar pathos, that of the deaf and dumb and blind engaged in their industries and school work. Amid the splendours of these great collections they were enveloped in a cloud of darkness, yet pursued their avocation of broom and chair making and the like with cheerful alacrity. "Oh, yes, we have seen nearly everything in the Exposition," said one, in reply to a question. "And they know more about it," said their teacher, "than many who possess all their faculties." He must be made of sterner stuff than the present writer who could see unmoved the eager, alert look of a deaf and dumb and blind girl of whom her teacher was asking questions in the finger language, while the bright girl promptly replied in the same medium. She could solve mathematical problems with a celerity greater, her



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY PERMANENT BUILDINGS.

teacher confessed, than she could herself. One of the most beloved and honoured visitors of the Fair was that marvellous girl, Helen Keller, the only woman for whom a special day was named, the Helen Keller Day.

The exhibit of penological science was curious and saddening. The perverted ingenuity which many employ to rob and steal and cheat and elude detection, if directed to honest efforts would achieve distinguished success. The way of transgressors is hard, as shown by the prison cells and discipline and methods of detection, arrest and punishment. The Bertillon system of ear and finger measurement is superseded by the far simpler impressions of the rugæ or markings of the thumb.

"Here," said the penological expert, "is a letter I have just received," and opening it he found an impress of an unknown criminal's sign-manual—the imprint of his thumb. In a few moments he found amid his thousands of records its duplicate, revealing the identity of the man as a noted criminal. All other modes of identification are difficult and uncertain, and the marks change with the lapse of time, but this record written by God in the very fingers of our hands is unchanged while life shall last. In this latest of the sciences Japan was again well to the front. In the science of bacteriology she also has a splendid record, and Japanese scientists have discovered the bacilli of some of the most dangerous germ diseases.

No department of the Exposition was more interesting than the French section on social economics. It had an elaborate exhibit of the organizations for the social betterment of the French people—their better housing, better sanitation and better instruction. It was a surprise to see such aggressive protests against both strong drink and tobacco. Very effective illustrated placards were displayed, showing the progressive consequences of the drink traffic, with striking sentences, such as "La porte du cabaret conduit a l'hopital," "The door of the tavern leads to the hospital," and "Ne fumez pas, le tabac nuit a la santé," "Do not smoke, tobacco injures the health," and others of like character.

If the great Fair was beautiful by day, it was a city of fairy-like loveliness by night. In the light of the setting sun its ivory walls seemed transfigured into pearl and alabaster, then flushed to rosy red and paled to spectral grey. But, lo, a miracle of beauty! Along every line and dome and frieze and architrave a faint flush of golden light appeared—at first almost imperceptible and gradually glowing and growing into lambent lines of loveliness till massy structures stood transfigured like a fairy palace in lines of living light. The dancing reflections in the lagoons duplicated this vision of delight.

Still more exquisite was the effect when the golden glow slowly faded and deep crimson colours took its place, and these were succeeded by lines of lambent green. The play of colours on the snowy statuary and flashing cascades seemed almost unreal in its exquisite beauty. This striking result was very simple in the process. Electric bulbs of white, red and green glass alternated along the architectural lines of the building. By switching the electric current from one of these to the other the magic transformation at once took place.

A marked feature of the World's Fair was its splendid statuary. In this respect, however, there were features at the Columbian Exposition, the allegorical series on the discovery of the New World, and especially the majestic statue of Columbus, which were not equalled at St. Louis. There

were, however, some very noble exhibits. The figures of the great States of the Union were of colossal size and very impressive character. The equestrian statues of Louis XIV. and of Washington, one of which we present, were also exceedingly fine. Of much historic interest were those of the explorers of the great West, our Canadian La Salle and Pere Marquette, De Soto, and other of the pathfinders of empire who have stamped their names on lake and river and mountain throughout half a continent. Of profound significance was the group illustrating the doom of the Red Man and his congeners—the buffalo, the moose, the wolf and bear—all disappearing before the march of civilization. The best of the statues, however, was that of Napoleon Bonaparte, a seated figure studying the map of the great country which he signed away from France for ever.

The buildings of Washington University made a very admirable suite for the administration offices of the Fair, for the anthropological exhibits, and for the housing of the Queen's Jubilee presents. These costly tributes of love and loyalty were of very special interest, and on account of their immense value were more safely guarded from fire in this great stone structure than they could have been elsewhere. A single London bobby was all the visible sign of protection. A few red-coats would have been more spectacular, but not so impressive a recognition of law and order.

But it would take more space than we can spare to record a tithe of the marvels of this great school of the nations.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

"Is the door well barred? And the window?"
"Yea."
"And the outer gate, is it firm and fast?
There was one rode by on the bitter blast
That cried, 'Beware! I shall enter there
And set my seal ere the dawn of day.'"

"It is all secure. Sleep, sweet, nor fear;
There is none can dare to enter here."

"Quick! cover me close and sit on guard,
And shield my sight, for I seem to see
A Pallid Presence that beckons me;
His brow is cold and he's green with mould,
Oh, how could he enter if all is barred?"

"There is none has entered, beloved. Cease.
These are but visions that vex your peace."

"Oh, hold my hand, for to part is pain.
You see it not, but there's One defies
Our bolts and bars and bids me rise
And fare with him thro' the valley dim,
Whence none may ever return again."

Oh, strange and sad! Ere I answered, "Nay,"
Dark Death had stolen a soul away.

—*Independent.*

THE PRESENT EMERGENCY IN MISSIONS.

BY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church of Canada.

ANY person familiar with present-day religious conditions throughout the world must know that the Churches of Christendom are confronted with responsibilities unparalleled in their history. In one sense the responsibilities were always there, for they all grew out of the unrepealed command to preach the Gospel to the whole creation; but changed conditions have given the command a new significance, and opportunities undreamed of a few decades ago have opened up a vista of possibilities so immense and far-reaching that no limit can be set to the growth of the Divine Kingdom in the near future.

In the distant past a few saw the coming of the day of Christ and were glad. Men who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—not as they were influenced by surrounding conditions—"testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow them," and this led them to search diligently "what time or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did point unto," and to them "it was revealed" (observe it was not a conclusion reached by a process of reasoning, but unto them it was revealed) "that not unto themselves but unto" us "did they minister these things which have now been announced unto" us.

They saw the day of Christ afar off; we see it nigh at hand. They saw the triumphs of the Kingdom in prophetic vision; we see them in process of actual fulfilment. The converging lines of prophecy which first met in the Incarnation and the Cross, converge yet again to meet in brighter splendor on the day of Messiah's crowning, and it is the near approach of that long-expected day that has revealed the imminence of the present emergency in missions.

But let us move warily and be sure of our ground, for nothing is gained in the long run by random assertions or exaggerated statements. What is an emergency, and are existing conditions such as justify the use of the term? If our lexicons are to be trusted, an emergency is an unforeseen occurrence or condition; a sudden or unexpected occasion for action; a pressing necessity. Now the conditions which call for prompt and vigorous action at the present time were not altogether unforeseen. Here and there, at least, on the walls of Zion, were watchmen who saw indications of a coming crisis, and strove with all earnestness to arouse a slumbering Church. Some heard and responded to the call, and the marked growth of missionary interest and activity that has characterized the last two or three decades is the proof that the watchman's challenge did not fall upon altogether heedless ears.

But the rank and file of the Church still slumbered on, or, immersed in worldly pursuits, went one to his farm and another to his merchandise; and when the hour came that demanded a great forward movement of a vast army, thoroughly organized and

equipped, the Church was found with here and there a small contingent—a forlorn hope, so to speak—bravely attempting to storm the immense fortresses of the world's heathenism,

> "Striving, one against a million,
> To obey their Lord's command."

It is not often that international wars come on with startling suddenness. As a rule the world's statesmen see the war-cloud gathering months or even years before it breaks; but to foresee a coming struggle is of little avail unless prompt and decisive steps are taken to prepare for the campaign. Woe to the land that finds itself on the eve of a mighty conflict with depleted arsenals, a half-drilled and poorly-equipped army, a demoralized commissariat, and an empty treasury. Such was the condition of France when plunged into the Franco-Prussian war, and at Sedan she paid the penalty of her folly. Such, in many respects, was the condition of Russia when challenged to make good her claim to dominate the Far East, and the result was seen when her broken columns were driven from the Yalu and Liao Yang, "shattered and sundered." And the Church cannot expect results widely different if she attempts a world-wide conquest with forces hardly sufficient for a respectable skirmish line.

The present emergency in missions —for it is an emergency, and a pressing one at that—has arisen from a variety of causes, some of yesterday, and some more remote. Among the remoter causes, one of the most important, though least recognized, is to be found in the prayers of the Church and the concurrent providence of God. When the missionary spirit that had long lain dormant began to revive at the beginning of the last century, first-fruits of the great Methodist revival, many were led to pray that it might please God to open a great and effectual door unto the heathen. This desire, born of the Holy Spirit, was quickened by tidings that came at intervals from points remote from each other, telling how individual missionaries, or small reconnoitering parties, had scaled the walls and obtained foothold where heathenism was strongly entrenched.

Carey had entered India; Judson, after many delays, reached Burmah; Morrison was working secretly, at the peril of his life, on a translation of the Bible into Chinese and a dictionary of the language for the use of future missionaries. At a later stage, Madagascar, the Sandwich Islands, and the Fijian group were entered, and not only were many trophies won by the Gospel, but each of these island groups contributed its quota to swell the beadroll of the noble army of martyrs. All this tended to confirm the faith and stimulate the zeal of those who believed that the Gospel was for every creature, and prepared the Church to understand the wider providences whereby God suddenly opened the doors of all the nations, and summoned His people to go up and take possession.

In all great providential movements there are climacteric years when the cumulative force of the movement seems to reach its maximum, and difficulties and hindrances that appeared insurmountable suddenly give way. This has been strikingly illustrated in the history of missions. As I have said, there were some who, from the beginning of the last century were instant in prayer that the barred doors of heathenism might open, and as the years went by the number of intercessors increased; but for many a day there seemed to be no answer. The few who had penetrated into the dark

places of the earth were far in advance of their times, and even in the Churches they were regarded by many as fools and visionaries.

But all the while God was preparing the way, and at last, suddenly, and in unexpected fashion, the answer came. In India it came through the Sepoy mutiny; in China, through the Anglo-French occupation; in Japan, when Commodore Perry with his warships steamed into the Bay of Yeddo and knocked with a mailed fist at the gates of the Hermit Nation. All these unexpected and startling events occurred within the space of three years—1857-9—and they meant the opening of the doors to more than one-half of the world's population—doors which, up to that time, had been, for the most part, stubbornly closed to the missionary and his message.

If these providences meant that the Churches were at once to enter the open doors with forces adequate to the emergency that had been thrust upon them, the result could almost be described as a dismal failure, for volunteers were slow in coming to the front, the Churches, as a whole, were apathetic, funds sufficient for so great an enterprise were not forthcoming, and what seemed to be large and inviting fields for missionary effort either remained unoccupied, or were touched only on their outer fringes. And yet it would be unwise to assume that the Churches of that day were recreant to duty and failed to measure up to a splendid opportunity. Looking back with an unprejudiced mind, after the lapse of half a century, we may see reason to conclude that the time for a general advance had not yet fully come. Barriers of exclusiveness surrounding great heathen nations had been forcibly broken down, but the prejudices of the people remained, and these could not be overcome in a day.

People who for centuries have pursued a policy of non-intercourse with other nations are proverbially suspicious. The foreigner is regarded not only as an interloper, but as an enemy moved by sinister designs. Disinterested benevolence is a term that has no place in the vocabulary of the heathen, and how any foreigner can come among them except for selfish ends they cannot understand. It is clear, therefore, that in countries like Japan and China a sudden influx of missionaries in large numbers through doors opened unwillingly and under compulsion to trade and commerce, would have intensified prejudices of race and religion to a degree that would have rendered successful work impossible.

The few who entered the field during the first half of the last century, and whose limited numbers rendered them very inconspicuous, had to move warily and conduct their work with the utmost caution. But even this did not prevent the growth of that suspicion and hatred against the foreigner which culminated in the Sepoy mutiny in India, and in later times in the Boxer atrocities in China, in both of which uprisings the martyr's crown was won by many faithful servants of the Lord. But conditions have changed greatly for the better. The nations are open as never before. Prejudice and suspicion, if not entirely overcome, are far less bitter than formerly, and there are few places to-day where the missionary cannot pursue his work in comparative safety and obtain a quiet hearing for his message.

Perhaps the reader will begin to think that I am forgetting my theme, which is "The *Present* Emergency in Missions," and am speaking of an emergency which occurred fifty years ago, with which you say we have nothing to do: but these references to

remote events are necessary to a right understanding of present conditions and the responsibilities that are now upon us. What, then, let me ask, constitutes the present emergency in missions? There are several factors which go to produce the general result, and each demands separate mention.

The first is found in the changed attitude of the peoples in heathen lands. The old spirit of exclusiveness has been broken down. The people of China are discovering what the people of Japan discovered more than forty years ago, that national isolation is no longer possible; that the policy of the fifteenth or even the eighteenth will not fit into the demands of the twentieth century. A hermit nation is an anachronism that cannot be tolerated, and the nation that cannot or will not keep step with modern progress must fall behind and perish.

Japan saw this, and adjusted herself to the new conditions, and in the course of a single generation has advanced from a position of national weakness and obscurity to the very front rank of great world-powers. China, influenced largely by Japan, is beginning to move in the same direction, and there may be more truth than we wot of in the saying of an eminent statesmen, that "When China moves the whole world will move." The significant feature in the situation is that in changing their attitude toward the commerce, the education, the science of Western nations, they have unwittingly changed their attitude toward Christianity, the religion of the West. A generation ago, Christianity was proscribed in Japan under penalty of death; to-day the fullest measure of religious toleration is guaranteed by the constitution, and Christian missionaries may propagate their faith without let or hindrance in any part of the empire.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the changed attitude of which I speak is toward the practical side of Christianity rather than toward its doctrinal and ethical teachings. The heathen mind, so oblivious of the spiritual element in Christianity, and so opposed to its ethical code, is readily attracted by a religion that feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, teaches the ignorant, heals the sick, and comforts the dying. And this has convinced the leaders in missionary work that we should lay greater stress upon such lines than hitherto have been little more than experiments.

Modern military strategy has taught this lesson, among others, that there are times when far more can be accomplished by a flank movement than by direct assault, and it may be wiser to undermine an enemy's fortress than to storm its walls. And all this means that in heathen countries, like China, for example, multitudes can be reached through schools and hospitals and printing presses, who are beyond the reach, as yet, of churches and chapels. But such agencies, to be effective, must be up-to-date, thoroughly equipped and manned, and in sufficient number to meet the requirements of the case, and this means an expenditure that staggers many of the Boards.

At the present moment the attitude, not only of the governments, but of vast numbers of the people, in heathen countries, is favourable to the spread of Christianity, but may not always remain so. The doors so suddenly opened may be as suddenly closed, or, which would be still worse, the open doors may be entered and the fields occupied by forces more hostile to Christianity than was the old heathenism. In India, in Japan, in Africa, we have object-lessons which he who runs may read.

In the two former cases, Western education, especially Western science, has undermined a false philosophy, and with it has undermined superstitious religious beliefs. Old religions are everywhere giving way, and vast numbers of people are longing for something that will fill the vacant place in their lives. As a native gentleman in Japan once said to me: "Old faiths are passing, old maxims and customs that had all the force of unwritten laws are being cast aside, and some of us are anxiously looking about us to see if we can find some controlling force that will make the new civilization a safe thing for Japan."

But that attitude was true of only a limited number; the multitude who adopted the new civilization were only too ready to throw away all restraints. Such a people are in danger of repeating the history of the man in the Saviour's parable: "The unclean spirit, when he is gone out of the man, passeth through dry places seeking rest, and finding none, he saith, I will turn back unto my house whence I came out, and when he is come he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first."

In Japan and India a sceptical philosophy, a materialistic science, and a non-Christian education are forces with which Christianity will have to reckon; in Africa the opposition assumes the grosser forms of the white man's licentiousness and the white man's rum; but in all these cases the message to the Church is the same: we must make haste to scatter everywhere the seed of the Kingdom before the enemy has so preoccupied the soil that it will take generations to eradicate the tares.

But to understand the full significance of the present emergency in missions, attention must be turned, for a time at least, from the regions beyond and focussed upon our own country. The call from Macedonia must not go unheeded. The cry of the perishing heathen must be answered, and no paltering excuse of "Am I my brother's keeper?" can turn aside the swift answer of omniscient justice, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." And yet a little reflection should convince us that no plea of duty to the heathen can justify neglect of a work which lies at our very doors.

In the past the home mission problem—if it was a problem—was how to carry the Gospel to a few thousands of scattered settlers in the new settlements of three or four slowly filling provinces; to-day the question is how to cover more than half a continent with such a network of Gospel agencies as will meet the needs of a population increasing even now by hundreds of thousands annually, and destined to increase in vaster ratio as the years go by.

If to the fact of a rapidly increasing population we add the other fact of its heterogeneous character—the diversity of tongues, the illiteracy of many, their ignorance of Scripture truth, their defective moral standards—the problem of evangelizing these masses presents difficulties of no ordinary kind. And yet for the safety of the nation, if there were no higher consideration, this work must be done, and to do it thoroughly will require a measure of zeal, devotion, and liberality on the part of all the Churches far in advance of anything hitherto achieved.

What, then, is needed to meet this great and pressing emergency in missions? The answers must be given

in sentences, as there is no space for extended discussion.

1. There must be large plans. In the past we have thought and planned in parishes; for the future we must think and plan in empires and continents.

2. There must be large resources. To maintain a regiment in barracks is one thing; to equip and sustain a vast army in the field is quite another thing. As yet we have touched only an infinitesimal fraction of the Church's wealth. When the "whole tithe" is brought into the storehouse there will be enough and to spare.

3. There must be large reinforcements. We admire and reverence the twos and threes who go into the midst of heathen millions, but the Church who leaves these heroic men and women unsupported by large reinforcements is criminally negligent. Where we have sent tens, we must send hundreds. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

4. There must be a mighty spiritual uplift, a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit. But this cannot be expected or believingly invoked when duty is neglected and the Master's command is disobeyed. Let there be a return of the old obedience and there will be a return of the ancient power.

TURNING THE HOUR-GLASS.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

Low run the sands—the hour is nearly done
That marks the solemn passing of a year
And sees another on its course begun—
We mingle sighs and laughter, grief and cheer.

One instant tolls a bell—with measured strokes—
Then silence—for a year is lost to sight.
Its deeds are memories now which thought evokes,
Its labours, loves and woes are shades of night.

We sadly bow in prayer as o'er a bier,
Where life itself doth lie in death's embrace.
We lift our heads—and hope transforms a tear
Into a smile—we see the New Year's face!

And all the bells peal forth in joyous chime—
Golden and silver-throated to the dawn.
The night is o'er—the strong, new child of Time
Fronts with brave eyes and true the New Year's morn!

How many, many sands his hour-glass holds!
How many wondrous hours a year may give!
A fair, new purpose in each heart unfolds—
So gladly, purely, truly may we live.

That every moment jewel-like shall shine
As through the glass it runs, serene and bright.
Ah! let us make the sands of life divine,
And all our years shall glow like lamps of light!

IRISH POETS AND POETRY.

BY THE REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON, D.D.

RELAND is noted for its beautiful scenery, salubrious climate, rich soil, witty men, beautiful women, potatoes and buttermilk. Few countries in the world of the same size and population have produced a greater number of clergymen, philosophers, statesmen, orators —and, well, some not so wise. The last class is sure to be found in large numbers where the former classes abound, or else the contrast is so marked that the difference is more observable than in other cases.

For large-hearted benevolence, true warm friendship, real genuine wit, no people in the world can excel the Irish. They are matter-of-fact rather than fanciful, real rather than visionary, literal rather than imaginative.

Such being the character of the Irish people we do not look for a large number of poets of note among them. There are, however, some who stand in the front rank of the great poets of the world.

Among the lesser lights of the poet's firmament of Ireland may be found the name of Andrew Borde, born in 1485, died in 1540. At an early age he became a monk, but was soon after released from his vows and studied medicine, becoming quite noted in his profession. He was a great traveller for his time; few, however, in those days ventured far from their own parish. Borde was a man of great wit, sense and learning, and became an author of some note. To him has been ascribed the authorship of such tales as "The Mad Men of Gotham," and "The Introduction of Knowledge." He was far from being a saint though once a monk, and was imprisoned for something worse than saying his prayers. He died by poison administered, it is thought, by his own hand. His poems for the most part were neither elegant nor easy. A sample taken from a poem, entitled "An Irishman and a Lombard," will suffice:

"I am an Irishman, in Ireland I was born;
I love to wear a saffron shirt, although that it be torn.
And altho' I be poor I have an angry heart,
I can keep a hobby, a garden, and a cart;
I care not for riches, but for meat and drink,
And divers times I wake while other men do wink."

Sir John Denham was of English parentage, but was born in Dublin in 1615 and died in 1668. We do not hold to the theory that because a chicken is hatched in a stable it is therefore a horse; still we do maintain that a man born in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, is of necessity an Irishman, and notwithstanding the fact that the English class him as one of their poets we will persist that he is Irish—at all events, he started in life Irish. His descriptive poem, "Cooper's Hill," also his tragedy, "The Sophy," were greatly admired in his day. Sir John rendered valuable service to King Charles II. in his notable journey to Poland. One of the best of his poems was composed in reference to this journey. His poem on "Averice," as also that on "The Way Justice (or, rather, injustice) is Often Meted Out," so that the rich man goes free and the poor

man is punished, are excellent examples of his spirit and style. It is asserted that Sir John Denham was the first to discover the merits of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he went with the book new from the press, showing it to everyone, exclaiming, "This beats us all, and the ancients as well." Greatly as he admired Milton's wonderful work it did not keep him from his besetting sin of gambling.

John Cunningham was born in Dublin in 1729 and died in 1773. He was an actor by profession and won distinction in his own land. Had he lived in our day of telephones, telegraphs and cablegrams, with our daily press, his fame as an actor would likely have been world wide. He was the author of a farce called "Love in a Mist," and other poems, which gave him a prominent place among the poets of his time.

Richard Alfred Millikin, while almost as little known as Borde, was a poet of higher merit, born in 1767 in the County of Cork, and dying in 1815 at the age of forty-eight. Having chosen law, but caring little for the profession, he turned his attention to literature and painting, gaining quite a reputation as an artist. In 1807 he published a poem called "The Riverside," and another which gave him some notoriety, entitled "The Groves of Blarney." His poems were easy and graceful, frequently quaint and witty. An example is given in the poem entitled "The Fair Maid of Passage" (Passage is the town now called Queenstown, in Cork County). Our extract closes with a characteristic Irish simile:

"When dressed in her bodice
She trips like a goddess,
So nimble, so frisky;
One kiss from her cheek,
'Tis so soft and so sleek,
That 'twould warm me like whiskey."

William Barnard was born 1727 and died 1806. The place of his birth is not known; but as England has claimed so many poets who were born in Ireland, we venture to class Barnard among the Irish poets, even if it shall be claimed that he was born in England. He certainly lived most of his days in Ireland and later in life became Bishop of Limerick. He was a haughty man and was very decided in his opinions, one of which was that a man reached his highest point of perfection by the time he was forty-five. He once asserted in the presence of Dr. Johnson that no man made advancement after that age. Johnson, who had not the highest opinion of the Bishop, retorted by insinuating that old as he was he could find many ways of improvement and also suggested that there was need of it, ending with an exhortation to set about the work at once. Johnson had reason later on to regret his lack of politeness.

The Bishop took the insult in good part and next day wrote a poem, which he sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Dr. Johnson's intimate friends, who did not fail to make good use of it. It is a fine piece of satire. The closing verse is as follows:

"Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace;
From him I'll learn to write,
Copy his free and easy style,
And from the roughness of his file
Grow, like himself, polite."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in Dublin, September, 1751, died in London, July, 1816, was grandson of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, who was a clergyman and attached friend of Dean Swift. He was grandfather of Lady Dufferin, who was the mother of Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada. Lady Dufferin was herself a poetess of no mean

order. She was the writer of "The Lament o the Irish Emigrant," one verse of which we will give in passing:

"And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride."

In his childhood and youth Sheridan was pronounced by all his teachers a hopeless dunce. The first thing which gave him any notoriety and convinced anybody that he was not absolutely stupid, was his winning the affections of a beautiful and accomplished young lady who was a popular singer, with whom he eloped and to whom he was married. When this fact became known a great many young men who were hopelessly in love with the charming singer unanimously decided that Sheridan knew a thing or two.

Sheridan's first effort was a comedy entitled "The Rivals," and another called "The Duenna." His best comedy was probably his "School of Scandal," which was followed by a clever farce entitled "The Critic." A few stanzas from the ode of Scandal is here given:

"The first information
Of lost reputation
As offerings to thee, I'll consign;
And the earliest news
Of surprised billets-doux
Shall constant be served at thy shrine;
Intrigues by the score
Never heard of before
Shall the sacrifice daily augment,
And by each morning post
Some favourite toast
A victim to thee shall be sent."

Francis Mahoney, born 1805, died 1866, was a genial Irish clergyman. He became known as an author and poet by his contributions in "Fraser's Magazine" and other publications. His *nom de plume* was Father Prout, by which he was known rather than by his real name. His writings abound in quaint, witty, brilliant passages; they are also frequently interspersed with apt classical allusions. There is a peculiar adaptation of sound and sense in many of his poems which gives them a charm all their own. A familiar and beautiful example is found in his "Bells of Shandon":

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so well would in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells."

His macaronic verses in Latin, Greek, French and other languages, or in a mixture of them all, are immensely clever.

The earliest trace we find of the poet Patrick O'Kelly is in 1808. His best efforts are those entitled "Poems on the Giant's Causeway," and "Killarney." In addition to these he published a volume of poems of considerable merit in 1824. A year later he met Sir Walter Scott, who evidently had discovered his poetic genius and also O'Kelly's lack of money, for our bard was so reduced financially that he borrowed five shillings from Sir Walter, which it is exceedingly doubtful that he ever repaid. Poetic genius and ready cash are sometimes quite strangers to each other, scarcely on speaking terms. Sir Walter was, however, more fortunate than his brother bard, and was both able and willing to help him in his distress.

It would be inexcusable to omit a name like that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a household word in Canada. Born in Ireland in 1825, he lived in the land of his birth till nearly thirty years of age, when he came to the United States, and after a short stay

settled in Montreal in 1857. In his youth he was connected with the Young Ireland Party, and at the age of twenty was editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal. O'Connell referred to McGee's writings as inspired. Soon after coming to Canada he was elected to Parliament and at once came to the front rank of Canadian statesmen and orators. During the Fenian troubles he denounced their wicked and wild schemes, and after delivering a brilliant oration in the House of Commons at Ottawa he was assassinated in 1868, and at the early age of forty-three closed his brilliant career. His poems are full of thought, easy in metre, and at times tender and pathetic, and again bold and heroic. We will give a few lines from his "Jacques Cartier":

"He told them of the Algonquin braves, the hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for Him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John."

While we cheerfully give McGee a place among the Irish poets, Canada will not cease to claim him as one of her most illustrious citizens.

There are three Irish poets who stand out in greater prominence than all others, and these will now receive attention irrespective of their chronological order.

Jonathan Swift, or as he is familiarly known, Dean Swift, with more consistency than in many other cases, has been classed as one of England's poets. We must, however, claim him as Irish. He was born of humble English parentage in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who left the family in abject circumstances. By the kindness of an uncle, young Swift was educated first at the school of Kilkenny and afterwards for seven years in Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of twenty-one he left Trinity College and Ireland, came to England and found his way to Oxford, from which he took his M.A. in 1692. For about thirty years he had his residence alternately in Ireland and England, till in 1727 he left England entirely and spent the last eighteen years of his life in Ireland, dying at Dublin, the city of his birth, in 1745, being seventy-eight years of age.

He was a man of extremes, uniting many natures in his own. His most notable literary productions were, "A Tale of a Tub," in which he exposed many of the follies of his own Church, of which he was a minister, also "Gulliver's Travels," which has been perhaps more widely read than any of his writings. His poems were quite numerous, but none of them secured for him in the literary world the prominence he gained by his inimitable prose. In such poems as "The Confession of the Brute Creation," and "Union," he teaches important lessons.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London, in 1774. He was the son of a clergyman, which fact made him neither better or worse; but had he lived in this century and exhibited, as he did when a boy, that all the old Adam in the human family was not destroyed by Noah's flood, many people would account for his wickedness by the fact that his father was a preacher.

The first touch of his poetic genius was shown when but a lad. He attended an evening party and was called upon to dance a hornpipe.

Another lad by the name of Cummings played the violin. While Goldsmith was dancing the violinist was heard by him calling the attention of others to his ungainly person and calling him Æsop. Quick as a flash young Goldsmith turned and pointing to the player rang out the couplet:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

This for a boy of nine or ten years was exceedingly clever. Like Swift he was educated at Trinity College, from which he obtained his B.A. in 1749. After his death a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey bearing an inscription written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, a part of which reads, "Poet, naturalist, historian, who attempted almost every style and adorned whatever he touched." "The Vicar of Wakefield" is perhaps his best prose production and has given him his greatest popularity. Among his plays, "The Good-Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," are his best. His poems, "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "Retaliation," and the oratorio called "The Captivity," are the most prominent. I am not sure that one would be justified in calling the above his best, for many of his short miscellaneous poems show the true genius as completely as any. The last couplet of the "Village Teacher" is familiar to all:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The last few lines of his poem, 'Dying at Home," will be read with interest:

"I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill
Around my fire and evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home—at last."

Last, but not least, of Irish poets comes the name of Thomas Moore, by common consent the most popular of Old Ireland's sweet singers. We will all feel more at home if we call him Tom Moore. Like Sheridan and Swift he was born in Dublin, but spent a great part of his life in London, where he was a great favourite. He, too, was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, where he received his B.A. He was a clever Italian and French scholar. Being a great lover of music he became an accomplished pianist, an acquirement which was often a great benefit to him in after life.

Moore visited Canada in 1804, when he composed the well-known Canadian boat song found in our school book.

His most elaborate work and the one which gave him a world-wide reputation was "Lalla Rookh." His most popular poems, however, are his Irish Melodies. Most of his poetry is easy, natural, and graceful. Oftentimes he becomes very tender and pathetic. Whose heart has not been touched while reading the following?

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,—
The smiles, the tears,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken."

or this other delightfully sweet and sad melody?

"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

In another poem Moore shows his unbounded confidence in the joy and stability of heaven while at the same time he exhibits too gloomy a view of this present life:

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven!"

When trying to cheer and comfort those whose burdens and sorrows have made life's pathway dark and wearisome he brings heavenly balm for earthly woes in his beautiful poem, found in our hymn book:

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

"Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'

"Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can remove."

Again he sings so plaintively:

"The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

"But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

"O who could bear life's stormy doom
Did not the wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above?

"Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Who could help marching with more majestic tread as he listens to the chorus of Israel's marvellous song of victory as Moore sings it?

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free.'

Moore would have us hate wrong-doing and teaches that the stains and dishonour of sin will live when we are gone, and so he warns us:

"Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stained by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on."

One of Moore's most sadly charming poems is "Those Evening Bells," a part of which is as follows:

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells—
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

"Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

It is interesting to read his description of the young husband or lover declaring his enduring love in these grand sentiments:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,

Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

"It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

When the true husband-lover has walked by the side of his dear one for many years, he sings again of the maturity of that love:

"Oh, no—not even when first we loved
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before
Has since been turned to Reason's vow,
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now.

"Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gained in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire;
The flame now warms my inmost core
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet oh, I love thee better now."

In contrast with these lofty sentiments of the truest love, listen to the closing stanzas of the sad wail of "Disappointed Love":

"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right,"
We part—for ever part—to-night;
I knew, I knew it could not last,
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!

"O, ever thus, from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.

"Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt, or knew!
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
O misery! must I lose that, too?"

Moore was a great admirer of the true womanly character. I cannot, perhaps, do better than to close with one of his bright, though not exaggerated eulogies of woman's influence and power:

"Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast,
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart.

"'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bay, or enwreathed with the willow,
Her smile is our meed and her bosom our pillow."

The year lies white in the distance,
Like snow that no step has marred,
And we look at its shining distance.
As though through a window barred,
And we wonder w at idle footsteps
Shall trample the fallen snow,
Just as we watched and wondered,
A year ago.

Since then so many footsteps
Have fallen and stumbled past,
That the white perfection of promise
Grew scattered and dark at last;
But the new drifts lie on the pathway
To cover the blackened snow,
And the new year comes in its beauty,
As it came a year ago.

THE RIDE.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.

December frost lay sparkling bright
On meadow, moor and hill,
And through the starry winter night
December winds blew chill,
As sweeping o'er the silent snow
Like spirit accents clear,
The sound of church-bells deep and low
Rang out the dying year.
Ride fast! ride fast! on the stormy blast,
Quick as the steed can go,
Ride fast! ride fast! and fly aghast
O'er mountains wrapt in snow.
Ride, horseman, ride! whate'er betide,
And with the sweeping shears,
Swift as they glide in the eddying tide,
Cut down the rolling years!

Without the storm was fierce and wild,
But in a lowly room,
Where a mother clasped her dying child
In the fast enfolding gloom,
A silence lay, profound and chill,
Faint grew the candle's flame,
And faster still, o'er the snow-wrapt hill,
The spectre Horseman came.
Ride, phantom white, through the starry night,
Bear off the dying year!
Dash on thy course, swift-footed horse,
Over the moorlands drear!
Mow down the flowers of the flying hours!
Soon comes the morning grey,
And ere the first gleam of its rising beam
Thou must be far away.

Yet wilder grew the tempest's roar,
The wind blew fierce and high,
As past that humble cottage-door
The Spectre pale flew by:
In rushed the storm with a sudden sweep,
Extinguished the candle's flare—
And the mother sought in the darkness deep
For the child no longer there!
"A horse!" she cried, "I'll ride! I'll ride
Through the silver starlight dim,
Through the winds that blow across the snow
Till I catch the Spectre grim!
The child is mine!—he shall resign
What he has seized by force,
For I'll ride as fast as the mountain blast!—
Oh, for a horse!—a horse!"

Into the woods with wingèd feet
Breathless and pale she flew,
And a riderless horse, 'mid snow and sleet,
Came trampling the brushwood through.
On its back she sprang, and her clear voice rang
Through the forest's dismal shade,
"Speed—speed! oh, speed, my trusty steed!
Fly over hill and glade!"
But no track was left on the silent snow
By that Spectre Horseman grey,
And whither he passed through the raging blast
No human tongue could say.
Through pricking her steed in the stormy wind
The pursuer onward sped,
And her cloudy hair flew out behind
Like a halo round her head.
Still no match was she for the phantom's flight,
Though desperate and wild her haste
And ere the first beam of the morning light
He was lost in the viewless waste.

Chelsea, London, England.

I watch the old moon in its slow decline.
So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea!
Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me
I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.
So fearless, 'mid the wild bells' mingled din,
I ope the door and let the New Year in.

THE TALE OF NIBELUNGEN.

BY L'INCONNU.

WE were rounding the blue bends of the Rhine under the bluest of sun-bright skies. We had passed the cherry orchards of Salzig, the mining village of Ehrenthal, the old castle of Sonneck. We stood on the deck of the little Rhine steamer, looking eastward, as we led up the river. Our eyes lingered a last look upon the pretty little rn of St. Goar, with the sun spread- its light in a great curtain of gold the background. A little farther, l against the auburn-flooded west, e sharply the ruins of Rheinfels. ary and grey the old castle lifted head well-nigh four hundred feet ve the waters over which we led along. We watched it for ie time, then turned our eyes to- rd Lurlei Rock, under which the ious Nibelungen hoard is said to buried.

Miss B—, who had been pursuing a vigorous study of Wagner during the preceding winter, recalled, for our benefit, some of the old legends as reproduced in music. We had heard Le Maire give "Das Rheingold" in far-off Toronto, and Miss B— went over the outline of the ancient myth, in her sweet, clear voice: The Rhine-daughters were sporting themselves in the waters, with the golden treasure spread out upon a rock, when suddenly Alberich, a dwarf, came out of a dark recess, and cast covetous eyes upon the gold. The Rhine-daughters informed him that whoever forged a ring from this fairy gold would have universal power, but he would have to renounce love. They believe that Alberich is in love with them, and will not touch the gold. But they are undeceived, for he immediately seizes it and hies away.

The Rhine-daughters pursue him, wailing, through the deep waters of the river, and in Wagner's majestic

BINGEN ON THE RHINE, WITH ANCIENT CASTLE.

production the scene gives place to the beauties of Walhalla, which the giants have built for the gods. The Gothic gods are joyfully contemplating it, but feel uneasy lest the giants claim Freia, the goddess of love, whom Wotan, one of their number, had promised them as their queen. The giants, however, hear of the Rhine-gold and agree to release her for the all-powerful treasure of gold. The gods then wrest it from the dwarf, and with the restored Freia, enter Walhalla, crossing by a rainbow bridge at sunset. But all the while there rises from the river-depths the plaintive song of the Rhine-daughters bewailing their lost treasure.

We recalled it all as Miss B— talked—that undertone of lament in the music, and the more majestic bursts of the grand pipe organ that proclaimed the triumphant entrance of the old gods into Walhalla.

The night was darkening. The shadows of the rocky shores seemed to be interlocking hands overhead. Just here, about the Lurlenberg, is the narrowest and deepest part of the Rhine. In some places it is not more than two hundred and twenty yards in width. From a small boat one can awaken the famous echo from the cliffs. But the rock-voices answer not to the more commercial-looking steamers that pass. The moon rode suddenly out, white and ghost-like, above the Lurlei Rock, in the last light of day, as we passed; a mysterious wind sighed and moaned, and hushed, and moaned again. One shuddered a little in the twilight, and almost seemed to hear the Rhine-daughters weeping yet.

We had noticed, as we talked, a grey-haired man in a suit of shabby-genteel black, sitting not far from us by the taffrail. He had something of the air of the retired professor, a benign and kindly face, with the abstracted look of a man of letters. He could not have but heard most of our conversation on Wagner and the Rheingold legend. He had looked up several times with an interested air, as though, were it not an intrusion, he would like to speak. Dr. A—, of our party, asked him to join us.

"Strange," he said, "what a volume of truth there is in these old legends.

SONNECK CASTLE, ON THE RHINE.

Stranger, too, how well it fits the present day. Take that old story of the Nibelungen hoard, the curse of gold, it is but an amplification of truth. 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' One sees the old fable many times fulfilled in the present age, the restless seeking of wealth to the exclusion of better things, and the hardening process in the soul through the pursuit."

The moon shining on the old man's white beard gave him a somewhat ethereal aspect. We were reminded of the "Ancient Mariner." We had either forgotten or never been well versed in German legends. Some of us had read Carlyle's essay on the Nibelungen Lied. But for the most part we were ignorant of the subject —a subject so in keeping with the hour gliding along under the white moon of the Rhine.

We saw that with the old man it was a favourite theme. He was steeped in old Teutonic myth-lore—a man, we afterwards learned, who in his younger days had filled the chair of Old English in a college, obscure, but with scholastic ideals. We drew him out till he told us the story of the Golden Hoard much as Guerber tells it in his collection of "Legends of the Rhine":

Three of the Aesir, Odin, Hoenir, and Loki, visited the earth disguised as mortals. The first two brought good gifts to men. But Loki lingered behind, bent upon mischief. The three made their way to the hut of Hreidmar, a giant, where they expected to be entertained. Loki bore on his back a magnificent otter, which he had caught on the way. But the giant, on seeing Loki, uttered a cry of rage, for the slain animal was his

eldest son, Otter, who frequently assumed this form.

The giant's two remaining sons, Regin and Fafnir, came and assisted him in binding the gods. Hreidmar then informed them that they must remain in bondage till they could get enough gold to cover every inch of the slain Otter's skin, a skin capable of spreading itself out farther and farther till it covered an immense tract of land. Hreidmar, however, consented to let Loki go in search of the ransom.

Loki made his way straight to the source of the Rhine, where a dwarf, Andvari, was said to be guarding an immense treasure. The only live creature Loki found at his destination was a magnificent salmon, which he at once guessed was Andvari. Accordingly, he netted his prize, and demanded the treasure as the price of liberty. But in his covetousness, Loki was not satisfied with the treasure; he wrenched from Andvari's finger a golden snake ring; and thereupon the dwarf cursed the possessor of both treasure and ring.

Loki hastened back to Hreidmar's hut, where the treasure covered all of the otter's skin but a single hair. This Hreidmar insisted must be covered too, and so the snake ring was deposited, and Odin and Hoenir were accordingly set free.

But alas for the new possessor of the treasure! Hreidmar sat gloating over his gold night and day, running his fingers through it, and gazing upon the runes of the snake-ring till his whole nature underwent a change. One day his son Fafnir, returning home from the chase, found a great snake coiled about the treasure. He slew it, only to find that he had slain his father, changed into a serpent.

With the knowledge of what he had done came the thought that if he could only get the gold away before his brother Regin appeared, he would be its sole possessor. He accordingly transported it to what is known as the Glittering Heath, where he, too, sat and gloated upon it till he became a great loathsome dragon.

At this point comes in the hero of the Teutonic people—the famed Siegfried. The name itself is significant, the first part, "Sieg," meaning victory, and "fried," peace. This Siegfried was the son of a king, but had been apprenticed to a blacksmith, where he forged the sword Balmung, the most wonderful sword ever made, and performed other wonders. Mimer, the blacksmith with whom he was apprenticed, proves to be Regin, the brother of Fafnir, and is very anxious to secure the treasure. Siegfried reminds him of the curse attached to it, but in vain.

Finally, they set out on their quest. Now Fafnir had worn a track from the Glittering Heath down to the river where he went to quench his thirst. Siegfried dug a trench across his path, and there lay in wait with his sword. As the great beast passed over the trench, Siegfried thrust his sword up to the hilt into his body, and had not the beast rolled over, Siegfried would have been drowned in the monster's blood. As it was, however, his body was rendered invulnerable by the red bath, except a tiny spot on his shoulder, where a fallen lime leaf had stuck.

Regin, on seeing Fafnir dead, and himself possessor of the gold, became afraid of Siegfried, and was about to kill him with a sword-thrust in the back. But in the very act he slipped and fell himself upon the blade, and was self-slain. Siegfried, when he saw the curse following the treasure,

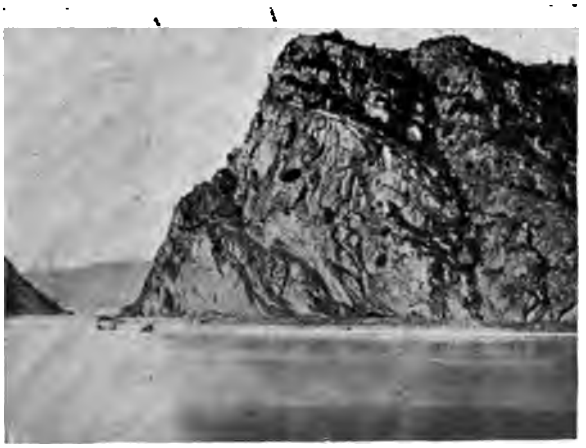
ıted his good horse, Greyfell, and away, leaving the gold behind and even his sword Balmung.

ter many days he came to the lungen land, or land of mist and ness. Here he found again the treasure. The king of the Nibel-n land had found it on the Glit-g Heath. He had died, and now wo sons were quarreling over its ion and asked Siegfried to settle lispute. This he consented to do tchange for the sword Balmung, h he recognized as his own.

Here," continued our -haired entertainer ins the famous Nibel-n Lied, that old epic ı, the great Iliad of hern Europe. Of its or positively nothing own. The poem was into its present form wandering Austrian trel, about the year . Many an obscure ıesinger has handed us ı his name, but the or of this old German ic has handed down his work.

n the old song of the lungen he tells how two princes, when the lungen hoard was divided, fell to reling about the snake-ring, and each other. Siegfried was thus ı in possession of the treasure and cloak that made the wearer in-le, known as Tarnkappe, which he ted from a dwarf. He then con-ed the Nibelungen knights, and ne king of the Nibelungen land.

The body of the poem is taken ith the story of the fair Chriem-of Worms, a world-famed beauty, sister of King Gunther of the undian court. Hither Siegfried a-wooing. But before pressing his suit he distinguished himself at tilt and tourney. At this time there came a herald from Queen Brunhild's court, offering her hand and kingdom to any knight who could outdo her in casting a spear, hurling a stone, and in leaping. But those who failed must forfeit their lives. King Gunther accepted the challenge, and Siegfried, although a king himself, offered to accompany him as his vassal. By wearing his Tarnkappe he was able to assist Gunther to surpass Brunhild in the leap and in other ways. So that



THE LURLEI ROCK, ON THE RHINE.

Brunhild was taken home as a bride to Gunther's court.

" Siegfried is given the fair Chriemhild as his reward, but Brunhild wonders that Gunther should bestow his sister upon a vassal. The two happily wedded ones return to the Nibelungen land, where for ten years they live in peace and plenty.

" At the end of this time Brunhild grows jealous that Siegfried pays no homage to her husband. She invites them both to Worms, and here begins one of the most impressive acts of the old Nibelungen Lied. It was at the

door of the Cathedral of Worms that the conflict broke out. It was the old story of precedence. Chriemhild was entering the cathedral gorgeously arrayed, and heading a splendid retinue, when Brunhild checked her with the words, 'Before king's wife shall vassal's never go.'

MARRIAGE OF SIEGFRIED AND BRUNHILD.

"The die was cast," said the old man, impressively, "the cloud of domestic war had burst. Chriemhild informed her rival that Siegfried was no vassal; moreover, that it had been in reality Siegfried's strength and skill with which Gunther had outdone her in the contest for her hand.

"You will see when we come to Worms the very square in front of the cathedral where the quarrel between these two took place. Inside, the painter and sculptor have joined to immortalize the story. The cathedral is the one visited so often by Martin Luther, and here the famous ecclesiastical Diet was held. Near the church you will find the monument commemorating the heroes of the Reformation.

"As exemplifying the place this old legend has in the German mind, the very city of Worms is named for the gigantic worm, Fafnir, whom Siegfried slew there.

"From the hour of the quarrel Queen Brunhild swore vengeance upon the race of Nibelungen. She enlisted the sympathies of Hagen, her husband's uncle. He, by professing great love for Siegfried, won from his wife knowledge of the single vulnerable spot in his body, where the lime leaf had stuck when he was bathed in the dragon's blood. One day, when Siegfried was hunting in the Odenwald, Hagen thrust him in the back, and the pure-hearted hero of German legend was borne home a corpse.

"After this Gunther prevailed upon Chriemhild to bring the Nibelungen hoard and come back to Worms to live. But while there, Hagen wrested the treasure from her and buried it deep in the Rhine. There, in its rock bed under the Lurlei, that we passed up yonder, the German peasant folk believe it is resting still. But the green depths of the Rhine guard their treasure.

"The Nibelungen Lied goes on to tell how Chriemhild finally married Etzel of Hunaland, and by way of revenge invited the Burgundians to a great feast, then had her own people

turn upon them in the festive hall and slaughter them. Hagen was slain among the others, and so the Nibelungen hoard lies buried still in the Rhine. Chriemhild herself and most of her people were slain, too, in the fray. Thus ended in blood the trail of the accursed gold."

The old man had finished his story. The gentle rhythmic motion of his hand ceased. There was only the gentle puff! puff! of the steamer as we pressed on through the sleeping Rhineland.

THE CATHEDRAL OF WORMS, BEFORE WHICH OCCURRED THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CHRIEMHILD AND BRUNHILD.

"But one has to look deeper," continued the aged professor, "than the bald outline of the tale for the something that has endeared it to the German heart for generations. Interlinked as it is with the earliest history of Europe, one can hardly say how ancient may be some of the myths and traditions incorporated in the quaint old story. There can be no doubt of its connection with the great Northern immigrations.

"And so the old Vaterland has here the linking of mythology and history. But it is not only with the past that the Nibelungen Lied has to do. It has entwined itself in the art and music of later times. Witness, for instance, Wagner's 'Rheingold' and 'Nibelungen Ring,' of which you were talking just now, and in the world of art, Hermann Hendrich's dragon picture. To Wagner the calamities that befell the possessors of the Nibelungen hoard were but symbols of the sorrows wrought among men by their passion for gold. The money power he believed to be the source of all evil upon earth, just as the ring forged from the buried hoard in the Rhine caused strife and contention even among the immortals.

"The same idea of the struggle of the material with the better self runs through our English poetry. Take Tennyson's 'Holy Grail.' Sir Percival is but a later edition of the old hero Siegfried.

"It is strange," continued our narrator, "how the ways of a wise and kindly providence are manifest in literature as well as in life. The Nibelungen Lied lay in the dust of forgetfulness for several centuries, while works of far less merit were enjoying fame and popularity. But it did not suffer from this neglect. It has come down to us in its pure form without the creations of weird women and fiery serpents that the Middle Ages would have added had they known it at all.

"As it is we have the pure production of the great child-souled poet come down to our own time. It is believed by some of our scholars that the present Nibelungen Lied is evolved from an older one, traceable as far back as the age of Charlemagne. There can be no doubt it is especially dear to the German heart because of its interlacing with the history of those early ages before they had thought of becoming a nation.

"For example, it has been established that Etzel, the second husband of Chriemhild, was Attila of the Huns. Such history as we have records that Attila had two sons, one by a Grecian mother, the other by Kremheild, a German; that Theodore, a Teuton, and relative of the latter, came and caused strife, taking the part of the younger son; that a terrible slaughter followed, lasting for fifteen days. This is, no doubt, the counterpart of the tale of Chriemhild's avenging the death of Siegfried."

The old man ceased speaking. His voice had grown weary. The moon glistening on his long white beard gave him a singularly venerable appearance, like one of the old sages and seers of the Vaterland. But he had aroused our interest in the Nibelungen Lied. We determined to make a study of Carlyle's translation of the old German epic, and to discover something more of the origin of the Teutonic peoples and of the great events linked therewith.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning:
  Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
  Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
  Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
  Of quiet, happy rest.

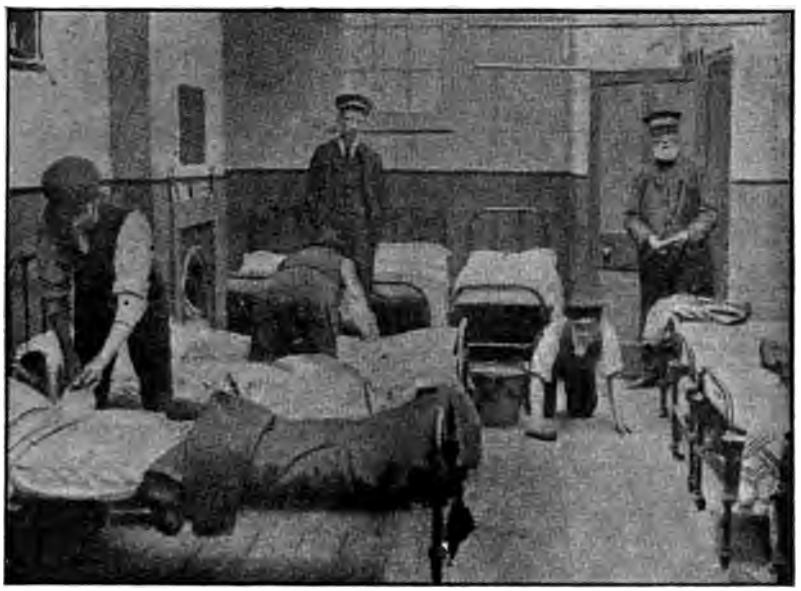
Another year of mercies,
  Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
  In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
  Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
  Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
  Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
  For holier work above.

Another year is dawning:
  Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
  Another year for Thee.

SOCIAL WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

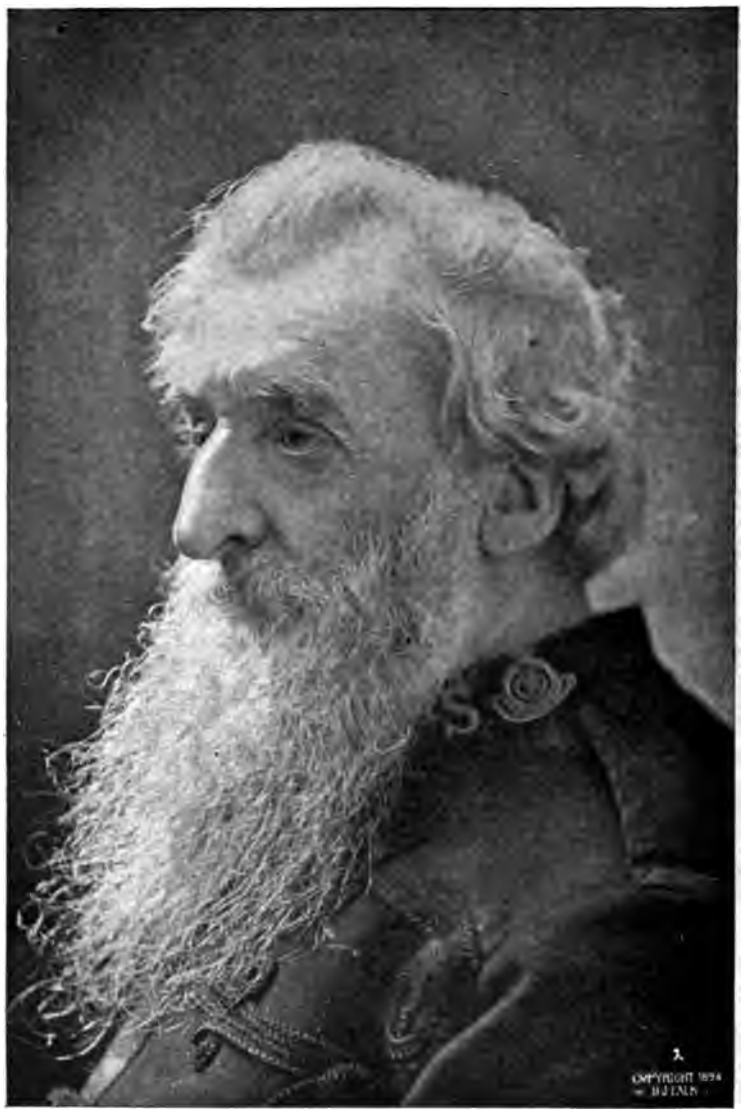


A PRISON GATE HOME DORMITORY.

IN its world-wide evangelism the social work of the Salvation Army is apt to be overlooked. That is not its least important work. It seeks not merely to prepare men for the Kingdom of Heaven hereafter, but to establish that kingdom here on earth. General Booth's "Darkest England and the Way Out," was the most striking challenge to the British nation to solve the problem of her submerged tenth. Although with inadequate means, still the effort has been made at the Hadleigh Farm colony to restore the lapsed masses to honest industry by contact with mother earth. These, with her industrial shelters and her colonies abroad, we believe, will prove the key to the solution of the most difficult problem which has ever confronted the British public. We have pleasure in presenting an account from "All the World" of some phases of this "Darkest England Scheme":

Human Documents.

A Salvation Army Shelter answers, in one respect, to the dismal-looking receptacles one meets with in the early morning outside the doors and offices in the city, or to the dustbins of suburban backyards. Admirably adapted to hold the superfluities of the household or business establishment, they are first inspected by the street gleaner, and then carted off to the city destructor. Rags, old



GENERAL BOOTH, RECENT PORTRAIT.

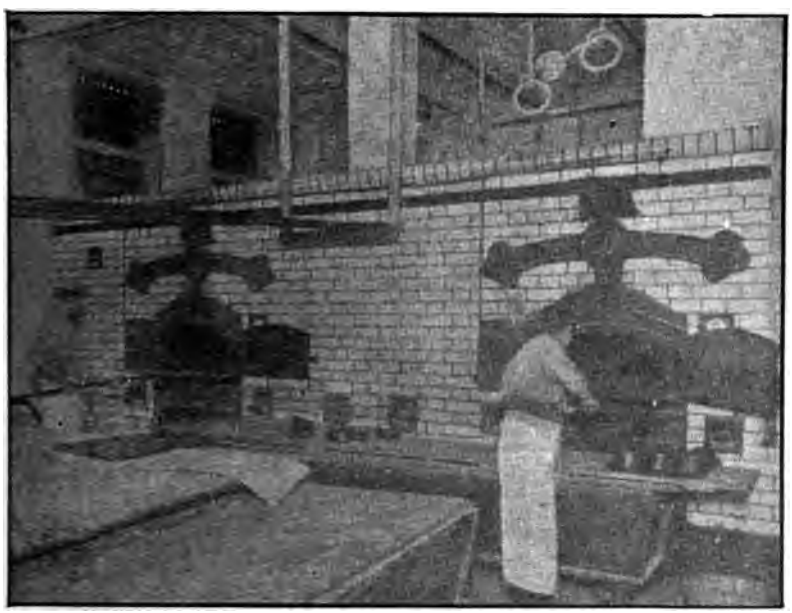
boots and clothes, broken crockery, remnants of food, papers and torn parchments are all thrown in a heap into one common annihilator.

There was a time when this refuse was much higher priced; but civilization, especially the very cut-and-dry article of the city, must get rid of its rubbish, and rid of it quickly and rid of it for ever.

And, analysed, society does not, after all, see such a wide difference between an old boot and an old boozer; a cracked tea-kettle and a broken-down artisan; a mass of paper fragments and a company of feeble-kneed, weak-backed fellows, willing but physically unfit to do a hard day's work; a blunt and awkward tool and a slow-going servant; an old-fashioned and distasteful ornament and the faithful, but aged, handy man.

"We can't have these people; they are in the way. It won't pay to keep them. Give them their notice. Wives and families? Yes, yes; very hard on them, but why did they marry? Any way, it is not our business to unravel their social problems. We have quite enough of our own. Let them go—go to the Union, or go to their uncles and aunts, or go to—. We don't care where they go to. They may go to the devil if they like."

And it is to just that last Devouring Destructor that the vast majority are driven.



INTERIOR OF LONDON SOCIAL BAKERY.

Take a human document whom you would probably find to-night in one of our London shelters. "I have never been in prison," he says, "but I have suffered what is even worse, I have walked the streets as if they were my treadmill. Without a penny to buy it, I have seen the bread that would have satisfied my hunger. I have pleaded, and pleaded in vain, for

a situation that I knew would redeem me and restore me to the love of wife and child. I have stood with soaking feet and rain-saturated rags on my back outside the Gaiety and the theatres of the Strand, and watched old chums shun me as if I was a leper."

And thus proceedeth the human document, damaged almost beyond repair:

"In a state like this I came into the Blackfriars Shelter twelve months ago, one cold night when rain and sleet were falling. I was broken-hearted. I had not had much to eat that day, and was so tired that hunger did not trouble me much before morning. When I sat up in my bunk and took in the whole scene, and wondered what heart-rending tales could be told by such an assembly of men, I was obliged to shut my eyes and think of my own case."

MIXING THE COMPOSITION FOR MATCH HEADS.

And he is but one among the five thousand to whom the Salvation Army Shelter in London is at once the barrier that prevents them from settling down in their despair or a stepping-stone toward the restoration of a last chance in life.

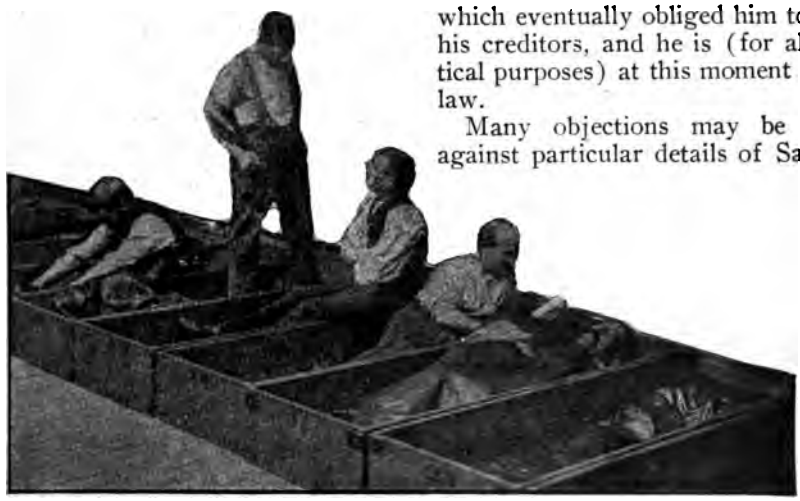
But first one word, and only one word, as to the Shelter itself. The one in which we found these human documents is situated in one of the busiest and most thickly populated parts of London, as near to the brink of the poor and despairing as possible.

Being unwilling to take too dark a view of things, we entered the building with something like a light heart, but had not been there half an hour before all that lightness of heart was almost crushed out by a growing sense of the magnitude and character of the work which, down in that little narrow street and all unknown to the thousands passing through the great thoroughfare in the rear, was nightly carried on by the institution at which the "man of the world" wags his head, and which so-called "philanthropists" have too often tried to ridicule and persecute.

Passing through the main entrance, we found ourselves in front of a little box-office, around which were some half-dozen poor, ill-clad, ill-fed, and (in the case of three at least) infirm and sickly-looking applicants for a night's shelter from the then bitterly cold wind and inhospitable streets through which—shivering, hungry, foot-sore and, worse than all, with some heart-sorrow, perhaps, oppressing and paralysing their every faculty—they would (without such a refuge) have been obliged to tramp about all night, objects of aversion to some, of suspicion to others, but of practical sympathy to few, perhaps none.

We say he is not alone; let us examine a few others around him.

Here is a man who has been well educated. Intended for the church, he graduated at Oxford; but he emigrated, disgraced his parents, and was turned out of his father's house. "The money allowed me was," he confesses, "my curse, for it led me into all that was evil." Asked if there was no bright spot in his life, his eyes wandered right and left among his drowsy companions, and then, gazing into my face, he replied, "Yes,



PREPARING FOR THE NIGHT IN THE MEN'S SHELTER—2d., OR 4c.

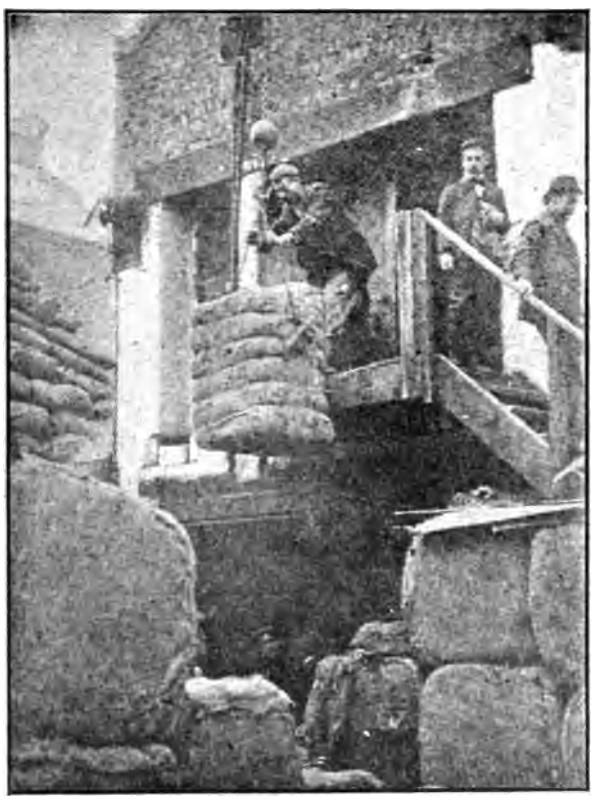
and it is here. I have lived a better and a happier life since I knew this Shelter, and I mean to reform. I'm trying hard, sir, God help me!"

"I was once a devout Catholic," runs another document, "to-night I am compelled to shelter under your good umbrella. There is no hope for me. I broke with my destiny when I allowed drink to deprive me of my position in the Law. I was the organist in a church; but I neither care for the past nor the future. I shall live out my time;" but his last words—"unless God does something with me"— showed that the influence of the meetings in the Shelter had prevented despair completing its work, and had begun, perhaps quite unperceived, a new life of hope.

Here is another document who once held a good place on the staff of one of the leading London papers—on which he has often earned between £10 and £12 per week. He declined to give me details, but, from inquiry since made, I have reason to believe that most of his statements were true. He contracted various liabilities, which eventually obliged him to evade his creditors, and he is (for all practical purposes) at this moment an outlaw.

Many objections may be urged against particular details of Salvation Army Social Work—what is there against which some objection cannot be made?—but, with a full knowledge as to the nature of the disease demanding treatment, and after years of careful observation and enquiry (as to the means employed by that organization to meet and treat that disease) we are driven to the conclusion that it is to such institutions as these, more than to the cleverness of detectives of Scotland Yard, or to the inspection of the County Councils, or the superior wisdom of St. Stephens, that this diminution of crime is a fact and not a fiction. It is the direct

product of love guided by common-sense and common knowledge of human nature, for here the cast-off documents of society are put through the mill of love and salvation, and turned out, some like the rough stock-in-trade article, others with the gloss of honesty and sobriety, and not a few, thank God, with the superfine evidence that they have been re-made in all that makes a man good, and true, and Christ-like.



DEALING WITH WASTE PAPER—"50,000 TONS PASS THROUGH OUR HANDS ANNUALLY."

One of the most dreaded words in the English language to the struggling poor is "workhouse."

Drunkards and spendthrifts may expect to arrive at no better goal on this side of the grave, but it is nothing short of a national disgrace that the honest, deserving poor should, after the strength of their bodies is exhausted in life-long labour, have no better place in which to end their days than that gigantic storehouse of misery known as the British workhouse.

Age is a powerful factor in throwing thousands out of work. It is becoming quite common for men to dye their hair on the signs of advancing age first appearing, that they may still pass in the crowd as young and able to hold their places in the workshop, the factory, or the office. The old and the infirm are not in demand, and so, if they cannot afford to live and die at their own expense, they are pinched and famished or consigned to the "Poor Man's Purgatory," the workhouse.

The tens of thousands of paupers in our workhouses are in reality the "Uitlanders" of Britain. They are disfranchised and deprived of other civil rights, for no other "crime" than their poverty. Both those inside the workhouse and those outside the workhouse have to suffer, in different ways, for the clumsily-arranged farce of relieving the poor. Its cold-blooded and brutal heartlessness is its own peculiar trade mark.

The Baddish Ones.

"Not once have I doubted that

Jimmy would turn to the Lord," said a mother, proudly, showing the letter that had come across the sea, to tell of her son's conversion. "He had something good in him, though nobody else could see it. He would not have been my boy if he had been altogether bad."

The mother lives in the man, and gives to her son the craving for godliness in greater or lesser degree, for never yet was woman too wicked to wish to be pure. Sometimes this trust of motherhood goes further, and with pathetic blindness denies the existence of evil in the loved one.

"What makes your boy so bad?" a woman was asked.

She lifted her arms out of the washtub with an eloquent gesture. "He ain't bad! He's a bit wild and baddish. Nothin' more. An' if people that's so ready with their tongues and their 'bads' was in his place they'd be a sight worse 'n him. He's got a good 'eart, has my lad, if he is a bit baddish!"

The legion of Boy Sinners scattered through every land would raise a cheer from their dense and disreputable ranks for the love that coined for their naughtiness a softer name. "Not bad!" cry the mothers of the prodigals to harsh strangers. "Not wholly bad. Just a bit baddish." Poor "baddish" ones! Many of them have learnt to their pain the truth of the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him."

"I wasn't no worse 'n nobody else," explained a baddish one, aged 15, "when I wor a nipper. But they sez I was alwers up to sumfin, an' the ole wimming wor alwers a-screamin', 'There's that young George ag'in! 'E's as bad as they makes 'em!' So I ups and shows 'em I'm badder 'n they thought, an' the end is, I 'ave to clear orf an' look after mesself, an' I'm a-doin' of it. What do you think?"

THE GIRLS' HOME IN LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

If the "ole wimming" had been able to discriminate between mischief and wickedness, George would have probably earned an honest living, instead of "hangin' round cadgin' when

'e couldn't find nuffin' to lay 'is 'ooks on."

"Becky Sharp" said she could be good if she had £5,000 a year—a very doubtful statement, since her character had no glint of goodness in it. There was more truth in the moan of a young Hooligan who, pacing the streets with his head hung low on the dirty jacket that scarce covered his naked breast, delivered himself thus:

"Yus, I'm miserable. 'Tain't no good sayin' I ain't. An' p'raps it is because I'm down on me luck an' 'arf

IN THE WORKROOM OF THE KNITTING FACTORY.

starved, but I tells you wot, Sister, we ain't 'arf as bad as they makes us out. D'you s'pose I never wishes I was good? Well, some people does. Wonder wot they thinks we're made of? Same stuff as the villains on the stage, I s'pose? D'you think I don't know sin don't pay? Look at me! I ain't got no 'ome, 'cept the Shelter, I ain't got no friends, an' I'm alwers on the mooch, an' one o' these days the p'lice 'll cop me ag'in. I know you're good to me, an' I've got a chance. God knows the Army does what it can for me, but I can't be good. I wants to be. God knows I do, Sister, but I've been like this ever since I was a young un. You've got to steal your grub to live when you're a kid, and by an' by you takes to stealin' all you want, an' there you are. It grows on you."

What can be done to stop this fungus-growth of evil in such young souls, and nurse the feeble "want to be good" into action? Numerically, the world belongs to youth. Of each hundred persons eighty are children. In all great cities a perilous percentage of the eighty live in the streets by the aid of their abnormally sharp wits. As their more fortunate brethren reinforce the professions and trades, they swell the ranks of thieves, tramps, beggars, and frequenters of the casual ward.

The occasional boy who rises from the gutter to affluence is sure to have a respectable parentage behind him. The sons of bad men and women have no ambitious prompting of the blood towards respectability; the strife of Ishmael against all his kind is born with them. Yet the divine spark of good flickers in their warped natures. Oh for an infinite patience to fan it into flame!

Much has been done for the children of the last generation; more must be accomplished for the offspring of this. It is not long since the nation woke up for the first time to the sorrows and wrongs of the little sons and daughters of the poor and the wicked. Citizens see in the parks, in mean streets, or crawling along busy thoroughfares men and women, black blots on our civilization, whose filth

and too near approach to the beast makes them shunned by all. But these creatures have children. What becomes of them? Who keeps a record of the wanderings of the children passed out, lonely and forlorn, from the workhouse to the callous world? Whither go the little ones whom we behold trailing at the filthy skirts of a wretched, homeless drab who has lost even the shadow of womanliness? How does the drunkard's boy, tossed out at the age of fourteen to do battle for his life in the crowd of struggling bread-seekers, succeed?

We have a lesson to learn from, and a debt to pay to, outcast youth.

In Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, behind the clean windows of a quiet shop-front, is the home of nearly one hundred Young Ishmaels. "A den of little thieves," a hard critic called it, when he found that among the lads were pickpockets, shop-lifters, sneak-thieves, and till-snatchers. Too cruel a name! It is a colony of Baddish Boys who come there to satisfy the yearning of the small good leaven within them for the care of decent people, cleanliness, and kindness. We will not turn them away, be they ever so criminal. Not to the righteous does the Army carry the salvation of its Saviour, but to the sinners.

These boys are our property, since so few others care for them. Their badness is largely the result of their circumstances. Father and mother have sinned against them; their hands are lifted against all other hands; if left alone, the prison cell and pauper's grave gape for them; they are often deceitful, lying, full of hypocrisy and cunning. So they belong to us, and we shall keep hold of them, passing them on as they grow up from one section of the Social Work to another, fighting the devil for their soul-and-body welfare every step of life's way.

Our lodgers include every variety of street boy, from the little chaps who sell matches to the hobbledehoy who vends sixpenny toys. Ages range from six to eighteen years, but every youngster under fourteen must be brought in and placed in the Officers' care by his parent or guardian. Homeless mothers and workless fathers sleeping for the night in our Women's and Men's Shelters bring their boys, pay the twopence, and know the lads are in safe keeping.

"No smoking; no swearing," are laws as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians. Eighty or ninety boys, "some of these the worst in London," are kept in order and yet allowed a large measure of freedom. How is it done? That is a mystery. Each night thousands of rough men are housed in the Shelters of the Social work under the charge of a few captains and boyish lieutenants, and disturbances are the exception, and the pink of quietness and order the rule. Perhaps the solution of the puzzle is in the practice of the law of love—a statute that is apt to be brushed aside as old-fashioned and useless in these modern days.

The longer the boys lodge with the Army the more obedient they become. They relish the cheap food (the daily menu contains plenty of jam in varied forms), and they assist in the nightly meetings. There is no such singing to be heard in London as that given by our untrained choir of fourscore "baddish" street urchins. Twenty mouth-organs softly playing the spirited Army tunes have a very pretty effect on the ear, though the unkempt cheerfulness of the players moistens the eye with pity.

When no strangers are present they

pull off their boots and play games of hide-and-seek and marbles, all the young "London rough" merged in an instant in boyish glee. After ten o'clock the rooms are quiet, and every well-scrubbed bunk holds the restless body of a gamin who has chalked on the board of his bed in a shaky figure the time at which the watchman is to call him in the morning. At four, five, and six a.m. the lads are scuttling out and running downstairs for a ha'porth of tea and a ha'porth of toast or bread and jam, ere the daily struggle begins again in the streets.

If they have but twopence the Shelter gets it. "Food will come along somehow," they declare, with

RUINS OF HADLEIGH CASTLE, SALVATION ARMY FARM.

the optimism of youth. The men in the coffee shops and stalls will always give a boy a bite. Human nature has an inbred belief in youth and its future.

Acknowledgment of conversion is rare. "A chap does get so chipped" by his fellows, and they are "tough little nuts" on religion as on all else, according to those who know them best. Who can marvel at that? The world has not shown its Christianity to them in an affectionate light, and they are inclined to think, at first, that even the "good old Army" has an ulterior motive of profit in its kindness. Still, they do get saved.

A very little fellow came to the door and asked to be taken in. "Oh, you are too small! How old are you?"

"Six, Captin. I'se bin before."

"Nonsense. When did you come?"

"Muvver brought me a long time ago."

"How do you know it was here?"

"'Cos" (pointing) "we went in that room to pray!"

If a tiny chap of six remembers the room where he prayed, is it too much to expect that older boys will also recollect through the chequered years of manhood the Army's God? even though they do but echo Tom Hood's wailing—

> "But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm farther off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy!"

The Captain in charge of the Home gives the worst "a good lecture now and then."

"But do they return after that?"

"Yes."

To any one who knows boy-nature, and its hatred of "sermons" and good advice, this is no small proof of the attraction the Home has for the boys.

"Then," continued the Captain, "we encourage them to get regular work, and show them the dangers and miseries of casual labour, and the laziness of being satisfied with just picking up a living.

"If they are ill?"

"We look after them; but there's not much sickness among them."

Strong, buoyant youth! Happy, careless, indifferent, independent, containing magnificent possibilities as well as the hideous seeds of crime and misery. After all, the Baddish Ones are too good for the devil! And while Christ has power to save and we have life to battle, Satan shall not have them!

The Farm Colony.

To some people the Farm Colony is the most interesting of all our social efforts, and those may be disappointed at the small space devoted to it in these pages. However, they will find what is short in matter is well supplemented by pictures, and they will also find that the story of Saunders gives a pretty full idea of the working of the Farm, with the exception that as he arrived at a very busy time, and though he was not overlooked, still he had to bide his chance so far as an interview went. But God overruled all for good; it was His way for Saunders.

That Saunders is one of many, not only in name, but in reality, is one of the joys of the Farm Officers this closing year. May the next year be still more fruitful and yield many many more Saunders.

In the long summer evenings the walk from Leigh Station to Hadleigh Colony is a pleasant one. It is three miles of charming country; grass on either side of the broad high road, sweet, green hedgerows and fields, undulating farm lands and scattered groups of cottages as far as the eye can reach.

But in winter-time it is very different. The walk is dark and cheerless, and any one of experience admits that there is no mud so clinging, yet so slippery, as the muddy lanes of Essex.

George Saunders found this to be true on a winter's evening not so long ago.

Verbal directions were given him, as he left the little lighted station of Leigh and started to climb the steep hill, "Turn to your left when you come to three cross roads, and then keep straight on till you get to Hadleigh village." He limped on for a long time, leaning heavily on his stick, but it seemed as if Hadleigh village would never appear. And by the time Saunders reached the village of Hadleigh, and turned down the rustic lane which leads to the Headquarters of the Colony, he regretted with all his heart having started.

"I'm out of this as soon as I can get enough to buy me a ticket back," he muttered, slipping and halting, his knee becoming more painful every moment.

"CASTLE HOUSE," AT HADLEIGH FARM.

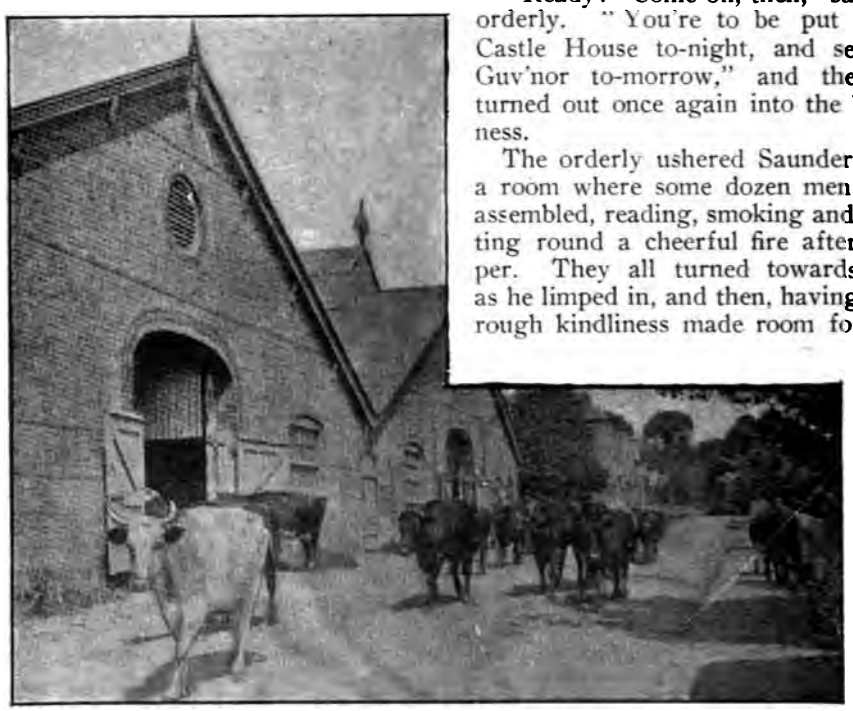
"Fool that I was to come—a dark, miserable hole," then the lane dipped suddenly, and he splashed ankle deep in water and mud. "Well, if this sort of thing leads to Salvation, it's something new," and so he reached the Colony after three or four hours' trudge.

"Here, at any rate, are some lights," thought George, as he stood at the entrance of the queerest little street he had ever seen. Iron houses of all sizes and shapes were arranged on each side, illuminated by two or three brilliant lamps.

Enquiring, he was directed to a door, at which he knocked, and after a few words of explanation, he was handed over to a man bearing the dignified title of orderly, who had

instructions to "put him up" for the night.

"Like something to eat?" said the orderly, a young man in a red jersey and brown suit, with a cheerful note in his voice. George agreed, and followed his conductor past more iron houses and twinkling lamps into a large empty dining-hall, furnished with trestle tables and benches.



COW-SHED FOR ONE HUNDRED COWS, ON HADLEIGH FARM COLONY.

As the orderly disappeared behind the wide "bar" which partitioned off part of the hall, Mr. Saunders looked around him. The great dining-room, capable of seating 350 men, its curtainless windows looking out into inky blackness, struck him as anything but agreeable.

"Ugh," he shivered, "I've never seen the inside of a prison or a workhouse—but it's something on this line, I reckon," and the orderly came with his supper.

Now, the supper was good—cold beef, cocoa and bread—and Saunders ate heartily and in silence, watching the face of his guide and the one or two white-aproned men who hovered about at work in the great open kitchen behind the bar.

"Ready? Come on, then," said the orderly. "You're to be put up at Castle House to-night, and see the Guv'nor to-morrow," and the two turned out once again into the blackness.

The orderly ushered Saunders into a room where some dozen men were assembled, reading, smoking and chatting round a cheerful fire after supper. They all turned towards him as he limped in, and then, having with rough kindliness made room for him by the hearth, they began to question the new-comer.

But Saunders was not to be drawn. He had come to listen and learn, and find out all he could, and not to tell either his business or private affairs, so after a few fruitless attempts, the men stopped their interrogations. They were a motley set, including among their number a farmer, a sailor, a

barrister's clerk, a chemist, a commercial traveller, a railway clerk, and a South American ranchman.

Saunders listened to their talk with keen interest. Some were grumbling at the hardness of their lot, others, wiser, represented, "It's all your own fault that y're here, don't lay the blame on others." One or two argued that the Salvation Army was just a "money getting machine," others thought differently and said so, and altogether, by the time the lights were out, and George lay down on his small iron bedstead, he had gleaned a very fair estimate of the ideas and opinions prevailing in the Colony.

"You've to see the Guv'nor," announced the watchful orderly immediately after eight o'clock breakfast the next morning. The meal had closed, to George's great interest, with a ten minutes' Bible reading and prayer from a brisk uniformed man, who was, as a neighbour whispered, "the Captain," and in charge of the meetings held in the Colony.

"You'd better wait here," said the guide, planting him down in a warm corner of the plain outer office, where a couple of men were busy writing. And George, still weary and stiff from his long tramp, sank down gratefully by the fire. There he waited to be sent for, and interviewed by the Governor.

It was New Year's Eve. Every one was busy with the preparations for the coming "big go," and beyond being given some dinner, George sat there hour after hour, apparently unnoticed. True, once or twice the dark man, whom he instinctively guessed to be the Governor, cast a keen glance in his direction as he hurried from one room to another, and the slight, spectacled Captain at the desk looked up to make some pleasant passing remark, but nothing more.

"I should go back to the House now, my man," said the Captain, kindly, as the afternoon closed in and the gas was lighted, "the Colonel won't see you till Monday; you'd better come back then. You'll be all right at Castle House over the week end," and back George went, mystified beyond words, and yet perhaps interested in a way he could never have explained.

The meetings that evening puzzled him still more. They lasted on and off from six o'clock till midnight, and yet the interest never flagged. The large Barracks were crowded, not as he had supposed with rows of uniformed Salvationists, but with ordinary looking people, the majority of them Colonists. A company of children on the platform sang their Christmas carols—sweet, happy children, evidently quite at home. George thought of his own as he looked at them, and a lump came in his throat.

In one of the pauses in the meetings, when the sellers of tea and coffee and buns were doing a roaring trade at the back of the hall, the Governor came and spoke to him.

"When did you come?"

"Last night, sir."

"Ah"—pause—"Is it the drink that brought you here?"

"Oh, no,"—hastily—"nothing of the sort. The fact is, I've been unfortunate, luck's been against me. I speculated a good deal, and—"

"I see," said the Colonel, gravely; "God bless you. We'll help you." And he passed on.

All day Sunday the new Colonist attended the meetings, and abstained from drink, the first because he had nothing better to do, the second because his circumstances did not permit of the indulgence.

Oh, if he could only get one glass of whiskey—what a start for New

Year's Day! "Fool that I've been to come," he soliloquized, more than once.

not a long one, but it made a good impression on him. This Governor seemed to be an honest sort of man,

"CHILL PENURY."

Monday, after breakfast, saw him again at the Office. This time he had but a short wait. His interview was

and ended his talk by giving Saunders a note for the Ensign in charge of the Colonists. The Ensign read it, sat

down, and wrote another, which Saunders was directed to take to the Captain in charge of the Poultry Farm across the valley.

Here after a few kind words, a spade was put into his hands, and he was set to plant trees.

"You can't walk far, as you're lame, and you aren't able to lift or carry heavy articles, but this is work you can do," he was told; and so he started.

Now, since his boyhood, Saunders had never done manual labour, and by the time the blast of the steam whistle echoed over the Colony, summoning the men to tea, he was all but ready to succumb with fatigue.

But the next day, when the same loud whistle roused him and his mates at 6.30, he felt glad to go with them into the lighted dining-room, where hot tea and coffee, and bread and butter were prepared for them, rather than hang about aimlessly as he had done on Monday.

For Saunders was not by any means idle. He had worked hard all his life; and though he had come to the Colony full of strange prejudice and mistrust of all his fellows, and of religious people most of all, he was now prepared to give the experiment a fair trial. "After all, the Colony didn't seek us; we sought it," he would argue, when met with discontent or grumbling from some inveterate loafer.

The weeks went by; he planted trees and mended hedges, and the regular healthy work, plain food, and no whiskey began to make a difference to the Colonist. Saunders looked better, he felt better, he was better. That is, as far as the outer man went.

Within he was as burdened and wretched as mortal could be.

Reserved and silent, he kept his own sorrows to himself, and watched with suspicion and doubt the whole staff—officers and officials alike. They were always kind and friendly to him, always glad to help him, and to give him a kind, cheering word, "*but*"—and that "but" darkened his sky, and kept a fearful doubt and mistrust alive in his heart.

For George had not come to Hadleigh as a makeshift for the time; he was determined to find the thing out. He had the usual idea of a certain type, that the whole concern was a gigantic "mare's nest," a scheme for making money out of the poor, and he meant to get that idea confirmed. He would then write a full account to one of the leading weeklies, and get good pay for his articles.

Why didn't the Governor stop and talk with him, instead of passing on with merely a greeting?

"Hang it all," he would scowl, as he watched him hurry by, "I'm better than you any day. Time was when I wouldn't be seen speaking to such as you; and do you mean to pretend you're too busy to wait and talk to me?"

And yet, when in the meetings any advance was made to get below the surface, Saunders resented it as an interference.

"My dear, good woman, it's no use your talking to me!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright and looking full into the face of the Governor's wife, as she leaned over the back of her seat to speak to him about his soul in the meetings.

But she came again and again. And just because something in her words and look appealed to him, he avoided her; he did not want to be influenced; and her stepping from the platform was often the signal for him to take his cap and turn out into the night.

One night, however, she talked to him earnestly with tears in her eyes, and her evident sympathy and interest prompted him to say:

"Yes, I am fully persuaded that Jesus Christ can forgive my sins, but how can I ever forgive myself? Here is my difficulty." And, as he spoke, despair and anguish looked out of his eyes.

Saunders saw only two courses open before him. He had been six weeks at the Colony now. He must either cast himself and his burden of guilt at the feet of Christ, and claim salvation—or he must clear out. He could not stay on, feeling as he did.

"But what about the past; the past," cried a voice in his heart. "The past that has been like a haunting ghost for the last five years? But for your proud, unforgiving spirit, your wife might have been living now. What about your children—now in some workhouse school owing to your drink and passion? How can you get rid of the past?"

"I'll venture all on God," he answered back. "I'll tell the Colonel all the truth. My reason will go if I live as I am"; and as they were singing in the following Sunday night meeting:

> "He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
> He sets the prisoner free!
> His blood can make the foulest clean,
> His blood avails for me."—

George Saunders rose from his seat and flung himself down at the penitent form.

The Governor left the platform and knelt beside him, the Colonists listening to his sobbed-out confessions.

"His prayer that night," says some one who was present, "I shall never forget. It was as the cry of a drowning man, sinking in an ocean of despair, but God heard it, and he rose to his feet a new being."

Up to that moment Saunders had had no rest. He had slept, certainly, exhausted by his labour; but his mind had ever been on the rack—tormented—haunted—living in the past.

But this night the burden was gone. God had come, and had undertaken the salvation of the shattered life. Whatever might be in the future, Saunders had a clear conscience, and the Governor knew the worst there was to know about him.

And now a strange disappointment awaited him. He had braced himself up to face chaff and jeers of some of the Colonists who had watched him go down to the penitent form and heard him pray. But no one said a taunting word to him. They treated him just as usual—a trifle kinder, perhaps, if anything. Saunders was surprised and rather sorry. He had hoped to have a chance of standing up bravely for his new-found Saviour.

Saunders was wondering where the persecution and hardship he had expected was coming in, when a man he disliked shouted out—

"Saunders, the Captain wants you; there's a couple of policemen come to fetch you."

His blood boiling at the Colonist daring to give him such a message, Saunders hurried through the gate, and there stood two constables, a warrant for his arrest in their hands. The storm had burst, indeed, but from an unexpected quarter.

Everything had prospered in the hands of George Saunders up till the death of his wife, five years before. Starting from his village home in Aberdeenshire as a ploughman, he had made his way and risen to the position of chief corresponding clerk in a large London firm. He had then gone to the Cape, and done well with his own business. Returning to London, he got in with notorious company promoters, worked for them, caught the money fever, and began to speculate on his own account. He paid eight hundred pounds a year for the rent of his City offices and his private

house a little way from London. He had five children and a wife who adored him. A misunderstanding led to the break-up of his home, and sent him hopeless and helpless down to ruin. It is a sad story.

Remorse and despair took possession of him. He found but one consolation, his whiskey bottle, and he had it by his side night and day. Nothing else kept him up.

And now followed five years of misery. Step by step he went down, down, down. His five children—the oldest ten, the youngest but a baby, suffered with him; for in his fits of drunken fury he would not let them stay with those who cared and could do well for them.

Speculating wildly, with a mind always dangerously excited by drink, naturally his capital melted away, and soon he was known to haunt every public-house from the City to Charing Cross, while there was scarcely a police court in London where he had not been fined for drunken brawls.

It was in one of these that his knee was dislocated and fractured, so causing a permanent lameness.

He lodged where he was just able to pay for a sixpenny bed, when a friend on the Stock Exchange came to see him. Shocked beyond words to find him drifted so low, he brought the case before a brother stockbroker, who is a soldier of the Salvation Army, and through his influence Saunders was persuaded to try the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

Three of his children had already been placed in schools, two were in lodgings, and it was in respect of these two, who had been sent to the workhouse, all unknown to him, when the weekly payments were not forthcoming, that the warrant for his arrest was made out.

It is too long a story to tell in detail, the events of the following few weeks.

"Trust God," said the Governor's wife, coming to her little garden gate as the Colonist, accompanied by the two policemen, went by.

"I do," he answered, heartily, and he did.

"It wasn't hard either," Saunders says, when speaking of that time.

"I did not feel at all angry or bitter. It serves me right," I thought, "and God will help me to prove myself, even if I get two months."

"It was strange how little I minded it. A week before I should have been mad with rage, and should have thought, 'What will So-and-so say, and So-and-so?' but now I didn't trouble over it at all. The worst had come, and it only seemed to anchor me more to God."

Saunders was taken to London, tried, and, after some delay, received a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour for deserting his children.

Through the intervention of the Army, however, the Home Secretary remitted a considerable part of his sentence, and the released prisoner was taken back to the Colony. He was welcomed home by his comrades, and after some months a good situation was offered him at fifty shillings a week.

But Saunders did not accept it. God when He saved him put some of His own love and pity into his heart. George Saunders thinks that there is no work so attractive or so divine as to help those who are to-day where he was once, going down to destruction as fast as sin and drink and despair can take them.

WAR: ITS SUBSTITUTES AND CURE.

BY THE REV. A. C. COURTICE, M.A., D.D.,
Organizing Secretary of a Peace Movement for Canada.

HE title of this article indicates a method of approach to the subject which is both positive and constructive, and this method should become increasingly prominent in the advocacy of peace. The other method, which is negative and destructive, also critical and belligerent, has played a large part in the advocacy of peace up to a recent date. The evils of war are so obvious that they invite attack, and deserve it; the proper substitutes for war have not been so plain and well-established as to command public confidence, but this defect is passing away.

This truth may be put in concrete form. The promotion of peace after the manner of Mr. W. T. Stead's "War Against War," is the old method in vigorous operation, but the promotion of peace after the manner of King Edward's arbitration treaties and through the Hague Court and its provisions is the newer method.

The negative side of the subject should receive some attention. Is war a blessing? Can this view be maintained? Very few will attempt it. Most men and women admit that war is always to be regretted, and as much as possible to be avoided. There are some, however, who claim that occasional war is essential to the happiness and prosperity of nations, and that war preparations are a necessary feature of every growing nation's life, now and for evermore. Captain Charles Ross, an English writer, sets forth this view *in extenso* in a book entitled, "Representative Government and War." He takes the ground that the human race would quickly degenerate without the stimulus of war, and goes the full length of approving all the immorality and brutality involved. He says: "Nations are potential robbers; there is no law or police force to prevent robbery: fear of the intended victim or of other nations will alone deter." The "preparations for war" involve the establishment of "an efficient intelligence in the adversary's territory and elsewhere, by means of which not only shall good information be forthcoming, but false information circulated, sedition and disunion caused in the ranks of the adversary, and that adversary brought into disrepute throughout the civilized world."

Civilized world? Mark the phrase and then reflect on the picture. Thanks be unto God it is not the Bible picture of civilized society, patriarchal, prophetic, or Christian. If war is in any genuine, valuable, and permanent way a blessing, it is difficult to understand why the Old Testament patriarchs and the Old Testament prophets were so markedly men of peace; or why the great prophets of Judah and Israel were inspired to picture the Messianic Kingdom as marked by the absence of war and the prevalence of industry and peace; or, above all, why Jesus Christ and His apostles and the early Christians took their stand so clearly and firmly against carnal weapons and military methods. Lesser lights count for little after the authoritative teaching and example of Jesus

Christ, God's Son and the world's Saviour. He commanded His fighting disciple, "Put up thy sword," and under the light of His teaching made plain and powerful by His example that war should disappear from human history?

Is war a blessing? Note in this connection a voice from one of the present century's rulers. Theodore Roosevelt, in a presidential message, says: "The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace. More and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war, and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which will in the end make world-wide peace possible."

What other view can be held? That war is an evil without a remedy! This view has been stated thus: "War is an evil which human effort can never entirely eradicate from this world." Or thus: "The most effective preventive of its dire consequences is a thorough, constant readiness for its terrible prosecution." This is the attitude of the Emperor of Germany. He says in effect: "I keep Germany and Europe in peace by keeping myself so strong that no one dare attack me."

On this basis, Europe is an armed camp to keep the peace. But the competitive development of armies and navies in times of peace in order to preserve the peace has proved to be a ruinous policy. The Czar's Rescript and the Hague Conference and Court of Arbitration are the outcome of the intolerable burden. A very eloquent and effective address at the Hague Conference was given by a military general, General Den Beer Portugael (Holland).

He said, concerning armed forces on land and sea, and war budgets: "You know, gentlemen, that these have now reached gigantic, disquieting, and dangerous proportions. Four millions of men (since increased to five millions) under arms, and the total military budgets up to five milliards of francs a year. Is it not frightful? I know that these soldiers are only kept under arms for the maintenance of peace. The Sovereigns have only in view the safety of their peoples. The States believe sincerely that these forces are necessary. But they are mistaken. It is to their inevitable loss, to their destruction, slow, but sure, that they labour along this path. Please understand me, gentlemen, I am far from being an Utopian. I do not believe in an eternal peace. But the more armed forces accumulate, military budgets are swollen, populations are crushed under the weight of taxation, the more the States are pushed to the edge of the abyss into which at last they will fall. They will ruin and destroy themselves. Let us stop on the edge of the abyss, otherwise we are lost. Let us stop! Gentlemen, it is worth while to make this supreme effort. Let us stand fast (*Tenons ferme!*). The price of peace, when burdensome armies and navies are the price, is serious enough, and the price is ever ascending. The civilized nations did say: 'There is a better way, and we will try.'"

Neither of these views have satisfied the great and good men of the ages. The prophets of the Christian centuries have been against war. In the English-speaking and Protestant world this is true, as well as in the broader Christian world. Amongst those who have written or spoken against war are John Wycliffe, George Fox, William Penn, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Brougham, founder of the Howard Association, Lord Falkland, John

Bright, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Hugo Grotius, Victor Hugo, and Elihu Burritt. In the United States of America there is a distinguished list of peace prophets: George Washington, Russell Lowell, Dr. Ellery Channing, Gen. Grant, Charles Sumner, George Dana Boardman, Edward Everett Hale, President Mark Hopkins, President C. C. Bonney, and Cardinal Gibbons, whose words have been often quoted, "God is the God of Peace to the individual, the Father of Peace to the family, and the Prince of Peace to society."

War is not a blessing from God to humanity, in the judgment of these men. By the true prophets the sword is classed with famine and pestilence as judgments. War is not an evil to be hopelessly endured to the end of time. Some settle the matter finally thus: "All war is wicked, having its origin in sinful passions, and being always prosecuted by violent, immoral, and wicked methods." Others will not go so far, but will take their stand thus: "War is a worn-out method; it is barbaric; it belongs to the ages of passion and force; it has no rightful place in the ages of reason and conscience; it must disappear." Still others are concluding from the study of history that war is ineffective; it is futile. A consideration of great importance should be made most clear to this effect; it is the province of history to sit in judgment on individual wars and not the duty of peace advocates.

Whatever may be the line of approach, and there is divergence of view on the negative side, certainly on the positive side there should be unanimity and co-operation. On the constructive side there are three main factors at work: (1) The Peace Societies, (2) the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and (3) the Hague Court.

Peace societies have grow Christian countries in Europe America, and these have joinec remarkable series of Interna Peace Congresses, the last of was the thirteenth, recently he Boston, the largest and most in tial of the series. The Inter-I mentary Union is made up of bers of the Parliaments of Euro voted to Peace by Arbitration. A American group has been re added to this Union. As these liamentarians are all from Sove States, colonies like Canada and tralia are not represented. This be regretted.

The Peace Societies and Cong constitute the popular element i movement. The Inter-Parliame Union constitutes a body of e: enced, expert, and responsible who give practical wisdom and sc to the movement. The Hague ferences (a second one is being c: deal with International Cove and Commissions, International and an International Court.

The Peace Societies belong t nineteenth century, and there are dreds of them now (about 450). largest and most influential of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, two thousand and fifty (2,050) bers. This Union held its last ing in St. Louis in September, ar International Congress held its meeting at Boston in October. one thousand delegates from the ized world registered at Boston two hundred members of Eur Parliaments were entertained b American Government, Congress ing voted fifty thousand dolla provide suitably for the Inter-P mentary Union. The Presider the United States delegated twc tinguished members of his adr tration to welcome these bodies.

Hon. Francis B. Loomis welcomed the Union to St. Louis, and Secretary of State John Hay, welcomed the Congress at Boston.

Notwithstanding the good work that has been done, there are sincere peace advocates who are impatient and belligerent when a special war is under consideration. When the Boer war broke out Mr. W. T. Stead became impatient. Concerning the Inter-Parliamentary Union and the Peace Societies, he wrote thus: "A Conference constituted to secure peace by arbitration, that cannot even condemn a power which has deliberately appealed to war, and rejected arbitration, stands self-confessed as impotent. We must, therefore, look further afield for the headquarters staff of the Peace Army. Where shall we find it? The existing Peace Societies are earnest, but they themselves bitterly deplore their impotence. They have neither funds, international organization, nor influence. We have been too namby-pamby in our Peace War. We have not been half military enough, we have not been bellicose enough."

The organized Peace forces bore this undeserved criticism patiently, and have done some of their best work this very year, in moving President Roosevelt to call a second Hague Conference, and in stimulating binding Treaties of Arbitration, which are now so prevalent.

What is the practical, accomplished record for Peace by Arbitration? Not dreams or visions, but facts, constitute the answer. Within the last one hundred years there have been more than two hundred cases in which international differences have been adjusted by arbitration. The Government of the United States has been a party to seventy of these. The most notable case of the kind—one that has had the most profound and beneficent results —was the treaty negotiated at Washington in 1871, which provided for four arbitrations. On this treaty, Mr. John Morley says: "The Treaty of Washington and the Geneva Arbitration stand out as the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy, and the most signal exhibition in their history of self-command in two of the three chief democratic powers of the western world!"

The march of events moved forward to the Hague Conference, called by the Czar of Russia. The famous Rescript was a plain, carefully-considered indictment of militarism. There is no escape from its facts or its practical conclusions. The gist of it is in this sentence: "The system of armament *a outrance,* and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our day into a CRUSHING BURDEN."

The Hague Conference was called for two weighty reasons: (1) First, because it would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord"; and (2) secondly, because "it would cement the agreement by a co-operate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

Only the briefest summary of the result is possible.

The opening clause authorizes the agreements and arrangements in the name of the Sovereigns or Heads of Independent States and their Plenipotentiaries. The names are fully given in both cases. In this clause the following ideals are set forth as guiding principles: The empire of right; the sentiment of international justice;

permanent institution of arbitral jurisdiction; regular organization of arbitral procedure; consecrating by international agreement the principles of equity and law.

The first article indicates the purpose:

"In order to prevent as far as possible the recourse to force in international relations, the signatory powers agree to employ all their efforts to bring about the pacific solution of the differences which may arise." Then follow the three methods: 1. Good Offices and Mediation. 2. International Commissions of Inquiry. 3. The Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The mediation of friendly powers has proved very helpful in the past. This is approved and provided for.

The second provision is very important: "In cases in which differences of opinion should arise between the signatory powers with regard to the local circumstances which have given rise to a disagreement of an international character, and in which neither national honour nor vital interests are at stake, the interested parties agree to have recourse to the institution of International Commissions of Inquiry in order to establish the circumstances which have given rise to the dispute and to clear up all questions of fact." The report of such a Commission, limited to the statement of facts, has in no way the character of an arbitral decision.

International arbitration has for its object the settlement of disputes between States by judges of their own choosing on the basis of respect for right. The agreement to arbitrate may be for existing or eventual disputes. The arbitral convention implies an engagement to submit in good faith to the arbitral decision. Each of the powers designate four persons of recognized competence and of the highest moral standing, to be arbitrators. The term of appointment is for six years. When a case is referred to the Court each disputant chooses and appoints two arbitrators from these, and the four choose a chief arbitrator. Thus the Arbitral Court is constituted, and then the Arbitral Procedure is outlined.

What has happened since to bring this Court at The Hague into recognition? The United States and Mexico referred a long-standing diplomatic dispute (the Pius Fund Case) to the Court and it was settled.

The Government of Switzerland had become a recognized umpire in international difficulties, but now declines to act and refers the nations to the Hague Court.

President Roosevelt pursued the same course in the Venezuela case. He was asked by three European Powers, Britain, Germany, and Italy, to arbitrate their differences with Venezuela. It was flattering to his impartiality and ability. He courteously declined and referred them to the Hague Court. It was a memorable event, which testifies to the progress of the world in the appeal to reason as against force, when those powerful nations stopped their coercive operations against a weak foe, recalled their navies and agreed to arbitrate. Voluntary and binding Treaties of Arbitration have formed the great nations of Western Europe into a peaceful brotherhood of States. The King of England has taken a leading part in negotiating these treaties, and is already referred to as Edward the Peacemaker. Similar Treaties are being announced almost faster than one can keep them in mind.

Fourteen Treaties of Arbitration between various powers of Europe

and America have been signed within the year and they represent the deliberate action of all the leading powers of Europe and North America. The extension of this movement to Central and South America and to the countries of Asia is only a matter of time. The nineteenth article of the Hague Convention laid the foundation for this chain of Treaties of world-wide influence.

Another fact of great importance is the action of Great Britain and Russia over the North Sea affair. The action taken expressly cites articles nine to fourteen of the Hague Convention as forming the basis for the work of the commission of inquiry which was resorted to instead of threats and force. A very menacing difference which had arisen between England and Russia was peacefully settled without the loss of dignity on either side.

Another fact of importance is that all the great powers signatory to the Hague Convention have signified their willingness to co-operate in a second conference, with the exception of Russia and Japan. The purpose is to complete the work so well begun in 1899, and the prospect is very bright.

While these practical provisions are established and operative as the rational and Christian substitutes for war, and they are just such substitutes as have been found effective in abolishing private and civil wars, yet the real cure for war lies deeper. It lies in the fuller apprehension of God and His Law and His Love; His Law as ultimate Righteousness, and His love as the sufficient motive in fulfilling His law. The law which is to rule the world, the human world, and all worlds, is and must be the Law of God. The Divine Law and Condition, as made known through Christ, is not war—it is peace. Peace is not stagnation—it is not mere negation—it is the wise and benevolent balance of forces. The fundamental principle and spirit of the Christian religion, whether viewed theologically as Atonement, or ethically as Righteousness in all human relations, or spiritually as New Life, is Peace based on established Good-will. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

THE CIRCLING YEAR.

There is a tower in a lovely land;
Fair, tall and stately will it long abide,
For strength and beauty therein are allied:
A noble tower—well and wisely planned.
But he who on the pinnacle would stand
Must tread the stair that upwards winds inside.
Each weary turning marks a view more wide,
Each onward effort shows a sight more grand.
So curves a life around another year;
Each day a step we take and ne'er retrace;
And slight the progress, made unconsciously,
Until, a circle rounded, there appear
Our broader thoughts and actions, face to face,
Our wider grasp of human sympathy.

—Aldis Dunbar

EARL GREY, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.*

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

THE appointment of Lord Grey to succeed his brother-in-law, Lord Minto, as Governor-General of Canada, has been hailed with general satisfaction both at home and abroad. For Earl Grey, to use an expressive North Country phrase, is "as good as they make them." He has long since won recognition throughout the Empire as an almost ideal type of the younger generation, especially of that section which combines Idealism with Imperialism. The combination of the loftiest aspirations after the realization of the most magnificent ideals, with a keen appreciation of the immense importance of those practical measures by which social systems are revolutionized and empires reared, is not unusual among the higher minds of our race. General Gordon had it; so had Cecil Rhodes; and so, to an equal degree, has the Northumbrian peer who for the next five years will represent the King in the Dominion of Canada. The only note of dissent in the chorus of approval which hailed his nomination is due to the dismay with which many active social reformers in this country heard of the approaching departure of their leading spirit.

Earl Grey is one of our Elizabethans, a breed which will never die out in England until the English race is extinct. In his person, in his ideas, in his restless energy, he recalls the type of the great adventurers who sailed the Spanish Main. There is about him the very aroma of the knighthood of the sixteenth century, whose fragrance lingers long in the corridors of time. He is not a sophister or calculator, "a sly, slow thing with circumspective eyes." Quite the contrary. He is ever in the saddle, with spear at rest, ready to ride forth on perilous quests for the rescue of oppressed damsels or for the vanquishing of giants and dragons whose brood still infests the land. There is a generous *abandon*, a free and daring, almost reckless, spirit of enthusiasm about him. He is one of those rare and most favoured of mortals who possess the head of a mature man and the heart of a boy. His very presence, with his alert eye and responsive smile, his rapid movements, and his frank impulses remind one of the heather hills of Northumberland, the bracing breezes of the North Country coast, the free, untrammelled out-of-door life of the romantic Border.

He is personally one of the most charming of men, one of the most fascinating of personalities. By birth an aristocrat, no one can be more democratic in his sympathies. An unfortunate antipathy to Home Rule alone shunted him into the Unionist camp. Otherwise it would have been difficult to find a stouter, sounder Liberal within a day's march. Nor is his Liberalism confined to party politics.

He is Liberal in Church as well as in State; Liberal in the catholicity of

* Abridged from the November number of The Review of Reviews.

his friendships and the breadth and variety of his sympathies. Nor is his Liberalism mere Latitudinarianism, which leads many to be as weak and feckless as they are broad and shallow. No fanatic can be keener than he in the active support of definite and practical reforms.

His critics—I was going to say enemies, but enemies he has none—attribute to him the vices of his virtues, and complain that his sympathies are so keen and so multitudinous that "Grey is all over the shop." This is, however, a vice so much on virtue's side that it can hardly be regarded with disapproval. It is something to find a member of the House of Lords suffering from an excess of cerebral activity. A man more mentally alert and more physically active it would be difficult to find in a day's march. He turns up everywhere, whenever any good work is to to be done, at home or abroad, and seems to find time for every kind of social and political effort.

The last time I saw Earl Grey was in the Albert Hall, at the great demonstration which brought the International Congress of the Salvation Army to a triumphant conclusion. We were then both in our fifties. He was full of appreciative enthusiasm concerning the veteran General Booth and his marvellous work.

Albert Henry George Grey, the fourth Earl, was born November 28th, 1851. He came of notable lineage. His father, General Sir Charles Grey, had been for over twenty years more closely and confidentially connected with the Court than any other man, courtier or statesman. In 1849 he was appointed private secretary to the Prince Consort, a post which he held till Prince Albert's death. He was then appointed private secretary to the Queen, and this post he held till his death in 1870. The private secretary to a king or queen is often a more important person than a cabinet minister. He is privy to all the business which a sovereign has to transact. He has access to all the papers. He knows all the secrets, and he is often much more than the private secretary. He is the trusted confidential adviser of the sovereign. Unlike the official advisers of the Crown, he is appointed for life, and holds his position independent of popular caprice or changes of public opinion. General Sir Charles Grey stood high in the favour of his royal mistress. He was devoted to the memory of the Prince Consort, of whose early years he published a book in 1867.

The new Governor-General for Canada is, therefore, not only the grandson of one of the most famous Prime Ministers of the nineteenth century, he is the son of a man who from 1849 to 1870 occupied a position which made him the personal friend and trusted confidant of the Queen in all the business both of Court and of State.

Grey is one of the names which continually recur in the history of England. Most of the Greys of earlier times began as De Greys. There were the Greys of Groby, from whom sprung one of the most pathetic and tragic figures in English history—Lady Jane Grey, beheaded in the sixteenth century.

The first Earl Grey was born 1729. He entered the army and rose to the rank of a general. He served with much distinction in the foreign and colonial wars of Great Britain. It is interesting to note, in view of the fact that Lord Grey is now Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, which General Wolfe won for the British Crown by his death and victory on the Heights of Abraham, that the first

Earl smelt powder for the first time as a subaltern under Wolfe, then Quartermaster-General of the British force sent to attack the French fortress of Rochefort in 1758. He is best known as one of the few British generals who did not lose laurels in the desperate attempt which George III. made to crush the rebellion of the American colonists. He defeated Wayn, commanded the third brigade at the battle of Germanstown in 1777, and in the following year annihilated Bugler's Virginian dragoons. His successes, however, could not stem the revolution.

His son, who succeeded him, was destined to be even more famous in peace than his father had been in war. When twenty-two years of age, he entered the House of Commons as member for Northumberland, and became a follower of Charles James Fox. His subsequent career is written at large in the history of England. What will never be forgotten is the part which he played in transforming Britain from an aristocracy to a democracy. The great fight which began in 1797, when he introduced the first Reform Bill into the House of Commons, he carried to a triumphant conclusion in 1832. The reign of the nobles was ended; the era of democracy had begun. And it was the great Northumbrian earl who had achieved the revolution.

He did not remain long in office after the passage of the Reform Act. He retired in 1834, and died in 1845. He was succeeded by his son Henry, who entered Parliament in 1826, and died as the Nestor of Britain (in retreat) in 1894, when he had lived ninety-two years.

He died childless, and was succeeded by his nephew, the present earl, in 1894. Mr. Albert Grey went to school at Harrow. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1877 he married Alice, the third daughter of Mr. Slayner Holford, M.P., whose residence in Park Lane is one of the most famous palaces in London. He was elected as Liberal member for South Northumberland. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone plunged for Home Rule. Mr. Grey refused to follow him, and his place in the Liberal party and the House of Commons knew him no more. He did not reappear in Parliament till his uncle's death in 1894 opened for him the portals of the House of Lords. He has never accompanied his dissent from Home Rule by any expressions calculated to wound Irish susceptibilities. Being a man of open mind, he may be converted to Home Rule by the sojourn which he is about to make in the greatest of our self-governing colonies.

Lord Grey's chief interest in politics has been the maintenance, the extension, and the consolidation of the Empire. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament predisposed him to be a leading spirit among the young optimists who believed that in the union of the English-speaking race there might be discerned the dawn of a new heaven and a new earth. Mr. Rhodes found in Lord Grey a man after his own heart, full of passionate enthusiasm for the Empire, and keen to do his part in the revival of the old Elizabethan tradition of adventure and romance. He is for the Empire first, for the Empire last, and for the Empire all the time.

The task which Lord Grey attempted as Administrator of Rhodesia in 1896-7—years of native war and of profound political unrest—did not afford him much experience likely to be helpful to him as Governor-General of the Dominion. The Rhodesians, a handful of white men, were fighting for their lives against overwhelming

numbers of savage Matabele. Lord Grey was a novice in South African affairs, and he was necessarily overshadowed by the colossal personality of Cecil Rhodes.

When the Czar launched the Peace Rescript, to which we all look back to-day with poignant feelings of vain regret, Lord Grey threw himself heartily into the popular agitation which secured the meeting of the Hague Conference.

Lord Grey took little part in the annexation of the Republics. He has been chiefly interested in the affairs of the vast territories acquired and still administered under the Charter. His hopeful disposition enables him to labour on cheerfully, where others would be apt to abandon their task in sheer despair.

In home politics Lord Grey has devoted himself with untiring enthusiasm to two great causes—the cause of co-operation and the cause of temperance reform. He has for many years been the most brilliant and highly-placed of the advocates of co-operation. Co-operation in all its forms, as the practical method of realizing voluntarily the ideals which the Socialists can only attain through legislation, has always been near his heart. Distributive co-operation, productive co-operation, co-partnership in every kind of industry, have always found in him a zealous and a sagacious supporter.

In the advocacy of co-operation he was but one among many. In the work of converting the drink traffic from being a source of local demoralization into a source of local amelioration, he is the leading spirit. Many people, Mr. Chamberlain not excepted, had, from time to time, been fascinated by the working of what was at first known as the Gothenburg system of dealing with the supply of intoxicating drink. Mr. Chamberlain drafted a bill to permit of its introduction into this country. But nothing came of it. Then the Bishop of Chester took up the subject and formed a small company to manage a public-house for the public good, and not for private profit. At this stage of the discussion Lord Grey came into the field. He became the apostle of the Bishop of Chester's Trust. What might have been a mere local experiment was taken up all over the kingdom. Everywhere Lord Grey was to the fore. He argued, pleaded, persuaded, until at this moment public-house trusts have been formed in nearly every county in the land, and every month sees an addition to their number.

The essential principle of Lord Grey's trust public-house is that the profits arising from a monopoly created by the public authority should be devoted to purposes of public usefulness, and not to build up the fortunes of private individuals. When the year's balance-sheet is presented, a dividend not exceeding five per cent. is paid to the shareholders, and the balance is then devoted to the various local improvements. A footpath may need to be repaired, a public playground secured, books may be wanted for the library, a water-fountain may be needed, a hospital may require assistance.

Lord Grey, as sufficiently appears from this brief and rapid survey of his public career, is a man of great public spirit, of keen intelligence, and of passionate patriotism. No man is less of a fanatic either in Church or State. He is a Liberal who supports the Conservatives, a temperance reformer who runs public-houses, a free-trader who takes the chair for Mr. Chamberlain, a peace crusader who promoted the South African war. In

his mind there is room for many antinomies or apparent contradictions. Yet he is consciously consistent even in his greatest apparent inconsistency. He is an opportunist-idealist of the first magnitude. There is no danger that he will fall foul of the somewhat pronounced prejudices of race and religion which he will find in Canada. He will be tolerant even of the intolerant, and in his broad philosophic survey the Ultramontanes of Quebec and the Orangemen of Toronto are all members of the universal catholic church which in its essence is a society for doing good. He is no stranger to Canada. He has twice visited the Dominion, and the fact that his sister was the wife of his predecessor at Government House will make him feel at home in his new position.

Lady Grey has never taken a prominent part in the political world. Her eldest son, Lord Howick, who was born in 1879, acts as his father's private secretary. Her eldest daughter, who excites enthusiastic admiration wherever she is known, will probably play a considerable part in the social life of Canada. They are in one respect admirably fitted for their new *rôle*. They are singularly free from the reserve that gives to some English peers an air of pride and aloofness that harmonizes ill with the freer life of a democratic colony. He is a near relative of the Lord Durham whose mission played a great part in the evolution of Canadian liberty. Whatever else may be lacking in Government House during Lord Grey's tenure of office, of one thing we may be quite certain there will be no stint, and that is a hearty, sympathetic *camaraderie* with all comers, and eager, enthusiastic support of all that makes for the prosperity and greatness of the Dominion and of the Empire of which it forms a part.

THE WRESTLER.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

The New Year comes—not like the child of glory
To vanquish sin by helpless innocence;
No wise men kneel adoring at His manger,
No virgin breast His tender Providence.

A wanderer from out Time's stormy mountain,
Untried he comes—across the eastern hills;
New grief, new hate, new victory await him—
His flying track the old year snowflake fills.

Far spent the night of hoary shepherds' dreaming;
Arise! O prostrate worshippers, arise!
Mark ye with joy the shining feet approaching—
O sons of men, lift up courageous eyes!

Thy naked thigh, anointed, is it supple?
Gird up thy loins! Art thou Peniel shod?
Gauge well the lusty sinews of the stranger—
A wrestler coming forth to thee from God!

Fling thou upon him! Waste no moment's vantage,
Loose not the straining purpose of thy thrust—
Let not thy fist relax to old temptations,
Nor faint from consciousness that thou art dust!

Wrestling for peace, for country, love and honour—
Wrestling alone—in combat for thy soul—
This be thy cheer should dawnlight worst or bless thee,
Another challenge meets thee at the goal.

—*Congregationalist.*

STRAY SHEEP.

A STORY OF LIAO YANG.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."—John x. 16.

THREE armies were converging on Liao Yang. Entrenched behind miles of earthworks and barbed-wire entanglements, Kuropatkin waited the attack of those audacious Little People, who carried the banner of the Dawn.

And by thousands they were coming, the small men, who did not talk of what they meant to do. They came from the banks of the Yalu, where they had crossed two rivers and scaled almost precipitous heights, in the face of Russia's army. From Kinchow they came, victorious, though they left a hecatomb of their dead in that place of gun-commanded wire entanglements and mines. And from Telissu, where their routed enemy were driven in confusion before them. Through the mountain passes they where coming, those passes of Motien Mountain, where for the first time Russia had attacked and Nippon defended —and won. And from Tatchekiao, where the little soldiers had carried the entrenched heights by assault, and raised their banners over evacuated Newchwang.

And with them and among them came the Third Army. Also its banners waved within the walls of ancient Liao Yang, and its tents rose white behind the Russian batteries. It had its commanders and munitions of war, this army, yet neither Kuropatkin nor Kuroki ever troubled themselves as to the movements of its forces. When the battle guns roared from the hill-tops, and fiery death leaped out from among the tall millet stalks in those Manchurian fields, when with stiffening wounds and pain-racked bodies, men sank helplessly on the blood-stained ground, then the Third Army came into action. Asking none if they were for Russia or Nippon, it gathered up all it found. Taking away their weapons, and stripping them of their uniform with its badges of the Mikado or the Czar, it gave them instead its own dress of white cap and long kimona, each marked with the sign of the cross. And among all those thousands of men sent out to slay, there was not one who would have knowingly fired upon those who fought against pain and disease and death, under the banner of the Cross.

Half a dozen cars with the Red Cross flag floating over them, lay side-tracked a day's march from Liao Yang. Three of them were open trucks, with awnings spread above them, to keep the fierce rays of the sun from the helpless men who lay beneath, all white-robed and capped, and marked with the sign of the Cross.

There was the sound of heavy wheels coming very slowly up the steep grade below them, and some of the patients sat up, and others turned their heads, as a car came into sight, with the war-flag of Nippon above it, and a crowd of half-naked coolies tugging at the ropes that drew it, for locomotives were scarce just then, and Nippon rushing her men and stores to the front, for the great five days' battle of Liao Yang, was fain to use many-man power to draw some of her trains along the captured railroad.

After the car and its hard-working crew marched a regiment of small, cheerful-faced soldiers, who cheered and saluted the wounded and their flag. And a fine black collie dog, with a thick ruff of white fur round his neck, came out at the end of the open car, wagging his tail, as he barked in acknowledgment.

"Banzai!—the very good dog," shouted a little soldier, who had met him before, that night beside the Yalu, when he lay for hours in the deep ravine, where he had fallen wounded, and where he must have died, had not the keen scent and instinct of the sheep-dog brought him to his side. And the collie barked again in dignified delight as the men cheered him.

He was a Red Cross dog, with its sign on his saddle and collar, for under that saddle were lint and bandages, and from his collar hung a tiny barrel, to be filled with stimulants when he was on duty.

And not a commander in Russia's or Nippon's armies had a greater sense of his own importance. And not a man of any rank had a clearer understanding of his duties, nor a more loyal devotion to his flag, than Black Douglas, one-time sheep-dog, and now a soldier of the Red Cross.

The door of one of the closed cars opened, and a tall, fair-haired nurse, with the glint of Scotch sunshine in her blue-gray eyes, came out on the platform. Douglas frisked to her side, as she looked over the passing troops as if for some one who was not there, then sent a little dark bearer to the colonel of the regiment.

He came to her at once, bowing and smiling, as he assured her in flowery English that he only existed at that moment to do the pleasure of the most honourable elder sister.

"Thank you," said Lois Gordan, briskly; "now, I have just received this telegram from Dr. Worth—you have heard of him—asking me to send my dog to the front at once. It is marked 'urgent'—and could you not take him?"

The colonel looked at her sadly. "Let the honourable sister believe me," he said earnestly, "it would give me great pleasure to execute her request, but does she understand that duty might prevent me seeking at once the saintly servant of the Cross she has mentioned? It might be that I was called first to a place of danger, where the dear dog might die."

"Of course," answered Lois, "I don't ask you to be responsible for the dog; he will have to take his chance like plenty of other folk. But if you can take him, I shall be obliged."

So it was settled, and greatly to the delight of the first company, Douglas was formally handed over to the charge of its captain, Hiro, and trotted up the road beside them.

The change did not trouble his doggish mind in the least; in his few months campaigning he had become a veteran in his knowledge of the ways of fighting men, and he knew that in all that war-swept land he had no enemy. Men might fight and kill and wound each other—he might be sent on long journeys after these strange, sad stray sheep—those wounded men who had fallen where they might be passed unnoticed; but no matter how far or where he went, if he did not see his own flag when he was foot-sore and hungry, he would enter the first camp he found, never troubling himself to look whose uniform they wore, for he knew no sentry would refuse to let him pass, nor any soldier hesitate to welcome him to his mess.

So at peace with all men, he lay in the shadow of the big tree at the noontide halt among Captain Hiro's company. They looked a very unwarlike crowd just then, those mild-eyed boys. Some sitting placidly on their heels, fanning themselves with the white paper fans, which each soldier carried in his knapsack, while others climbed down the rocky banks of a near-by stream with their fishing lines—also an indispensable part of the equipment of those soldiers of Nippon—where they waited in smiling patience for a three-inch minnow to bite at an angleworm. It was hard to realize that these were the fighting men who stormed steep embankments under showers of shrapnel, and brought back huge Cossacks, of awesome reputation, as their captives.

A man came riding swiftly from somewhere; a bugle sounded near-by, and there was a sudden stir under the great tree. Captain Hiro closed his fan, and gave a few very quietly spoken orders. And all the confusion and most of the noise consequent on breaking camp, was made by Douglas, who nearly fell head over heels into the creek, in his mad hurry to hunt up the men, who, he fancied, might hesitate, sheep-like, to join their companions, unless he loudly reminded them.

He then flew round the entire regiment twice, and counted his own particular company carefully, before he could imagine his duty done, and consent to trot sedately at Captain Hiro's heels.

The comparative carelessness of the morning's march was gone, as leaving the railroad track the regiment struck across the open country, marching swiftly and in silence along the rough roads marked on the colonel's carefully-prepared map. There was no chance of them losing time or themselves by taking a wrong road, in that country, which none of them had ever gone over before, for their movements were directed by a system which did not make mistakes, because it had no time to rectify them.

Douglas sniffed at the air uneasily; it had a taint he did not like; then the white fur on his neck stood up ominously, as his quick ears caught the distant growling roar he knew so well. Earth and air brought the vibrations of those far-off cannon to him, and an answering growl rose in his throat as he recognized the voices of those war wolves who worried and scattered his sheep.

"Do you know what is the matter with the dog, Yamamato?" asked Hiro, of Douglas' acquaintance of the Yalu; "he seems to think he sees an enemy."

"He has none, sir," answered Yamamato, "but I expect he can hear guns. I believe he never growls at anything else, and always at them."

"No matter who is firing them, eh?" said Hiro. "Ah, you are a wise dog. Poor fellow! to have never learned to hate, and to call no man 'enemy,' but only the dark forces that destroy him."

But Douglas was not happy; round the regiment he trotted again, trying to suggest a prompt retreat before anybody got hurt, but no one understood him, and he paused by the colonel, looking up at him with wistful eyes.

"Good-afternoon to you, my most gallant aide-de-camp," said that officer, smiling at him. And with drooping tail and spirits Douglas went back to his company.

These sheep he was with had no shepherd, that was very evident; the man who seemed to lead them was only a sheep who, too, was wandering out of the way. All astray together they were going right into the jaws of the war-wolves, who would leave them worried to death and torn, strewed on their battlefield.

Then the duller ears of the men caught the sound of far-off battle, and Douglas raised his head with a howl of despairing protest, as he felt the quickened thrill in the tread of the men behind him. They were glad to hear the cry of the wolves; eager to be within reach of those flaming jaws. And was there no shepherd who would lead, not these sheep only, but all those tens of thousands, who, under the flags of Russia or Nippon, were rushing to be destroyed together, because they were all alike astray, and could not find the way to peace? Was there no shepherd for those sheep? Or was He calling, and they could not hear His voice, because their ears were filled with the noise of their battle-guns? Bright stood out the Red Cross on the saddle of that canine crusader as he trotted on.

There was another halt called, and the men stood still in rigid lines waiting, for they were on the battlefield now. And Douglas lay down with his nose on his forepaws at Captain Hiro's feet.

Beneath and around him the earth and air vibrated with the continuous roar of the guns, though they could see nothing. Directly in front of them was a field of millet, its tall green stalks masking one of Nippon's batteries, whose guns were shrieking out in thunder, and far, far away, on distant hill-tops, other guns thundered in answer.

Mounted men galloped past them at headlong speed, and once another regiment of infantry went by at a quick march, with their bayonets gleaming. And above the roar of the cannon the men who were waiting heard the exultant shout of "Nippon Banzai!" as beyond their sight their friends received the word that set them free to charge the enemy.

Douglas moved restlessly, the excitement and stress of the hour stirring his blood, but placid as when he sat fanning himself under the great tree, Captain Hiro looked along the calm faces of his men, and waited, as ready to wait as to act, something which a white man, or even a white man's dog, finds it very hard to understand.

Then the battery in front of them was suddenly silent, and out from among the screening millet, came a hurly-burly of great guns and wild-eyed plunging horses. Away they all went at a gallop, and Douglas stood up and barked after them—he liked batteries with their horses, not identifying them as the makers of the sounds he hated.

Then the word to advance came to them, and Douglas stood there, alert from the tips of his pricked-up ears to his wagging tail, no man more ready than he to advance and find out what was really going on. Then Hiro turned to him—

"Poor fellow!" he said, sharply, being under the impression that it was the dog's name; "lay down, and stay laid down, you very good dog, just here."

Poor Douglas obeyed, though he felt very doubtful that Hiro had any authority to command him, a sheep-dog, to lie in a safe place, while thousands of demented sheep, following, as is the manner of sheep, the craziest among them, were rushing round the country, regardless of the death-wolves who were waiting for their prey.

So he lay still while the regiment marched out of his sight, and the wind rustled among the tall millet stalks. Far in front of him now, he could hear the ceaseless roar of the guns, and all the noise of battle, the rattle of musketry, and even the shouts of the men as they went into action. It was more than canine flesh and blood could stand. He looked round him carefully to see if the regiment had left anything behind that he might be expected to guard, then bounded off among the trampled millet.

His nose showed him the trail of Hiro's company, and four brisk feet soon brought him up to them, though misgivings as to his possible reception led him to keep out of their sight. This was not difficult, for like a green sea the millet covered plain stretched to the island-like hills, where the Russians fought behind their earthworks; earthworks so cunningly built that not the keenest scrutiny could show the enemy the exact location of their guns. And before these batteries the ground was sown with mines, and spread with an entanglement of barbed wire.

And yet the men of Nippon still came on. For miles their long, thin line of battle stretched across the plain, curving slowly round fort-guarded Liao Yang. From the tall millet rose the fire-flashes and slight smoke that showed where Kuroki had placed his batteries, and showed, too, the Russians where to drop their shells. Still, even their terrible fire could neither silence nor check those guns among the grain. And nearer the Russian lines, the tall millet rustled and swayed, sometimes with the wind, and sometimes because men were pushing their way among its stalks. Then death would rain down on them, but in open formation, each man far apart from his fellow, they came on. Bursting out of the green sea with levelled bayonets, and a cry of "Nippon Banzai!" then in silence rushing on, sometimes to die before they would ever reach their enemy, sometimes to win his trenches, and fight him hand to hand. But they never went back, and so, though at a terrible cost, they were taking, foot by foot, those awful miles of Russian fortifications. For they valued their own lives as much as they did those of their enemies, and went into action hoping to die for Nippon, and incidentally to take as many as possible of the enemy with them.

Douglas was at Hiro's heels when the young captain at last left cover, and sprang across the bare slope, with the charging line of his men behind him.

And forgetting everything in the excitement of that wild, silent rush, Douglas bounded forward with the Red Cross standing out distinct on his saddle, past Hiro, past the first of those cruel wires that stretched to trap them; he squirmed under them, and turned round to bark encouragingly, explaining how easy it was. And Hiro was beside him, pausing an instant to strike him very forcibly with the flat of his sword. Douglas retreated, about as rapidly as a glacier moves, as the Russians, who had waited for their enemy to be fairly entangled among the wires, opened fire. And not a score of that first company were left to follow Hiro, as he leapt down into the Russian trenches.

The guns on the hill crest were silent now, and company after company of men with set yellow faces rushed past Douglas up the slope, as unhurt by the Russian fire, he walked with drooping tail toward the shelter of the millet, realizing that even if he were not a soldier of Nippon it was certainly needful at present that he should obey her officers. So as slowly as possible he went back. There were his own stray sheep, wounded and dying men, lying behind him on the hillside and among the millet, and it was with feelings of the deepest disgust that he found his trail, and followed it back to the place where he had been told to stay. Indeed, had he possessed the higher nature of the man who, with the kindest intentions, had driven him from the firing line, he would doubtless have committed hara-kiri on the spot; however, being only an insensate brute, he obeyed orders, and lay down with his nose on his forepaws, as the sun set red, and the first day of the battle of Liao Yang was over.

But night brought no lull in the firing of the great guns; no cessation in the fierceness of the struggle; white and yellow, flesh-feeder and rice-eater, west and east; two races, two creeds, two worlds, were joined in a conflict of life and death. And forgotten and forsaken, Douglas lay still.

Morning came, and still the battle went on, and still victory was uncertain. Kuropatkin had been unable to check the slow advance of Nippon's men over his outermost entrenchments, yet the price he had compelled them to pay made it doubtful that they could be considered to have had the advantage.

The dog looked about him wistfully, but he did not move, and no one passed his way. So the day went by, the sun was westering again, and still the men came out from the millet to fight the men who held the hills; and still from among the tall grain, and from behind earthworks, cannon answered each other in thunder.

Then hurrying along the rear of Nippon's army came a jumble of Chinese carts and empty ammunition waggons, drawn by coolies and oxen, and above every one waved the flag of the Red Cross.

They did not notice Douglas until the foremost bearer was nearly knocked

down by a wildly excited Red Cross dog, who hurled himself on those men who carried his flag, half crazy with delight. Then with every hair on his body instinct with a sense of his own importance, he trotted at the head of the train, back to the battlefield.

No one in that company had seen Douglas before, but they did not stop to wonder how he came to meet them there; the need of his services was too urgent. For those millet fields of Manchuria were both aiding and handicapping Nippon in her struggle with Kuropatkin. The tall crops served to hide her guns, and mask the movements of her troops, but they also made the work of searching for the dead and wounded exceptionally difficult. Appallingly long was the list of names under "Missing"—explained by the trite sentences: "Owing to the crops many of the wounded could not be found, and must have perished miserably. Their bodies will probably not be found till harvest."

There was no need to explain to Douglas what he was wanted to do. To the right and the left of his company he went, backwards and forewards with tireless feet, and quick nose and ears, never crossing his own trail and never leaving a yard of the ground he searched unbeaten. Very often came his quick bark telling that one stray sheep was found; and still barking to guide the bearers, he would lie beside the wounded men, letting him take the drink from his barrel, or the bandages from his saddle, if he was able, but whether he could or no, Douglas never left his side until the bearers came, with their litter swung between two long bamboo poles, almost obviating the jolting as he was carried back to the waggon train.

So the third day of the battle of Liao Yang passed. Douglas and his friends had gone over the outermost earthworks, now manned by Nippon's men with their guns. They had gathered up those big fair-haired men, who lay there in heaps, the wounded among the dead. Douglas had his work beyond, where the fields of millet stretched out among the still thundering forts. Here his stray sheep lay thick, torn and worried by the wolves of hate and fear. Mostly these were the big blondes; though to Douglas all men were alike friends, for he did not know how to hate or fear any one. For by hundreds the retreating Russians had fallen, as they vainly tried to reach the inner forts.

As the tide of battle passed the Red Cross followed; the only flag that ever rose above the millet, and the only moving thing on all that field that was not made a mark of by the keen-eyed men behind the guns. Wherever the waggons moved, wherever the litter-bearers went, they carried the flag of the Cross, only Douglas had to trust that he moved too near the ground when he passed among the millet, to attract attention.

He was lying at the field-surgeon's feet now, quite willing to rest for a little while, yet as willing to leap up if the word was given, as if he did not know what sore feet were. The doctor was looking with his field-glass at a little village, a mile away. It lay among the millet in the line of the Russian defences, but there was no sign to tell if men were there who needed them. He looked at the worn-out men and animals with him, then spoke to the dog, and Douglas was off, running in his long wolf-like gallop towards the Chinese village, keeping, as he had been taught to do, as much in the open as possible, so that all might see the Red Cross on his back.

Men had been fighting in that village; they were fighting there still. Douglas ran to and fro on the mud wall barking, and knowing that if he could not be heard, he would be seen and understood. Then as he saw his flag moving, and coming towards him, he trotted off among the huts, for Captain Hiro's trail lay fresh on the ground beneath him, and he was eager to find his master of an hour.

Beyond the village was a deep, broad trench and a low wall. Behind that wall the Russians had fought; over it had come the men of Nippon, and now they were fighting in the ditch together.

Outnumbered and almost surrounded, the little yellow men stood against the wall, defending themselves desperately. Not one of them opened his mouth, and among the swearing, yelling giants who attacked them there was something ominous in their silence. There was no firing; men fought each other with clubbed rifles, or struck out with stones they had dragged from the earth with their hands.

"With God! With God!"

The wild battle-cry of the Russian soldiers rang out, and from the millet they came, a swearing, howling, ferocious mass of fair-haired men; tumbling over into the trench, firing with revolvers; jabbing with bayonets, at friend as well as foe; for the mad blood of the Slav

was up, and his only thought was to kill, and kill, and kill.

The position was won, and the fighting turned to butchery, for the surviving men of Nippon, disdaining either to attempt flight or surrender, crouched stolidly against the wall, while in a ferocious ecstasy at their victory, the Russians struck them down, kicking in their faces, braining them with their rifle-butts, or running them through; while from their throats, hoarse with thirst and blood-mania, rang out the blasphemous cry of triumph—"With God! With God!"

(And this, stripped of the glamour we have dared to throw round it, is war.)

But even as they triumphed, one of Kuroki's batteries, which had been carefully getting their range, opened fire with shell and shrapnel. There was a prolonged hiss over their heads, and a dozen men were down in a line, while far off sounded the deep roll of the guns. The Russians flung themselves prone in the trench to escape the shrapnel, but shell after shell burst directly above them, and a rain of molten lead fell on them heaped there together.

There were no orders given; no one would have heeded them if there had been; but, as they could, the Russians crawled out of the pit of slaughter, hiding among the ruined huts, or running among the millet—as often toward the enemy as away from him. And the bombardment ceased.

Douglas had lain down very still while the firing lasted, then he went forward quickly, for he heard his friend's voice, down in that ditch of death beyond the further wall.

Hiro had staggered to his feet as the firing ceased. Bare-headed, blinded, and bleeding, he stood up unsteadily, with one arm across his crushed face, and crying weakly, "Nippon Banzai!" Then he tried to call to his company, if there were any left to hear him. On the edge of the trench appeared a giant Ukrainian, his swollen face twitching with passion, and the fire of hell in his blazing eyes.

Waving his blood-stained sword above his head, he yelled: "With God! With God!" and sprang down into the trench.

Hiro turned at the hated cry, and flung his empty revolver blindly at his enemy. Dropping his sword the Russian threw himself upon him, clutching his throat with savage hands; and lifting him clear off the ground he flung him ten feet across the trench, with his wild cry of "With God!"

Hiro lay where he fell, his head dropping limply, though his body quivered as the Russian again sprang on him, showing that he still knew, and could feel. His enemy paused, with his recovered sword in his hand, and his eyes glittering insanely with the longing of the savage to torture before he killed. Then he felt a sudden firm grip on his arm.

With hell in his face he looked round, into the sheep-dog's soft friendly eyes. He saw the sign of the Cross on the saddle, and slowly his face grew human.

Not savagely, but firmly, Douglas had caught him, as he had caught at the fleece of many a four-legged sheep, madly bent on its own destruction, with strong teeth that held fast, yet never even marked the skin. Then understanding that this mad stray sheep was saved for the moment from itself, he let go, and the man stood up with the half-dazed look of one who is suddenly wakened, and a dawning horror of himself in his eyes. While Douglas, to prevent further mistakes, stood across Hiro, looking at the Russian with wagging tail, and gentle, puzzled eyes.

Then wriggling out from from under the mound of Russian dead came a dozen little black-haired men—Yamamato the sergeant, and a few of his comrades, who had held together, and defended themselves in a hollow of the wall. Now nimbly as cats they were scrambling up to where their captain lay helpless at his enemy's feet.

There was no lust for battle in the Russian's eyes as he saw them come, and stood with sword and revolver ready, far too proud to ask for the quarter he guessed by their faces would be refused. And before him stood up the Red Cross dog.

Douglas had looked up at his face, then whirled round as Yamamato and his men came near. And now he turned round and round, distressfully, scolding, with short, sharp growls, first the fair-haired man, and then the dark, in an affectation of rage, which he anxiously hoped would frighten these bad, mad sheep away from each other. And the little man stood still.

Yamamato smiled. "The very good dog seemed to be in command here," he said, as he saluted Douglas gravely. Then he added to the Russian: "Monsieur is also under the holy sign of the Red Cross? This seems evident to my consideration at the present."

He paused, his knowledge of his

enemy's language being very limited, and waving his hands, he bowed, and smiled again.

Serge Lobenko returned his bow stiffly, then climbed slowly out of the trench, with Douglas close beside him. Hiro was in the hands of his friends now, and the dog decided to see his new protege in a safer place before he left him. So they went down the trampled lane, through the millet together, and across the open beyond, where they were not fired upon by Nippon's gunners, because of the Cross that the dog carried.

Douglas declined Serge's invitation to enter the Russian lines, and walked wearily back to the village, over which the Red Cross flag was now flying.

In the trench a gang of coolies were laying the dead in rows, preparatory to covering them with earth and quicklime. While a tall-hatted, long-bearded, black-robed priest of the Greek Church, with the Red Cross on his arm, was reciting the prayers for his dead. A very little Buddhist priest near him was fastening up long paper streamers, and burning a teaspoonful of incense on the tiniest of altars, presumably for the same reason. A white Methodist missionary, with very rough hair and a torn coat, who had been helping the coolies, sat on the ground, going over a rough list of the dead he had been making up. And over them all waved the flag, with the sign of the Cross.

Among the ruined huts temporary shelter had been erected for the worst of the wounded, and there the surgeons were busy; while a score of men, their wounds roughly dressed, were left sitting or lying on the ground outside, by a pole, where floated the flag of the Cross.

Douglas joined these, for among the yellow-haired men he saw three who were dark—Hiro and two of his company. The little captain was sitting on his heels, with the upper part of his face covered with bandages, and fanning himself slowly with his bruised and bandaged hands.

"So, Poor Fellow, you have joined us again," he said, as the dog pushed a cool nose against his fingers.

"Yes, it is the very good dog," said a little soldier, who lay at his captain's side, fanning himself and his companion, who could not use his hands. "Into the trench he came to save you, my captain, for he is indeed a good dog in every way, though he would not do for a Russian soldier."

"Why, Sada?" asked Hiro.

"Because, my captain," answered Sada, "as you yourself know, he does not like to retreat."

"To every race its own customs," said Hiro, hastily, fearing that some of the Russians might have understood Sada. "And it is those who control themselves so that they do not boast nor criticise, who will probably also control the inferior races."

Then slowly and with difficulty he extracted from his pocket some tiny cigars, and keeping one for himself, passed the rest to Sada.

"And am I to pass them round among the honourable Russians?" inquired Sada, after he had lighted one and put it between his companion's lips, and taken another for himself.

"Of course," said Hiro, sternly, "would you smoke while they look on? One would think you belonged to a people who have no manners."

Sada smiled cheerfully at the rebuke, then in spite of broken bones and bandages, he managed to crawl among the group until the cigars were all handed round and lighted. Then, their pains partially soothed by the mild drug, the men of those rival armies smoked in peace together under the sign of the Cross.

But it was very hot, and when the cigars were done, there was nothing to make them forget the fierce sunshine that was baking and blistering their faces. And they had no water. Not till nearly sunset did any one come near them, and then it was only the battery which had shelled the village in the afternoon. Now they passed at a lumbering gallop, and a half-delirious Russian, lying almost in their path, cried:

"Water! for Christ's sake, water!"

They understood his meaning, if not his words, and without pausing two of the riders unslung their cans of water and threw them across to him.

Douglas carried them to Hiro, and the precious drink was carefully shared round. The night passed, a night of ceaseless battle by Liao Yang, except in places like that Chinese village, which had been taken and retaken, and lost again. Men, fighting each other like mad beasts for its possession, and then when it was won, finding it useless, leaving it to the soldiers of the Cross, who, perhaps, were the truest victors after all those five days of battle.

For Liao Yang was not the decisive victory both sides had hoped for. At a cost too terrible for reckoning, Nippon

had forced Kuropatkin's lines, but she was too exhausted by her losses and too weak in cavalry to be able to follow up her success and prevent his retreat with the wreck of his army.

But the great guns were still at last. Serge Lobenko noted their silence as he lay among the millet on that forsaken battlefield. The Red Cross had been unable to keep up with the work on that last day, and though it was twelve hours since he had fallen, he still lay with the wounded, who were dying among the dead, their faces scorching in the blinding sun.

It showed what war means, stripped of its glory and romance, that field when the tide of battle had passed on ; and terrible as were ever the vultures among the slain, innumerable clouds of flies came, to pollute the dead and torture the living.

The air grew thick with their black, buzzing myriads. Down on the dead they came, and where there had been ghastly white faces, were now black masses of stirring horror ; while, with feeble arms, the wounded strove in vain to save themselves from a fate more terrible than death.

For half a day Serge had fought the flies, tormented with thirst and the fever of his wounds. Then when night came he lay still, breathing thickly, too weak even to raise his hand, too weak even to call when the battle guns were silent, and the Red Cross passed over the field. And the millet, which could not screen him from the sun or flies, hid him from them.

So now he lay there despairing, sometimes cursing God in wild whispers, sometimes imploring Him for death, or a moment's strength in which to take his life. Then above him he saw the sky grow suddenly red, a fierce, lurid, throbbing light, that looked as if hell had opened in the heavens.

Away in Liao Yang millions of pounds of stores were burning, for before he left the city Kuropatkin had fired the warehouses, where all the supplies brought for his use by rail from European Russia, all through Siberia, were stored. Then, under that blood-red sky, he was flying with the remains of his army, on the trains wisely kept in readiness for a retreat. It is not Russian to burn your bridges behind you.

And with pain-dimmed eyes, Serge looked in terror at the blood-hued heaven, and at the tall millet standing up redly in the reflected glare. He was thinking of the pictures on the altar screen of his church at home. On one side, Christ on the Cross, dying for His enemies ; on the other, this same Christ enthroned in power, coming back to judge the nations, and treading all who had rejected Him under His feet, down to where the fires of hell leap up to devour them. It was Christ in this last aspect that Russia had taken for her model, and now to Serge's pain-dazed senses came a fear that was worse than the torture of the flies. If Christ was indeed returning, who could say but what He might not confound friends with enemies ? Judging his God by himself, Serge fancied that in the wild murder-lust of the conqueror, He might destroy every one.

" Is Heaven fire, as well as hell ?" he gasped ; " and you—you fire-thing—are *you* Christ ? Are you there, coming with flames ?—or where are you ?"

The millet beside him crackled and swayed as an animal forced its way through, and fell rather than sprung to the side of the wounded man. And upon its back Serge saw the sign of the Cross.

For it was Douglas, with his coat matted with mud and blood, and his soft eyes dim with hunger, thirst, and weariness. Only the pride of race, and the strong blood of the thoroughbred had held him to his work those last twelve hours, when he had dragged himself more than walked through those miles of millet, that he would have died rather than left unsearched.

Now as he lay by this last of the stray sheep he would need to seek round Liao Yang, he gathered his strength to bark for aid, and in agony of fear that he meant to leave him, Serge clutched at his hair with weak, hot fingers that could not hold. Douglas licked the feeble, fevered hands. Sheep were foolish things to think that a sheep-dog would ever desert a stray sheep he had found. He certainly could know nothing of the shepherd-spirit which animated even this dog-servant of the servants of the Cross.

And vaguely understanding, Serge struggled to raise his hand, till he could lay it on the dog's saddle, touching the shepherd-sign, and then, with his face hidden against the brave beast's panting side, he sobbed weakly in content.

Toronto, Ont.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was worth more than the sacrifice of a season's carfare to see the expression on the children's faces that morning as we ushered them into the car at the railway station. They presented a rather unique, not to say amusing spectacle compared with the other passengers.

Clean they were all without exception, but that did not conceal the fact that Joe's waistcoat and trousers did not associate in the back, disclosing a pair of suspenders of unmistakable home manufacture. His shoes were likewise of different—nationality, I was going to say—while his hat was contemptuous of brim or band.

Johnny, in his own estimation, at least, defied criticism, by the display of a shiny pair of bran-new chirping boots, while little Polly looked quaintly pathetic in a tiny pea-green gauze shawl, and a bonnet that might have been her aunt's when she was Polly's age.

Everything was new to their wondering eyes. They heeded not the amused faces around them. They sat rapt, absorbed in the ever-changing panorama of the open window. And the thought that they were being whirled on to ever increasing joys filled their little faces with a look such as is seldom seen on human countenances; it is generally reserved for contemplation of the last prospect.

It was after four o'clock when we stepped out at the village station. We engaged a carter to take our luggage and some provisions ordered at the village store, while our little party started to walk. I had some scruples as to the advisability of this for the children, but they were all eager, so we started. I had written to a trustworthy person to open the house and prepare it for our reception.

What a flood of remembrances rushed in upon me, as leaving the others seated under the tree in the yard, I entered the house alone, went over the silent rooms, and greeted silently each dear old piece of furniture, book and picture.

Here I knelt, too, at the bed on which "Little Mother" died, and prayed that my life might be like hers: true, grand in its simplicity, noble in its repose.

We spread our simple supper out on the grass where Polly could scarce be persuaded to sit down, looking round with trepidation for the "perlice-man," whom she doubtless expected to emerge from the shadow of the house with his inevitable "move on."

It would be too monotonous to relate all the little incidents that went to make up the pleasure of those two weeks. There were excursions through lanes and by roadways to the woods, where we spread our repasts and drank from crystal springs, the water-cresses around furnishing a tender salad to our fare.

There were no deceptive snares laid, no effort made to delude any creature from its joyous liberty. Instead I rummaged out all my old books for stories and anecdotes concerning birds and animals that came under our notice, entertained them with the habits and industry of the little bee that hovered suspiciously over the flaming artificial flower on Polly's bonnet, and the ants that fearlessly, but with alacrity, ran over the boys' bare feet as they lay stretched out on the ground.

A wretched stray kitten, and a little flock of late chickens, belonging to a neighbour, shared the divided devotions of Polly's heart, until the old hen, doubtless fired to jealousy by such ardent protestations of affection, broke her moorings one day and implanted a souvenir of her sentiments in Polly's meagre arm.

That these young representatives of the alley would display some unlovely characteristics, and a tendency to evade some of the unwritten laws of the social code was not unforeseen. On the whole, however, they were amenable and were successfully managed by a little tact and an invariable show of good-nature.

Only on one occasion did Joe threaten to prove obstinately refractory. This was no more or less than the irrepressible boyish inclination to aim pebbles

at the windows of a small unoccupied house opposite. Mild protestations proving unavailing, I was debating on more stringent measures.

"Leave it to me," said Marion, confidently, "I'm used to managing small boys."

Stepping outside without further opening introduction, she said firmly:

"The sender of the next pebble in that direction goes back to Y—— on the next train. That man," she added, pointing over the garden fence, at a stout, bristling old gentleman, dexterously wielding an iron spud, "will carry out my orders."

"Is he a perlice-man?" inquired Joe in alarm.

"He does not wear the official uniform," she replied, "but on occasion he will serve in that capacity."

To impress the lesson still deeper, Marion calmly walked over to the fence and conversed with him in low tones about his expectations of a cabbage crop, to which he replied with many emphatic nods of his head, looking fixedly over her shoulder all the time at the boys who were regarding him with increasing awe.

On rainy days—there were three or four, which I think none of us regretted—there were rummagings in the garret for curiosities, of which many to their wondering eyes were brought to view; clipping and making of scrapbooks; telling of wonderful stories, while the rain pattered softly on the roof, and music at the organ down-stairs, that responded only to me in vibrating echoes of voices that were stilled for ever: one that swelled the anthem of the choir invisible; another that perhaps sang its melodies in some fairer ear.

What I intended as our crowning pleasure of all was arranged for the last day but one. This was a trip to the sand-banks, for which, as it was a distance of some seven miles, we were under the necessity of engaging a carriage and driver for the day.

It was with visible trepidation that Polly allowed herself to be sandwiched between Marion and I in the rear seat behind "that animal," while Joe and Johnny ensconced themselves with confidence beside the driver.

The drive was as full of unspeakable and delightful surprises to Marion as to the children. It certainly was beautiful with its handsome farm-houses, with their smooth, well-kept lawns and profusion of flowers; little turns in the road leading off down grassy lanes to groves of clustering maples, through which could be caught glimpses of the lake, with here and there a tiny sail upon it like the brooding wing of a dove, then lost again, while our way lay through a noble avenue of great maples, so interlacing their branches as to make an unbroken shade.

The children's delight was unbounded as, emerging from this on a slight eminence scarce a mile in advance lay the great white banks, gleaming in the warm sun. They would have climbed right out and begun investigations (Joe was of a particularly inquiring turn of mind) had I not restrained them by promises of better landing ground farther on. There was considerable further winding about through heavy sand-strewn roads until a sudden turn brought us, through an evergreen avenue, full upon our destination.

What delightful shade! What sweet spruce-laden breezes from the lake!

Sand, sand everywhere—smooth, fine, silvery—dotted in every direction with fragrant, drooping evergreens, half buried beneath it. What delight to drop down upon it; to sift it through the fingers; to bury one's toes in it!

Shoes and stockings were instantly abandoned; hats in the sombre shade of the evergreens were a superfluity.

It was with an exuberant sense of freedom and irresponsibility that we spread our luncheon out in the shade of the evergreens that sent their fragrant odour to our feast; on one hand the lake with its gentle ripple swelling from the distant horizon; on the other the palatial hotel, with its long line of tiny cottages stretching far down to the very borders of the wood.

After luncheon there was wading on the large flat rocks in the warm soft water, the launching of innumerable bark boats freighted with neither oars nor crew, the gathering of stones and shells and scrambling up the huge white banks, that shifted constantly beneath the feet, making climbing slow and toilsome work.

Marion and I were children, too, that day. We joined in all the sports we planned for them; energetically dug excavations in the sand that kept constantly caving in, in search of the snow that as a standing tale is said to lie deep hidden beneath the dunes, tumbled the children unceremoniously down the banks and helped them up again.

How short the afternoon was! How tired we all were, and how ravenously hungry!

The sun, descending into the consuming expanse of water, like a noble martyr advancing to his fate, warned us it was time to spread the remaining contents of our lunch basket, which we did upon the height of that silver plain, lingering long over the skeleton of our feast, until the lake had completely swallowed up the sun, and touched like a sea of blood the scarlet of the west. Then we mounted our vehicle and rode reluctantly away.

Little voices were too tired that night for song; prayers were on our hearts, rather than on lips, and sleep was to live over again all the joys of the blissful day.

Something of the sorrow of departure unconsciously pervaded the amusements of the following day. Evening found them unusually quiet and subdued. As the soft twilight lent its influence to the tranquility, I gathered them about me in the hammock, and told them in simple language the story of a child and a wonderful star, of a boy at his work at Nazareth, of a man in the streets of Bethany and Jerusalem, of a divinity upon Calvary.

They were greatly interested, and from time to time some incident evoked comment.

"I know'd a boy once that were like that man," said Joe. "He wouldn't never fight 'cept for some little feller who were bein' beat. He were the friend of all 'em little shavers. The others called 'im 'parson' an' a 'gal,' and lots other names, but he never took no 'count; an' when a big boy who bullied 'im worse nor any one else were took sick, we found out he sold 'is knife to buy him jell' and an orange."

"Yes, that was very noble. I should like a boy like that for a friend, Joe."

"He be dead now," Joe added softly. "An' when 'e died, we all sold our tre'sures and bought flow'rs to put in 'is hands."

"I am sure you would not have done that had he fought and been rough and uncivil, would you, Joe? It is gentleness and goodness in people that make us love them. I am sure this boy in Nazareth never struck any one or behaved rudely in any way. That was why the poor people loved him and the little children gathered about him.

"You see, he had no money to give them, but he showed them by his words and actions how to be good; how they must never deceive, nor take what was not theirs, nor speak God's name only in reverence and prayer.

"And he loves little boys and girls today quite as much as he did in those days, and wanted them to love him and always try to do right. He knew it would be very hard sometimes, so He taught His followers a little prayer that they might say every day, and every time they felt inclined to do wrong, and this would help them."

Joe and Polly had never heard it, so I promised each of them a little book, with the prayer underlined. George said he would teach it to Polly, and Joe said he would say it on Sundays anyway.

"But you know," I said, "we all need to pray every day, every time we are in danger, every time we fear we may do wrong."

But that would take er lot of time," Joe protested, "an' maybe yer boss would see ye, and yer would lose yer job."

"It is true, Joe, we cannot always kneel to pray, but at any time or place we feel in danger we can close our eyes, just for a moment, and say, 'Jesus, help me,' and he is very certain to hear it and answer that prayer quite as readily as a long one. And I think he knows just how to help a boy, because, you see, he was a boy once himself."

"An' he loved little girls, too?" said Polly.

"Yes, indeed! very, very much. So much that when a little girl, scarce bigger than you, Polly, was taken sick, and died, He came where she lay, and took her little hands in His, and spoke to her so that she opened her eyes, and came back to life."

Polly remained very thoughtful, contemplating the large doll she had taken to her bosom in the absence of her aunt's baby. There was something pathetic in the tenderness she lavished upon it. Everything in Polly's world was susceptible to the sense of hatred or love. If little of the first had been present in her experience, enough of the latter was absent, to surround it, in her mind, with a golden halo, that transformed the expression of the very curb-stones, after her aunt had gingerly bestowed on her a kindly word.

"It has all been so different from what we planned," I said to Marion that night, when we were alone in our room, "I suppose you don't much regret it's over."

"Next summer we'll bring twelve instead of three," was her only reply.

"But that would demand the resources of a treasury."

"Well, get some of your wealthy cousins interested in the cause. I'm sure it's a good one. The expense would be a mere nothing compared with some other schemes productive of not half the good. I'm not sure but that it's work you're especially adapted for, seeing how you are circumstanced."

Marion's tone was half-comic, half-serious.

"It would be a great work," I assented, "next to carrying them the Gospel."

"Next? It is the Gospel," Marion declared emphatically, "the gospel of love, of cleanliness, of beauty, and of liberty. That was a genius who exclaimed that 'God made the country and man made the town,' not, too, without an implied sarcasm on the relative contrast of the two

"I pity city people who see nothing in the country but its inconveniences, its provincialism, or its rusticity. People who won't understand the country had better stay away from it; they mar its simplicity for those who do."

After this little outburst, Marion dutifully performed her devotions, and went to bed.

The children, I believe, would have taxed every valise to the spring. An endless array of souvenirs had been collected, including everything from a roseleaf to a hatchet.

I verily believe the boys would have treasured a picket from the old fence on which they climbed to reach the limbs of the harvest-apple tree, while almost at the last moment Polly was found, bending, in tears, over a bed of malodorous poppies that had sown themselves with prodigality from season to season in the garden.

However, there must be a rigorous thinning out of those.

Polly was only half-consoled with a scrap-book, an Indian work-basket, and a few sprigs of evergreen scattered between the layers of her meagre bundle, while Joe and Johnny took charge of a tin can of real sand-bank sand.

"Yer see, ma'm," Joe said, "it is so different from other sand, and when we stick little sprigs of Polly's evergreens among it, we'll have a sand-bank of our own.

It was about four p.m. when our party invaded the precincts of ——— Alley. We arrived at the doors of Joe's domicile first. His mother answered our summons.

"Well, ye've got back, have ye. Been havin' a soft time of it, I'll be bound. Well, ye're father's got yer a job at last and yer can try that now fer a change," disdaining to show any other form of welcome.

"Oh, yes! I am sure Joe will work with a will now," I hastened to stipulate for Joe, who began to look rather uncomfortable at this sudden transition from ease to activity.

"Don't you think he has improved, Mrs. Hurst?" inquired Marion, in an almost bland tone.

"Hope the land he has," rejoined his mother. "There were room for it, goodness knows," regarding her son more kindly.

"Well, good-bye, Joe," we all exclaimed, as we turned away, leaving him looking wistfully after us.

Polly's joy on again beholding the baby was present compensation for all the world of beauty we had left behind. She stood at the door, bending under the weight of her willing burden, looking quite smiling and contented.

CHAPTER X.

I found a note at my room from Ruth, anticipating my arrival. I had not heard from her in a week, and was surprised that she was still in town, especially as the weather was very warm.

She declined to say anything of her plans for the summer until I had told her all about our holiday.

"It was a rare and delightful treat for the children, I've no doubt, but I fail to see where your enjoyment came in."

"Why, I was a child with the others," I laughingly replied. "It's easy in the country to lay aside one's dignity, and be a child again. But you have not told me yet where you were going to rusticate. Before I went away you were considering the Thousand Islands."

"Grace and her governess are there now, but the very name is to me a suggestion of weariness and confusion; one would suit my capacity quite as well, I think."

"No!" she added slowly, "I have finally decided to go to see your wonderful sand-banks, and judge of their attractiveness for myself."

"That will be delightful," I exclaimed. "I almost envy you your pleasure. One may remain as secluded there as they could wish. There are innumerable little nooks and crannies for a mile around, where one may hide themselves without fear of intrusion."

"Yes, that will all be very nice, but I must have some society. I can't live entirely alone," she replied, glancing meaningly toward me.

"Flora will go to take care of you, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes, Flora, and I expect my cousin Alice to accompany me."

I laughed indulgently. "Your cousin would undoubtedly enjoy the pleasure under any other circumstances, but holidays for her, unfortunately, are now a thing of the past. There will be a vacancy awaiting her at the office tomorrow morning, and—there are expenses to make its acceptance imperative."

"Alice," said she, assuredly, "my father has arranged all that! he has secured a substitute. You will be at no expense on this trip whatever, as you accompany me as my guest, or if it suits you any better, my companion, necessary to my comfort and enjoyment. And, besides, you need the rest.

"When we return, at the end of six or eight weeks, your position awaits you, while your salary goes on the same."

"I cannot accept pay for work I do not perform," I answered resolutely, "and as to six or eight weeks of idleness—Ruth, I should positively grow too dissipated and worldly-minded for any further use."

"Well, I will curb that tendency by sending you back, immediately you begin to grow too unbearably indolent."

Well, it was all arranged, so there was practically nothing for me to do but acquiesce. I consigned the occasional remembrance of Polly, Joe and Johnny to Marion, who would be in the city from time to time during the holidays, repacked my valises and was off again.

Travelling and change were painful and wearisome luxuries to Ruth Andrews. For three days after our arrival at the Banks she did not leave the balcony of her room.

"How delightfully invigorating this lake air is," she remarked cynically the second day, as completely wearied by the ordeal of dressing she sank back among the pillows of her couch, while hot tears crept beneath her closed lids.

It was not many days, however, before she was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the journey to be wheeled down to the beach in her chair. From this the excursions gradually lengthened until we found ourselves beyond the grounds, in the woods at the edge of the lake.

We contracted the habit of coming here on afternoons with our books, and sometimes busying ourselves with our sewing as we talked. Rugs and pillows made a soft couch for Ruth on the green turf, where she loved to lie and listen to the rustle of the trees, while the sun played upon the dimpled waters of the lake, turning it into a "sea of glass mingled with fire."

I remember one afternoon we had been reading Addison's dream of the Mountain of Miseries, and were compelled to laugh not a few times over the ridiculous seriousness of the adventurers, who, after exchanging their miseries for the supposed lighter ones of somebody else, were surprised to find themselves more heavily burdened than before.

"I suppose," said Ruth, "that people delivered themselves of their physical and apparent deformities instead of their passions and frailties, under the impression that these latter would be modified and eliminated in proportion as the others ceased to harass them."

"Some strong natures might afford to indulge in that chimera, but to the majority it would prove a fallacy."

"You mean to say," she replied sharply, "that misfortune and misery are not the direct cause of most of the unlovely traits of character in the afflicted?"

"It may, or it may not be," I said. "It depends on the individual, and—on circumstances. Misfortune and sorrow have been known to stimulate and develop all the noblest possibilities of which a nature is capable. There are thousands who could testify of that today."

"And when it has that effect on one, there are ten who sink beneath it, hardened, embittered, rebellious."

"That is only when we do not recognize the Hand that sent it, or, recognizing, do not love," I said gently.

"It is hard to love that which gives us pain," she replied.

"Yes," I said, abstractedly, for my thoughts were busy with the past, "but a simple faith makes it possible to believe He is too wise to err."

"Do you think you could believe it under a calamity like mine?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"I have believed it through my own

experience," I replied quietly, without looking up.

"What was that?" she asked gently. "Would you mind telling me?"

"That would involve a long story," I replied, without encouragement, for truth to tell, I shrank from a recital of that sad chapter in the history of my past.

"Then," I reflected, "should I withhold, merely on personal scruples, anything from this poor girl whom I was so anxious to help, and who was feebly struggling toward the light?"

With my eyes bent on my sewing, while hers, turning away from me after the first few sentences, rested on the long stretch of horizon to the south, I told her my story something as I have set it down here at the beginning. She neither spoke nor moved all the while I was speaking, the silence after I had finished being broken by the supper-gong and the appearance of Flora, who came to assist her mistress back to the cottage. We were a little late, and the dining-room as we entered was filled with a subdued clatter of china, silverware, and busy tongues.

Ruth shrank instinctively on the threshold before this cheery noise and babel. Turning to Flora she whispered entreatingly, "Take me back to the cottage, and order my supper sent there."

When I went to kiss her "Good-night" she was already in bed, and as I bent over her, she put her arm about me and said, with tears in her eyes, and in the softest tone I had ever heard her use, "Forget him, dear—he was unworthy."

(To be continued.)

WINTER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Already Winter, in his sombre round
  Before his time, hath touched these hills austere
With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,
  The ghostly Frost walked out by wood and mere;
And now the sumac curls his frond of fire,
  The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold;
And down the gullies the North's wild, vibrant lyre
  Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.
O'er this short afternoon the night draws down
  With ominous chill across these regions bleak;
Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
  The purple loneliness of crag and peak;
Leaving the world an iron house wherein
Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

ARAH COOPER'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

TLE Sarah Cooper finished ıer morning's work as peedily as possible and ex-hanged her clean print ıpron for a clean white awn one.

"I wonder if Cynthia Broadstreet will put on hers o 'receive' in," she hought whimsically. Sarah Cooper was a humour-lov-ng little person and enjoyed ıer own little witticisms when there was no one else oy to enjoy them. The tely Mrs. J. Henry Broad-ıg New Year's calls in a no matter how "deep" its ;. was worth smiling over. thia used to be simple-ı, even after she married J. reet—John Henry he was hn Henry. But I guess it their heads getting so well-it's liable to. Probably it ine and Pliny's! I guess it will not be safe for us to

ıround the bare little room, ıoting all the patched places and the crafty little make-rty. Perhaps, after all, it ıecessary to mention it to

rew up the corners of her h again and went back to i task of watching for ıdstreet's callers. They ing along any time now; re would be a little stream wing and outflowing. And ome in carriages—old Dr. ıng Horace Dalrymple, and hired Pliny.

call here!" laughed the gently. "It would only oroper respect to Pliny's have my best apron all on! onder how it would feel to w Year's call? I'm going es and make believe!"

oer—when she had been unn, and from "there on" ddicted to making believe. was her besetting sin, but ın it. In Pliny Cooper's had no sins.

She had made believe her dolls were alive and her bits of broken china were gold-rimmed plates and cups. She had made believe she had been to college and could read and speak eleven languages! She had made believe Pliny was handsome—and learned—and rich. She had always made believe, like a little child, and enjoyed herself doing it. The sweetest, the sacredest, thing she had ever made believe was a little white-spread cradle and a little h ad den ing the pillow.

Now she leaned back and began to rock gently—that was part of it. Her eyes were closed.

"I'm just putting on my best bombazine," she smiled, dreamily, "Cynthia's been over—Mrs. J. Henry Broadstreet, I mean—and asked me to come across and receive with her. 'I need you,' she says, 'you're just the one I want.' Now, I'm all ready; I'm crossing the street. Now I'm there. Now I'm receiving! I'm shaking hands with the man that hires Pliny! 'A happy New Year, madam!' he says, and 'The same to you!' I says. There's a lot more coming in the door; we're right in the middle of it now. We're having a beautiful time! Cynthia whispers how nice I look—and I do. My bombazine has turned into satin! I have on a thread lace collar.

"Now young Horace Dalrymple is coming toward me, smiling and holding his hand out. 'Why, Mis' Cooper, if it ain't you!' he says, 'And if it ain't good for sore eyes to see you! How's Pliny?' And then he has to let go of me to make room for somebody else. The room is getting pretty crowded. Why, here comes Pliny—in a swallow-tail coat—to call on me!"

That woke the dreamer up. Her eyes flew open and she began to laugh softly to herself.

"I can't make believe that!" she cried, "I guess that's a good place to stop at." And she went back to her watching at the window. Several men were going into the great front door of the big house; probably she had missed some while she day-dreamed, and served her right! But she settled down now to the watching, determined to miss no more.

"I'm glad the curtains aren't drawn close together and I'm glad I'm good and far-sighted," she mused aloud. "I can

see Cynthia once in a while, when she drifts this way. That's just the word—drifts. Cynthia makes a fine-looking receiver. I guess it's just as well I'm not over there with her—to take the edge off!" The little person laughed again enjoyingly. It was a good thing to laugh at yourself sometimes—when you were getting to feel a little "down-hearted-y," and to wishing Pliny was rich.

Pliny Cooper was poor. There was no making believe that could alter that fact. He hadn't the "faculty," people said—poor Pliny! But he wasn't in debt. Sometimes his little wife counted up the pro's in favour of Pliny on her fingers, and that always came first. He wasn't in debt; he had a little white-washed, cool-in-summer, warm-in-winter home; there was a spare room in it—there were roses in the front yard of it, and always a row of pies on the pantry shelf. And the little wife was contented. It was only on New Year's Day that she had her little wistful longings to be rich, and that was because she lived across the street from Cynthia Broadstreet's big house—and was so far-sighted! She might have pulled down her shade, of course, but she didn't do it; she pulled them up.

"Well, they're having a beautiful time over there," she sighed gently, "and you're having a beautiful time over here, Sarah Cooper." She added: "Do you mean to look me in the eye and deny it? You know Pliny's going to be home all the afternoon, and there's roast chicken for dinner. Go and baste it, my dear, this minute, and be thankful for all your mercies!"

It was while she was going away from the window that her New Year's caller came. It was a shrunken, cowering, little figure, and it came hurrying up the walk with anxious back glances over its shoulder. It did not stop to knock.

Sarah Cooper looked up from her basting and started at the sight that met her eyes. A drop of melted butter spilled over on her hand and burned her.

"Maria Thacher!" she ejaculated, sharply.

"Yes, it's me, Sally. Hide me, hide me, quick!"

"For—the—goodness'—sake! I guess you're crazy, Maria!"

"No, but I'm on the verge—I'm on the totterin' verge!" groaned the New Year's caller. "If you don't—let me have a place to hide in before they come, I shall topple clear over the edge, Sally."

"They?—who come?"

"The *se*-lectmen. They're coming to carry me to the poor-house. They've been a-threatenin' an' a-threatenin'. Then they came; I saw 'em through the front window. I had just time to run out o' the back door over here. Sally Cooper, you get up off'n your knees and look at me! When we was little together, you useter be makin' believe the whole time; now you make believe you was me and they were comin' to take you to the poor-house. Make believe your heart was broke. Make believe you'd ruther lay down an' fold your hands an' die, an' you would've, only there wasn't any money left to bury you with—"

The shrill, excited voice came to a sudden stop, but the low-ceiled little kitchen seemed to ring with it still. It rang in Sarah Cooper's ears. She had not closed her eyes, or swayed dreamily in a rocking-chair, but she had made believe it all. There had been time, standing there facing the little weird, wild figure of her New Year's caller.

"Maria Thacher," she caught the shrunken shoulders with her strong, gentle hands and pushed the little figure before her, into the other room. "You lay down there on that sofy and rest you! Don't you think about selectmen and poorhouses again, and don't you worry. I'll see to everything."

"But they'll find me, here. I wished you'd hide me, Sally," shrilled the broken voice.

"I'm not going to hide you, Maria," calmly; "you're going to lay right there in plain sight. I guess you've got as good a right to stay out in the open as anybody. Now you drop off—a little mite of sleep will do you a sight o' good. I tell you I'll see to everything." She was gone instantly, before the excited voice could wail again. And she had closed the door behind her.

Half-way across the kitchen floor she encountered two men. They stood awkwardly, hat in hand, and smiled apologetically at her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Cooper."

"Good-mornin', Sally." The older man had trotted her on his knees. "We come right in after we'd knocked a couple o' times. We calculated you didn't hear."

"Why, Mr. Vose! Why, Uncle Silas! Walk right in"—the little fun wrinkles were in Sarah Cooper's gray eyes—"I wish both o' you a happy New Year! It was real neighbourly in you to call on me, but you made a mistake in the door. I don't receive New Year's calls in the kitch—"

"Er—er—wait, Mrs. Cooper," inter-

posed the younger man, nervously. "An —er—explanation is needful. We are out this morning in our *of*-ficial capacity —er, *capacities* to perform a painful duty."

"Oh, does it hurt?" smiled the little hostess, wickedly; "I never made a New Year's call myself, but I didn't suppose it hur—"

"Sally," laughed Uncle Silas, "you jest quit your foolin'! We're in solemn arnest. It ain't anyways a pleasin' duty to take a poor, innercent soul to the town house."

"Then don't take me," promptly. "Besides, Uncle Silas, no knowing but Pliny would object!"

"You piece o' mischief! You ain't growed up much since I trotted ye on my knees an' you tied your blue ha'r ribbon into my whiskers an' let me go to meetin' with it thar! But, serious, Sally, we're lookin' for poor Maria Thacher. She's got to the last end of her rope an' has be'n starvin' herself on nothin', this nobody-knows-how-long."

"Poor Maria!" Sally was serious enough now.

"Yes, yes, poor soul! It'll come hard to a Thacher to go thar, but she'll be took care of an' have a warm room an' victuals—somethin' she ain't had lately. The town's got to interfere. Pleasant or no pleasant, it's a matter o' duty."

"Yes, duty, Mrs. Cooper," echoed the younger selectman, with important stress on the little word. "We failed to find—er—Miss Thacher at her place and so came over here to inquire for her."

"Yes, she's here. She's laying on my sofy, and I hope to goodness she's dropped off and can't hear us talking. Her heart is broken, Uncle Silas, Mr. Vose."

"Poor little soul!"

"And she'd have taken her time for dying out o' the Lord's hands, if there'd been any money left to be buried with. Wicked? Yes, but we don't any of us know what it's like to be a Thacher and come on the town. Maybe we'd all be wicked. Now, what I want to say is, Maria Thacher ain't coming on the town, while I've a spare room and pies on my pantry shelf! She's coming on me. I haven't seen Pliny yet, but I know Pliny. Now I have to baste my chicken again."

When Pliny Cooper came home at noon, the whole little house he stepped into was savory with good, warm smells, and a smiling wife, in a white apron, met him at the door.

"Happy New Year, Pliny! You came home just on the minute; the chicken's done to a turn. But wait, Pliny. Pliny, we've had a New Year's caller."

"Sho!—no?"

"Yes, and I've given her the spare room and the seat nearest the stove at the table, to set in as long as she lives. I've got her knife and fork on. It's going to be a happy New Year to Maria Thacher, Pliny."

"Maria Thacher!" He sat down on one of the wooden chairs, a little bewildered by the suddenness of it all. Sarah Cooper sat down, too—on the same chair.

"Pliny, you're a good man," she said softly, touching his rough cheek with her small, loving fingers. "Set right here as long as you're a mind to and get used to it. I'm comfortable."

"But they were goin' to take her to the poor-house to-day, Sally. I met Phineas Vose, an' he said so."

"Phineas Vose didn't take her, Pliny. The Lord did—to this poor-house. When you're rested and used to it, I want you to go into the setting-room and look at Maria Thacher's face. I've told her, Pliny, this morning I made believe I received New Year's calls. Cynthia Broadstreet 'received' with me. I didn't know I was going to have one!"

It did not take Pliny Cooper long to become used to anything Sally proposed. He rose presently and tip-toed clumsily into the other room. He was gone some time. When he came back he kissed Sally first.

"She's smiling in her sleep," he whispered. "She looks all wore out, but as if she'd got to a restin' place at last. I never saw a peacefuler smile than that."

Then Pliny Cooper, rough, plain, and lacking the "faculty," made as beautiful a speech as was ever made.

"Sally," he said, "the Lord 'received' with you."

I love to think as wanes the year,
The world for me has wider grown;
Through conquered strife and silenced fear,
Through joyous hour and secret tear,
Life's psalm has gained a fuller tone
Than e'er before its chords have known.

Oh, passing Year so nearly told,
I thank thee for the changes wrought;
For all the sadness thou didst hold,
For all the gladness manifold,
For quiet, earnest, helpful thought,
Take thanks for all, forgetting naught.

Current Topics and Events.

PORT ARTHUR'S LAST LINE OF FORTS.

The above sketch of the forts is taken from the Hamburger Nachrichten, but all maps of the defences of Port Arthur vary from one another in some essential details. There is a parade ground at the foot of one of the forts—perhaps Antzshan—to the possession of which the Japanese seem to attach great importance. The Etseshan (Itsushan) fort is said to have been captured and subsequently lost by the Japanese at least three times, with a total loss, according to the Paris Temps, of over 5,000 men. Wolf Hill, outside the fortifications proper, must not be confused with White Wolf Hill inside.

The eyes of the world have been focused on the tragedy of Port Arthur as never on any other siege. The loss of life has been enormous, although not greater than that in other notable sieges of history. Its horrors are surpassed by those of the siege of Jerusalem, in which, according to Josephus, over a million Jews perished, though this doubtless is a great exaggeration. In other sieges, however, as in that of Acre, Leyden, Rochelle, and even Londonderry, the sufferings through famine were more accentuated. But never were the resources of science so employed for the destruction of human life as in this memorable siege. It was probably a tactical mistake of the Russians to retain Port Arthur. Though Stoessel has won great fame by his desperate defence, yet his losses have been enormous, and have involved also those at Liao Yang and Shakhe River, where Kuropatkin had to make a stand. But for Port Arthur he could have retired to Harbin, and, supported from both Vladivostock and Moscow, would have been unassailable by the Japs.

It brings home to us the horrors of war to read of the cessation of fighting for a few hours to bury the dead, and then both armies proceed with might and main to kill as many more as they can. If the Russians deserve credit for the stubbornness of their defence, the Japs, by the same standard, the animal instinct of bulldog courage, deserve credit for the persistence of the attack. Under a withering fire, and in spite of mines and trenches and barbed-wire entanglements they captured fort after fort, in

THE PHANTOM FLEET.

"Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet."—Daily Paper. —Punch, London.

the last assault losing 4,000 in one hour, till from 203 Metre Hill they were able by a plunging fire to sink or shatter practically the whole Russian navy. It would now be criminal for Stoessel to hold out longer. The kernel being destroyed, the shell is valueless.

The duration of the siege, though it is only about half as long as that of Sebastopol, will be better understood if we remember that the enormous range of modern artillery makes isolated but mutually sustaining forts, such as surround Port Arthur, almost impregnable. Our diagram will indicate the character of these fortifications. There is a pathos about this lone outpost of empire, cut off from communications with the world, looking with longing eyes, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, for the news of the Baltic fleet and of the relieving legions of Kuropatkin.

On the Shakhe River half a million men along a front of eighty miles are burrowing in underground bomb-proofs like wild beasts in their lairs. The country is devastated, the wooden houses of the Chinese are used for fuel, and their inmates driven shelterless to endure the rigours of a Manchurian winter. The zero weather, the icy storms, the shortage of food, the ravages of disease, work their havoc on both armies as well as on the hapless noncombatants. Upon Russia rests the guilt of refusing the moderate terms of Japan, the fulfilment of her pledges to restore Manchuria to China, and to maintain the integrity of Korea. It but confirms her own perfidy to her plighted word.

Meanwhile, the game of "Beggar my Neighbour" goes on. Our cartoon on the next page shows with what desperate results. For generations victor and vanquished will alike groan beneath the burden of war. In Russia this is already felt acutely. While the Siberian Railway is congested with troops and stores, the great roads of European Russia are denuded of engines and rolling stock; the grain, on which the nation is depending for its foreign trade, lies rotting in the fields or wasting in the stores. Manufacturing, except that stimulated by the war, is dead; merchants are bankrupt; the peasants are starving. The reserves are dragged from their beds by night to the barracks, and their weeping women are scourged by brutal Cossacks with the knout. Unwilling to be sent as food for powder, and in terror of the tortures of the pitiless journey to the front, thousands of conscripts are fleeing from their country, thousands more are demanding wider liberties or threatening revolution. How can Russia win against a people that throng to the front as eagerly as the Russians fly to the rear?

"The bear thinks of hibernating, but the locality is not safe."—Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

HOW IT WILL END.
From Der Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.

Yet even in Japan, self-contained and prosperous as it is, the burden of the war is fearfully felt. Our Japanese cartoons on the next page show how the proletariat are groaning beneath the burden of the war. Long before the war, indeed, a socialistic development took place in Japan. The doctrines of Henry George were disseminated by his "Progress and Poverty." The growth of manufactures was accompanied by increased distress of the workers. Mechanics and railway operators received at best thirty cents per day; cotton workers received only fifteen; cotton, silk and linen spinners ten; dyers, twelve. The working day was ten to twelve hours. The works of Marx and Engels were translated into Japanese. "Brotherly Unions" of workmen were formed, co-operative societies introduced, and hours of labour much reduced. The war for a time swept everything into its vortex, but its burdens will accentuate the needs of social reform, and Japan as well as Russia will reach a larger liberty.

A New Witenagemote.

It is a healthful sign that both political parties in this province should call at the same time a great council of the people—a sort of modern Witenagemote, or "meeting of the wise men." In a democratic country like ours all authority is derived from the people, and the more directly and freely, without let or hindrance, the will of the people is expressed the better for the nation. The people as a whole can be trusted to approve of just and righteous measures, to abhor wrong and fraud and corruption; and both parties will be purified and strengthened by the frank discussion open to the world, where every man can say his say, and where the wisdom of the wise may be formulated in principles for action.

It is significant of much that at the great gathering at Massey Hall the great question of all questions was one of morals and not of politics. To this the greatest time and thought was given, around this the hottest debate waged, and upon this strong advance ground was taken. We regret that still further advance was not made, that the immense majorities of two plebiscites did not count for more. We believe that the party which takes the highest ground, appeals to the highest motives, is the party that, in the long run, will command the support of the country.

It is a great deal that the temperance platform, proposed at Massey Hall, provides that there shall be no new licenses in New Ontario for all time to come, that the virgin soil of that great country, larger than many European states, shall be for ever free from the curse of the liquor traffic. The possibility of the banishment of the bar by a majority vote of any municipality on the initiative of a petition signed by twenty-five per cent. affords a splendid opportunity for circumscribing the baneful drink traffic. We regret that the vote is not to be taken simultaneously on January, 1906. We regret that regard for policy rather than principle made so many vote against this reasonable request.

We congratulate the pronounced prohibitionists, especially their spokesmen, Mr. Frank Spence and Mr. N. W. Rowell, for the cogent arguments and eloquent appeals for still more stringent legislation. We hope that the next election will turn upon this great moral question, and that good men of all parties will unite to speed the day when the greatest bane and evil of our land shall be utterly abolished.

The abstract denunciations of political corruption and fraud in both these great conventions are good as far as they go. Let them be rigidly applied. Let both

JINRIKISHA MAN PROTESTING AGAINST STREET-CAR COMPETITION.—Tokio Kodo Sekai.

THE WORKMAN MARTYRED BY THE CAPITALIST. —Tokio Labour World.

THE WORKER SUPPORTING SOCIETY. —Heimin Shimbun.

parties hew to the line, no matter where the chips may fly. The revelations of fraud at Algoma and Belleville and elsewhere make patriotic Canadians hang their heads with shame.

We present herewith a remarkable literary curiosity. Never before have the heads of two great nations locked in the deadly struggle of war appeared at the same time as poets. What an irony of fate that men with such amiable instincts and distinguished abilities should be the leaders in one of the most devastating wars of modern times :

WISDOM'S GOAL.

BY MUTSUHITO.

[HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.]

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup
Changes its form to its receptacle ;
And so our plastic souls take various shapes
And characters of good or ill, to fit
The good or evil in the friends we choose.
Therefore be ever careful in your choice of friends,
And let your special love be given to those
Whose strength of character may prove the whip,
That drives you ever to fair Wisdom's goal.

The above poem was written for the students at the Peeresses' School, of Tokio. It is translated by our Japanese correspondent, Arthur Lloyd.—EDITOR.

—*From The Independent.*

MY LIFE.

BY NIKOLAI ALEKSANDROVITCH ROMANOFF.

[CZAR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.]

My happiness was born at night ;
It has only flourished in darkness :
I have lost my joy in life,
And wander wearily in gloom.

My soul gropes sadly searching
In mental fog ; it pines
And prays and suffers,
But finds no peace on earth.

The Czar of Russia, like several other sovereigns and noted leaders, is a poet. The foregoing stanzas were secured for *Success* by special arrangement. The translator has made no effort to produce rhymes, his aim being to make a literal reproduction that would preserve the exact original sense of the Russian verses.

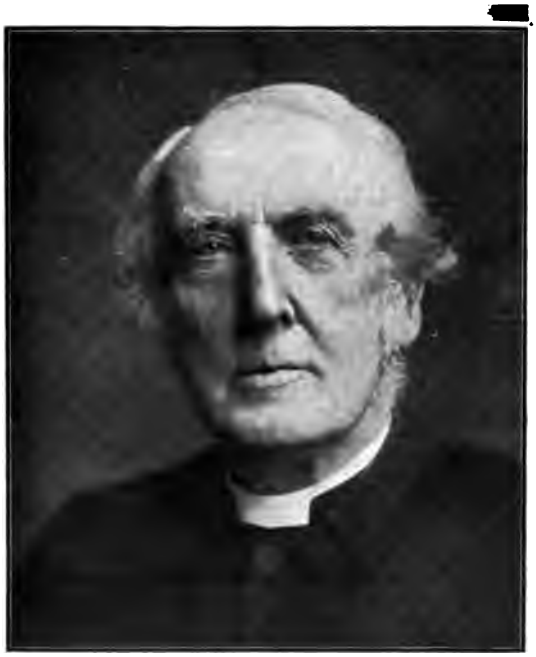
CANADIANS IN EUROPE.

The Editor of this Magazine has several times made the journey to and through Europe. He finds that he can do more and better work by taking an occasional holiday trip. There is a wonderful invigoration in a sea voyage. His tours abroad have made him familiar with the places and things best worth seeing in Britain and the Continent. A number of friends wish to share the benefit of his experience. He will be happy to extend that privilege to others desiring it. He will leave Canada the latter part of June, and will visit Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy as far as Rome, over the Rhætian Alps, through the Black Forest, down the Rhine, and through Belgium. A feature of special interest will be a visit to the World's Fair of Industrial and fine art at Liege, Belgium. Persons interested in such a tour may receive a descriptive pamphlet by writing to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Religious Intelligence.

THE NEW SHYLOCK.

The Wee Free Church in Scotland, like Shylock, has demanded its pound of flesh, and, unlike Sylock, has got it. The Scottish court to which appeal was made declared that only Parliament itself could reverse the decree of the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords, that it must carry out that decree. In consequence the United Presbyterian Church is ousted from the college built with its own money



DR. ROBERT RAINY,
Leader of the United Free Church of Scotland.

while the Wee Free remnant takes possession. It will be a dear bought victory. The heart of the nation revolts at the high-handed injustice done; when Parliament meets this will become a national issue, and it will go hard with the party that refuses to do justice. We have nowhere seen this subject so well treated as in an admirable paper by the Rev. Professor Wallace, in Acta Victoriana. From his able article we quote as follows:

"Their success, under the splendid leadership of Chalmers, was equal to their heroism, both at home and abroad. They raised, without State aid, magnificent churches, colleges, mission premises, and endowments. Their relations with the seceders who had preceded them gradually became more cordial and intimate as they felt more and more the impracticability of their own ideal of an establishment which should not infringe upon the spiritual liberty of the Church. Soon after the "Disruption" of 1843, the centrifugal forces in the religious life of Scotland began to lose their vitality and the centripetal to assert themselves. In 1847 the United Presbyterian Church was formed by the union of the "Secession" Church with the "Relief" body.

"Not, however, until 1867 did the idea of the union of the Free Church with the U. P. Church find expression in the Free Church Assembly. But a committee on union deemed the question of establishment to be an insuperable barrier between the Free Church and the "voluntaries" of the U. P. Church. The movement, nevertheless, went quietly on.

"But for the death of Lord Shand, as is now known, the committee would have been equally divided, the appeal would have failed, and the property would have remained with the United Church. A leading Scotch paper bluntly reiterates the charge of 'the packing of the court by the exclusion of the Scottish judges competent to sit in it, and the selection by the Lord Chancellor in their place of English judges as ignorant as himself of the Scottish conception of a Church, if not of the law of Scotland.'

"One of the most iniquitous features of the case is the fact that the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, created by the annual payments of the ministers, is taken and handed over to the twenty-eight ministers

of the minority, and the widows and orphans for whom it was accumulated are cast upon the charity of the world. In Edinburgh one congregation remained out of the union of 1900, fifty-five entered; the property goes from the fifty-five to the one, 23,000 people are left without churches to worship in, and fifty-five ministers without manses. In Glasgow the property of 103 congregations and 70,000 people is handed over to two congregations. How can the twenty-eight ministers of the "Wee Free" man all the churches handed over to them, to say nothing of the three theological colleges with their fifteen professors and two hundred students? On the foreign fields 304 missionaries and 344 native helpers are stripped of churches, colleges, and homes.

MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH.

"Three-fourths of the property in question has been given to the Church since 1874, when the Free Church Assembly declared that there was 'no objection on principle to union with the United Presbyterian Church.' Money given after that is handed over to those who object to such union. A large proportion of the donors of the property are alive, and have gone into the United Church, and yet their wishes are not to be considered. Is this justice? Is this faithfulness in the administration of a trust? For instance, out of $685,000 raised in the Free Church during the last ten years for church extension in Glasgow, all but $75 was subscribed by men who not only approved but entered the union. Their wishes are ignored. This money is snatched from them and handed over a handful of dissidents. The 'Wee Free' Church, if it takes possession of this great property at home and abroad, will do so not to administer it, but to wreck it.

"To the honour of Presbyterianism and Scotland be it said that the great question which is stirring men's souls is not that of the property but that of the spiritual autonomy of the Church. Robertson Nicoll, in The British Weekly, makes the issue one between 'the living church and the dead hand,' and declares 'a church constituted according to the judgment of the Lord Chancellor has parted with essential liberty.' One happy issue of the crisis will be a passionate earnestness in proclaiming a broad, free Gospel, in spite of Lord Halsbury's contention that that is inconsistent with the Confession of Faith.

"No one has put the issue better than that leader of High Anglicanism, Bishop Gore. He writes to The Times as follows: 'That "Churches" should be tied by a law of trusts never to vary their convictions as expressed in formulas or constitutional methods, except at the risk of losing continuity and the corporate property which goes with such continuity, seems to me to be a state of things which every lover of truth or freedom ought to shrink from. . . . I am writing simply from the point of view of a citizen of a great nation, who desires that the nation should be on the side of religious reality and freedom of spiritual movement. And, though I do not agree in many important respects with the United Free Church of Scotland, I cannot but think it is a grave moral disaster that our law should be such as to lay a dead hand upon a process of normal intellectual and spiritual growth in an important and noble religious community.'"

Vale et Ave.

The departure from among us of Commissioner Evangeline Booth is felt as a loss by the whole community. During her vigorous administration, from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island, she "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." Her executive ability, magnetic power, and consecrated eloquence impressed every hearer. She is one of the most remarkable members of that remarkable family whom God raised up to do a great work in the homeland and throughout the world. The good wishes and prayers of all the Churches will follow her to her still wider sphere of labour in the United States.

We welcome again Commissioner Coombs, who had the honour of introducing the Salvation Army into Canada. His work of faith and labour of love, which has borne such marvellous fruit, will be renewed and extended as one of the great forces for the moral and social uplift of our Dominion.

A Lost Leader.

Not only the Presbyterian Church, but the Church universal, is the loser in the death of the Rev. Dr Caven, the honoured principal of Knox College. A man of broad sympathies and widespread influence, we, of other Churches, have come to look upon him as belonging, in some measure, to us all. The following testimony of The Montreal Witness, while yet alive, was true: "In no other man has the Canadian Church greater confidence. He has all the astuteness, foresight, and caution necessary to leadership, and his grasp of great questions is statesmanlike."

Principal Caven was born in the parish of Kirkcolm, Wigtonshire, Scotland, December 26th, 1830. He was the son of the late John Caven, a schoolteacher and superintendent, under whom he began his education. The father was a man of keen intellect, who seems to have transmitted his high mental endowments to his son. In 1847 the family migrated to Canada, where they spent several years in the township of South Dumfries, Ont. Feeling a call to the ministry, he began his studies in theology, in the Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church, where he gave in-

dications of ability, along the lines in which he has since distinguished himself. Licensed to preach in 1852, he became the pastor of the congregation in St. Mary's, Ont., where he remained till 1886.

In that year he began his career as an educator. He was appointed to the chair of Exegetical Theology in Knox College, Toronto. In 1873, he was appointed principal of the college, a position which he filled most acceptably up to the time of his death. Indeed, we may call Knox College, as it now stands, in some sense a monument to his labours. In conjunction with Dr. Gregg, he succeeded in procuring the funds for the erection of the new college buildings, which were completed in 1875.

He was twice elected Moderator of the General Assembly. He was an earnest advocate of union in the Presbyterian Church. He also took an active interest in the formation of the Pan-Presbyterian Council.

He was in every sense a leader of public opinion, and a man interested in all questions affecting the public weal. His able pen has several times contributed to this Magazine. He lived above the isms and the schisms that divide the Church of God. We saw in him one of the dawnlight rays that give promise of that better day when God's people shall forget their differences and work shoulder to shoulder for the salvation of men.

Of the many tributes to his memory, none was more terse and strong than that of Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University: "For clearness of thought, purity of motive, steadfastness of purpose, and broad grasp of all the problems of the country, as well as of the Church, he has left few, if any, equals behind him. In his death the country, the university, and the whole Church of God has suffered a loss which will not be easily repaired."

A marked characteristic of Dr. Caven was his genial personality, and his intense and strong convictions—the silken glove with the hand of steel beneath. We once met him in the great Mohammedan University at Cairo, where were fourteen thousand students. We remarked it was a great deal larger than Knox College. "Yes, in numbers," said the genial Doctor—and certainly it would take a large group of those semi-barbaric Moslem students from the Soudan and equatorial Africa to measure up to the intellectual and moral weight of our intelligent Canadian students.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL CAVEN.

The cause of Christian union lost an earnest advocate in the death of Dr. Caven. It is touching to know that in the delirium of his last illness it seemed to be a burden on his soul. But doubtless in the important joint meeting on this subject on December 20th his unseen presence will be felt, and the mantle of this ascending Elijah will fall on another prophetic soul. At his funeral the earnest words of Principal Sheraton echoed Dr. Caven's spirit of broadest Christian sympathy and yearning for the reunion of the Churches.

Dr. Caven did not live "to lag superfluous on the stage." He died, as he would have wished, with the harness on. He laboured in pulpit, platform, and lecture-room to the very last. After his impressive address at the Metropolitan, at a recent meeting of the Sabbath Observance Association, a meeting to safeguard that bulwark of the people's weal, the Christian Sabbath, we congratulated him upon his restored health and strength, and said that during his last serious illness we had an obituary tribute to his memory prepared, which we were glad we were not able to use. "It is only for a little time," he replied, with a smile, but we did not dream how prophetic were his words.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. VIII. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 705. Price, to advance subscribers, $6.00.

The eighth volume, just to hand, completes two-thirds of this great work, the most exhaustive and complete ever published about any religion or people. It is an exhibition of remarkable enterprise. The singular thing is that it is published by a great house devoted largely to the production of evangelical literature, and its literary department is the co-operation at once of Israelite and Christian. There is a profound interest, a sublime pathos, in the history of God's ancient people, who guarded so sacredly for centuries the deposit of divine truth committed to their care, and through whom all nations of the earth are blessed. The story of their sufferings and persecutions by Christian hands is one of the saddest pages in the history of civilization.

This great work is a monument of learning and research. It presents the form and spirit of this ancient race as does no other in English tongue. It will be completed during 1905, and will have cost in production nearly $750,000. The number of editors engaged is over six hundred. In the present volume 1,644 topics are treated, ranging from "Leon" to "Moravia," with 248 illustrations, many of them in illuminated colors.

Among the subjects more fully treated are London, with its important record of the Jewish people in that world centre, in 24 pages; marriage, with its picturesque Jewish rites and customs, in 10 pages; medicine, in which the Jews were the leaders of science for hundreds of years, in 14 pages; the Mendelssohn family, made famous by the philosopher and the musician, in 9 pages; the Midrash, or Bible expositions, in 33 pages; the Jewish view of the Messiah in 7 pages.

We are familiar with the Jewish records in art and literature, but few of us are aware that Lilienthal, the famous æronaut, was a Jew. Lilith, to whom Browning's poem, founded on Hebrew legend, describes as Adam's first wife, has a copious bibliography, which is here summarized. The lion in Bible history fills a remarkable place. It is to the credit of the Jews that they refused to sell lions to the pagans, because of the use of them in the circus. The cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought of the sons of Heth, for the burial of his beloved Sarah, according to legend was also the burying place of Adam and Eve. But to this day this ancient tomb is sealed alike to Christian and Jew by the fanatical bigotry of the Moslem.

The strange rabbinical legends give a spice of romance to the subjects here treated. The manna, for instance, is the subject of many quaint stories, and is reserved as the future food of the righteous in the third heavens.

While the Hebrew Bible has become the common treasure of civilized mankind, the post-biblical literature of the Hebrews has been greatly neglected by all but Jews. This great work brings it before the general reader in the most advantageous manner. The great Hebrew scholars of the present make us familiar with the great scholars of the past. The Jew in legend and in history is treated very fully. His tragic past is vividly recalled in the articles on Lithuania and Moravia. In the former grandduchy they were a prosperous community, a striking contrast to their kinsfolk in Poland, and especially in the States of the Church. In London they suffered from their position as buffer between the king and the barons. Seven hundred years ago the London Jewry was pillaged and plundered, and the Jews were expelled from the city. Under the protection of Cromwell and the Puritans they became again prominent in English affairs. They attained great wealth in the East India and West India trades, that of Jamaica was almost monopolized by them. After long conflict Jewish disabilities were removed, and the services of a Disraeli, a Montefiore, a Rothschild were made possible for British people, the latter being elected to represent the city of London in the great council of the na-

tion. In 1880 there were about 230,000 Jews in the United States, now there are 1,200,000. Every fourth man in Manhattan Island is a Jew. The New World is the land of promise, whither the Russian and the Pole flee to escape the tyranny of the land of their birth. Even in the New World the spirit of persecution of the Jews so prevailed that for adhering to the faith of his fathers he was at one time punishable with death. Jewish magic is the subject of an interesting article, giving much quaint and curious information.

Sir Moses Montefiore seven times visited Palestine in the interest of his people, established hospitals and almshouses, promoted agriculture, built synagogues and tombs. Even the Sultan of Turkey issued a firman denouncing the charge of ritual murder, of which Russia alone of all nations still accuses the Jews. He became the personal friend of Queen Victoria, was by her knighted, and reached the age of one hundred and two years. These references will indicate the great variety and range of treatment in this great work.

"The History of Methodism." By John Fletcher Hurst, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Seven volumes. Octavo. Price, $15.00.

At last we have an adequate history of world-wide Methodism, one worthy of the majestic theme and worthy of the great scholar by whom it was written and edited. Bishop Hurst's accurate and comprehensive learning particularly fitted him for the treatment of this august subject. This is the crowning work of his life. It is at once a monument of his consecrated labour and of the triumphs of the Church he loved. It is a strong, terse, ample presentation of that great movement which has encompassed the world. It glows with life, yet we feel that it is based on thorough research.

The treatment divides itself naturally into three parts, first, three volumes on British Methodism, England before the revival, the Wesleys and their helpers, Wesleyans after Wesley, the Scions and Secessions, and the recent Forward Movement of Methodism in the Old Land. Three volumes more treat American Methodism, its picturesque and romantic beginnings, the ministry of Barbara and Paul Heck in both the United States and Canada, the development of the Young Church and the Young Republic, its Expansion, its Progress and Diffusion, its Affiliations, and the Southern Phalanx.

A large and fascinating volume of over six hundred pages describes "World-wide Methodism." Of special interest to ourselves will be the story of Methodism in Canada, which is well illustrated with portraits and pictures of persons and places connected with its development. Then follow Wesleyan Churches and missions in Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica; then missions in Mexico, West Indies, and South America; Methodism in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria; Methodist conquest in India and Malaysia; Chinese and Korean missions; Methodism in Japan; and light in the Dark Continent, Liberia, Congo, Angola, and South Africa.

Such is the outline, but it gives no more idea of the book than a skeleton does of a man. It is not an articulation of dry bones, but a living thing. In one particular, especially, it surpasses every history of Methodism yet written, that is in the artistic illumination which it receives. The hundreds of illustrations are gathered from authentic sources. The caricatures of Gilray and Hogarth have been drawn upon to illustrate the condition of England before Methodism, the horrors of Gin Lane, and the prisons of the period, and the fashionable follies and vices of Tunbridge and Bath, and of the gaming table. A striking series of symbolical vignettes head the chapters, that, for instance, of the beginnings of Methodism in New York showing the saw and sword of Embury and Colonel Webb, and the distaff and shears of Dame Barbara Heck. The splendid photogravures of historic portraits and scenes, among them the unique Wesley group of our own J. W. L. Forster, are admirably printed. We follow the footprints of the Wesleys from their Epworth parish throughout their far wanderings and adventures at home and abroad. The quaint old churches, the historic places and scenes are faithfully reproduced.

A literary feature of much interest is the striking and often alliterative titles of the chapters, as Oxford Memories, Men and Manners; The Coming Creed; First Fruits of Field Preaching; Fascinated Mobs, Methodists and Magistrates; Building the Bulwarks; Erin's New Era of Light and Life; and later, The Apostle of Nova Scotia, Missions and Education; Methodism among the Maoris; Sunbeams and Shadows.

These are but indications of the vigorous and vivacious mode of treatment of this great work. It is impossible in a brief book notice to give it adequate treatment, to do more than glance at its character. So important is this theme and its treatment that we shall devote to it in the near future a special chapter. In romance and heroism, in historic and religious development, in spiritual uplift and outlook, it is a perpetual inspiration. The price of this great work, $15 for the set of seven volumes, is exceedingly cheap.

"The Appreciation of Sculpture." By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 235. Price, $1.50 net.

There are few subjects about which the average observer is less qualified to judge in accordance with the canons of art criticism than sculpture. Pictures we all think we know something about, but the grammar of sculpture is to most of us a sealed book. We, therefore, hail with great pleasure an authoritative work by a connoisseur in this oldest and most difficult form of art—a form too which reached a perfection which has never been equalled by modern sculptors over two thousand years ago.

Our author describes the development of sculpture from the early Greek, and still earlier Egyptian period, through the centuries to the present time. The gradual loss of exquisite conception and proportion, and technical execution, which made the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Milo the rapture and despair of all the ages, are traced. The revival of sculpture in the queer elongated figures which guarded the doors of the Gothic churches, the more realistic work of the Renaissance, the splendid achievements of the Italian revival, and insensible decline of the Italian decadence, are described. Of growing interest to the reader will be the development of recent art as treated in the successive chapters on form, sentiment, and monumental effect. The keen analysis and criticism of the author will enable the reader to form an intelligent judgment on the important art work of the early and more recent times. The sixty-four half-tone plates of the most important work in the different schools of sculpture enhance the value of this volume. For a book of its high character the price is very *moderate.*

"The Mountains." By Stewart E White. Illustrated. Toronto ang & Co. Pp. 282. Price, $1

Mr. White has won a unique plac epic singer in poetic prose of the tains and forest His strong sto "The Blazed Trail," and "The Places," will be recalled by man will procure a warm welcome to h est volume. This account of taineering in the far west breath keen and difficult atmosphere of the clad Sierras. The coast ranges, th hills, the pines, the canyons and v the giant forests, the night wind mining camp, the big game, are all cally described. We can enjoy arm-chair all the mountain adve that we need in these pages, min inevitable fatigue and perils. Th is admirably illustrated. We mu test, however, against the increasi dency in literature to the use of p language. We suppose the mount use it, but that is no reason wh author should repeat it. Sir Scott could describe every ph life without offending his reade nowadays lady writers, who wo sent, any charge of lack of refin will swear like troopers in their while they would almost faint i heard the same words from others.

"Our Christmas Tides." By Th Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. of "Recollections of a Long etc. New York: The Baker lor Co. Toronto: William Pp. 101. Price, $1.00.

The venerable Theodore Cuyle brings forth fruit in old age. H taste and evangelical spirit are th est qualification for editing a b messages from the poets, the sag the seers on the significance of Chr tide. Some of the imperishable mas hymns and carols and Chr sketches are presented in dainty with striking carmine decorative b A full-length portrait of the edit photos of scenes in Bethlehem and associated with the first Chr embellish the book.

"The Dynamic of Christianity." of the Vital and Permanent E in the Christian Religion. ward Mortimer Chapman. B Houghton, Mifflin & Company ronto: William Briggs. P 345. Price, $1.25.

Reserved for further notice.

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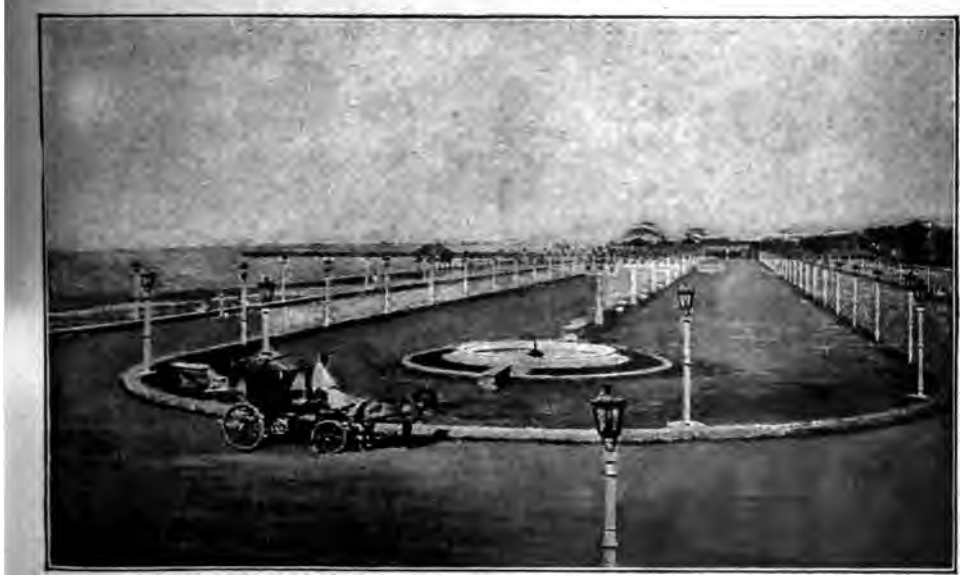
FEBRUARY. 1905.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS.

BY THE REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D.



THE BEAUTIFUL LUNETA.

I.

THE Philippine Islands were discovered not long after the continent of America, yet until Admiral Dewey's conspicuous victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898, they remained practically unknown to the Western world. Dewey's cablegram set the minds of men astir, for beyond Manila little was known about the islands. Geographies, encyclopedias, and works of travel were searched. Men learned what is now quite familiar knowledge to all, that Manila, a city with 300,000 inhabitants, was the capital of an archipelago of over twelve hundred islands, embracing some of the most fertile and resourceful territory on the face of the earth; that these islands had a combined area of over 112,000 square miles, and contained a population estimated at eight millions; that the greater part of the inhabitants belonged to the Malay race, and were one or two centuries nearer the goal of civilization than their neighbors; that the islands were discovered by

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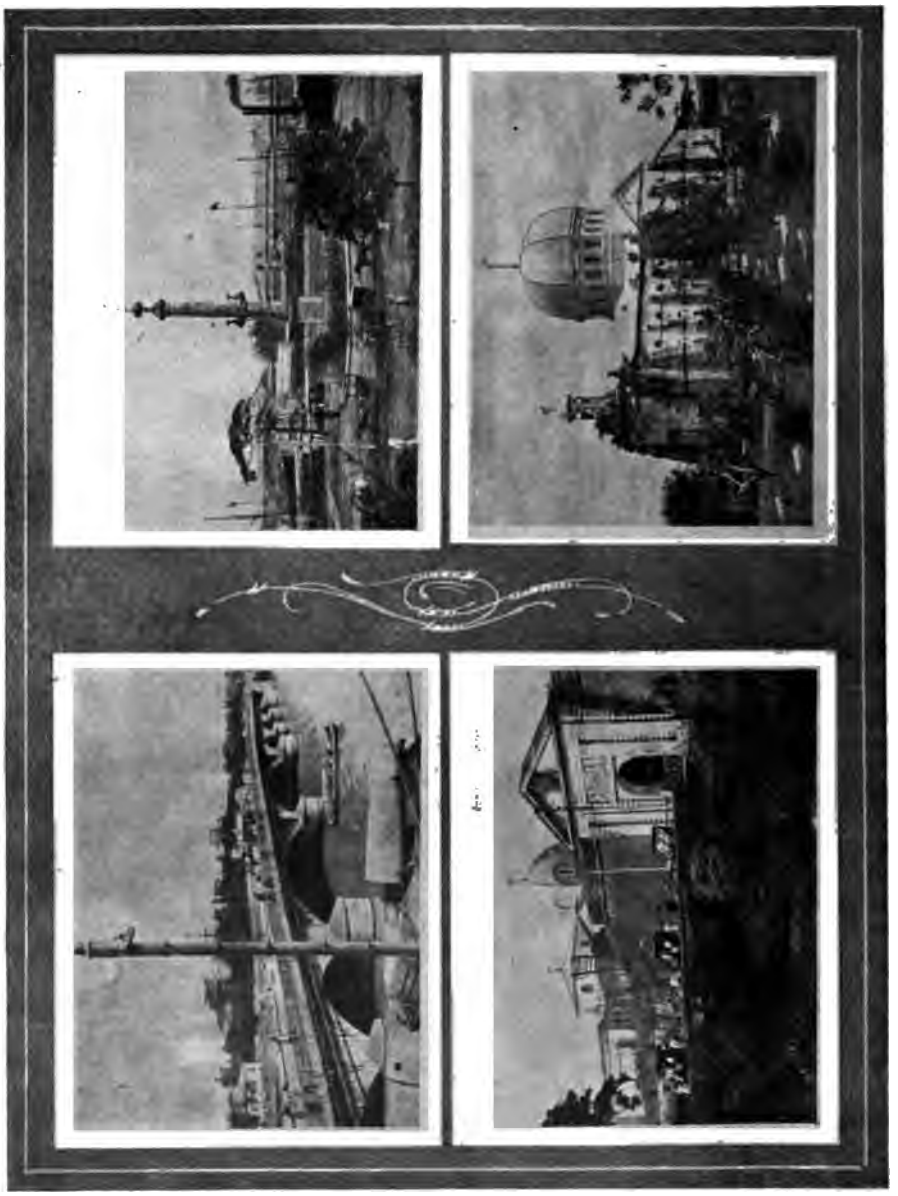
Magellan in 1521, and had been colonized and controlled by Spain for



MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT.

LA LOMA CHURCH.

BRIDGE OF SPAIN.

PARIAN GATE, WALLED CITY. MANILA, P. I.

nearly four centuries; that they had been Christianized by the Roman Catholic Church, through a Spanish-

medieval medium; that the people had historical records extending far back of the time of the European occupation; and, that for primitive manners and customs, variety of races and

CHILDREN OF A GOBERNADORCILLO.

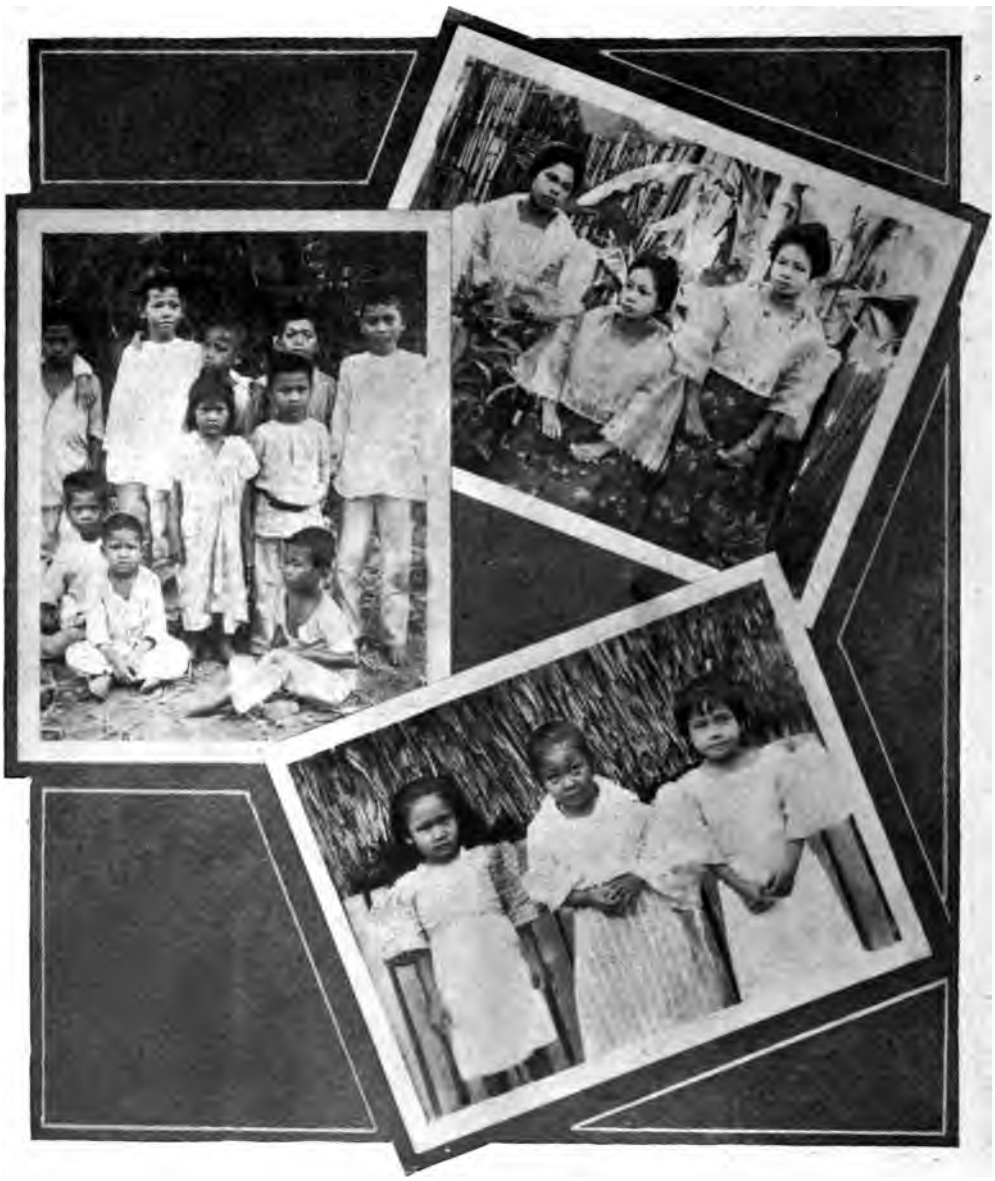
languages, religious superstition and bigotry, pagan idolatry and fanaticism, for paradoxes and extremes, these islands were without a parallel in all the world.

During the past seven years interest in the islands, both political and religious, has greatly increased. Commercially and strategically they will assume a greater importance in the eyes of the world as they are gradually brought under the humane tutelage of the United States from their state of semi-savagery and semi-civilization.

The archipelago is situated to the south-east of the coast of Asia, about seven hundred miles from Hong Kong, and fifteen hundred from Japan. Its area is three-fourths that of Japan, and it is vastly more fertile, but owing to the tropical situation, between 4 deg. and 21 deg. north latitude, it can never be developed like Japan. Only seven out of the hundreds of islands are of any great importance. Between Luzon on the north, with 47,000 square miles of territory, and Mindanao on the south, with 36,000 square miles, there are scattered many smaller islands such as Panay, Negros, Mindoro, Samar, Leyte, Cebu, and Paragua. Outside of Manila, on Luzon, there are few cities. Iloilo, on Panay, with 16,000 population, is the second in size.

Like the rest of Malaysia these islands are of volcanic origin, and over many a peak there still floats a murky banner of smoke which indicates the presence of those stupendous forces that were used to build the

MANILA WASHERWOMAN.



FILIPINO TYPES.

islands up. Mayon in southern Luzon is the largest active volcano. Its cone is almost perfect. Eruptions are frequent and have, together with earthquakes, caused much loss of life and property.

Through unofficial reports and exaggerations of travellers, the climate

NATIVE RESTAURANT BY THE WAYSIDE.

has been much misunderstood. The mean annual temperature is about 80 deg. F. The thermometer never runs above 100 deg. F. and scarcely ever below 60 deg. Overcoats are never needed, and the same weight of garments can be worn the year round. The use of the name "winter" in such climates called forth a humorous remark from Mark Twain. He said that the word was probably used to distinguish between weather which would melt a brass door knob and that which would only make it mushy!

The nights, with few exceptions, are cool. From November till April the climate is pronounced as near perfect as any in the world. After that the rainy season begins, during which about one hundred inches of rain falls; the more the better, for it means better crops. The health of the American troops stationed there does not bear unfavorable comparison with that of those stationed in the barracks of Texas or Dakota. With proper attention to diet, exercise and moral habits the climate will not present a special difficulty to any.

Typhoons are frequent in the rainy season. Years ago the Jesuits established a meteorological bureau, and through careful observations can now generally announce their approach and thus prevent much loss of life and property. Those who pass through typhoons say that they are not to be dreaded as much as the American cyclone or tornado.

The scenery of the Philippines is of great beauty and richness. From the days of Magellan all travellers alike sound the praises of these islands. They are likened to that scene so vividly described by Tennyson in "Enoch Arden":

SHIFTING LUMBER IN A FOREST OF TAYABAS.

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns,
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
All these he saw; . . . . but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef. . . .
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise."

The blood of all mankind flows in the Philippines. If anything was lacking before the American occupation it has been added since. The white, the brown, the yellow, the black and the red races are all there mixed, and intermixed, and remixed. No two writers agree as to the racial and linguistic divisions. Dr. Stuntz, in his admirable work on "The Philippines and the Far East," says that there are sixty-nine sorts of people, speaking thirty-four languages, and nearly a dozen dialects in addition.

Some of the inhabitants have resisted all efforts that the Spaniards put forth to civilize and Christianize them, and they remain practically as they were when the islands were discovered. Chief among these are the Negritos, who are among the lowest human beings in the world. They live on wild animals, monkey meat, clothe themselves with the atmosphere, and take shelter under any protection nature may chance to offer. They are a remnant of a pre-Malay race, and probably of Papuan descent. Thirty thousand of them, degraded and dehumanized, still struggle for existence, awaiting redemption, or failing that, extinction by that law which says that man shall not live by bread alone.

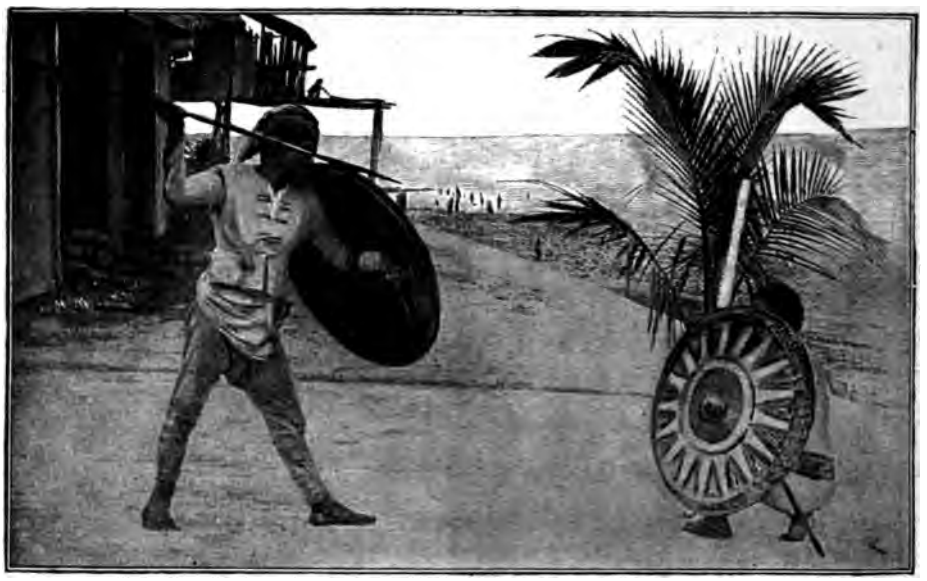
Somewhat in advance of these and more crafty are the Igorrotes, who live in nipa-palm huts. They have their village communities, but no political organization beyond that. Each village stands by itself, and is

THE YOUNG PROPRIETOR OF A COCOANUT GROVE GATHERING TUBA.

generally in a feud with its neighbor. They are famous head-hunters. Their Nimrods are the men who have the largest number of head trophies. This was the leading native tribe represented at the World's Fair, St. Louis, last year, where they had a native village and maintained their usual customs. It was a bit of savagery in the midst of civilization, and ought to have been a practical lesson on the need of the Gospel in foreign parts. Civilization made some impression on them. One tribesman, noting that some of the most influential visitors showed gold-filled teeth, became possessed with an ambition for a higher place among his fellows, and broke two of his front teeth so as to get an excuse to visit the dentist. He was not allowed, however, to gratify his ambition. Dog meat was their favorite flesh food, to supply which the kennels were kept well stocked.

The Igorrotes have shown themselves entirely trustworthy when confidence has been placed in them by the foreigner. They are noted also for ingenious methods of irrigating the soil and keeping it at its highest state of productiveness. Their promotion to a place among civilized people is looked upon as very hopeful. One of their race is credited with considerable practical philosophy in his answer to a friar who was urging upon him the claims of religion, and explaining to him the life of *Saint* Augustine. "No colored man," said the Igorrote, "ever became a white man's saint."

A little more advanced than these are the Tinginanes, nature worshippers and without temples. The head



SULU WARRIORS IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

man of this tribe on assuming his duties takes the following oath: "May a pernicious wind touch me, may a flash of lightning kill me, and may the alligator catch me asleep, if I fail to fulfil my duties."

The Tagalogs, in the country adjacent to Manila, are the most advanced people of the islands. The blood of Chinese and Japanese flows in many of them. Aguinaldo was a Tagalog. Closely related to them are the Bicals and Visayans, of whom there are 3,000,000. The Ilocanos number a half million, and are a progressive race.

The religion of these tribes previous to Spanish occupation was nature worship, spirit worship and ancestor worship. Belief in immortality was universal. The form of religion presented to them by the Spanish friars, with its festivals, music, relics, images and fairs, met with a widespread response, though it did little more than appeal to the sensuousness of the people, and produced only the most conventional kind of religion.

Farther south than any of these tribes, in the island of Mindanao, and forming two-fifths of the whole population, are the Moros, with a degraded Mohammedan type of religion. There is a rather strange historical coincidence in connection with this. Spain and the Moros had met in a death struggle in Europe with Spain victorious. Here on the other side of the earth they again meet. They struggle for the mastery, but neither race gains any permanent advantage.

Among the Moros the custom of "juramentado" still prevails. When any one of them wishes to die in honor he performs certain dedicatory rites, and then starts out to kill "infidels," upon whom unsuspectingly he falls. Not until many men, women and children are killed is he likely to be cut down. American armies and navies have disillusioned the Moro mind to some extent as to the importance and value of Christian blood. Even yet outbreaks frequently occur.

It will readily be seen that a united or independent Filipino people is an

impossibility. Those who agitate such a movement are either entirely ignorant of the situation or else mere political agitators. The relation of the United States in reference to Cuba is an entirely different thing. The same heterogeneity of races was not present in the latter case. "The only way," says Dr. Stuntz, "to add fractions is to reduce them to a common denominator." The English language, which becomes official, January 1st, 1907, will be the first step toward that result.

Nearly fifty years passed after Magellan's visit and death before Spain made any further efforts to colonize the islands. Then the daring Legaspi, with four hundred soldiers, together with Urdaneta and six friars as spiritual directors, received orders from King Philip of Spain to proceed westward from Mexico, and conquer and colonize the Philippines.

The motive of the expedition was chiefly religious. Spain had a way of her own of blending military and missionary enterprises. Both Legaspi and Urdaneta were men of great ability, and left an impression on the islands the effect of which is still seen. From that time onward ecclesiastical rule had the precedence in the government of the islands. Whom the friars would they set up, and whom they would they put down. If civil governors stood in the way, so much the worse for the governor.

A notable illustration of this was given in 1896 when General Blanco, the governor, proved too humane for the friars. A cablegram to Madrid relieved them of the difficulty, and Polaviaja, their idol, was appointed immediately in his place.

Legaspi died in 1572, having most satisfactorily accomplished the work he set out to do. The infant colony had great struggles in its earlier history against Chinese invasions, Dutch

MONUMENT OF LEGASPI AND URDANETA, MANILA.

pirates, and even with England, whose fleet captured Manila in 1761. The Treaty of Paris, which finally ceded Canada to England, gave the Philippines to Spain, till one hundred and sixty-three years later by another Treaty of Paris the islands again fell into the hands of an English-speaking people.

Again and again the Filipinos themselves tried to throw off the Spanish yoke. Never did they succeed, although each insurrection exceeded its predecessor in intensity of hatred and vindictiveness, and in the cruelty with which its leaders were punished. Many noble men in this way fell for freedom and native land. Notable among them was Rizal, a true patriot, a scholar, and a thinker, who, so late as 1896, came to an untimely end, being shot by Spanish soldiers in the usual place of execution in Manila.

GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, MANILA.

For over three hundred years the Roman Catholic Church had almost absolute control in the Philippines, yet there is overwhelming evidence that it was a rule of oppression. The taunt is sometimes made to Protestants that if they had their own way they would treat heretics just as was done in the Middle Ages. In reply it can be said that they have had their own way in many lands during the last three hundred years, and we have yet to hear of them being ejected for religious tyranny. The friars had their way for three hundred years in the Philippines, and lo, at the end of that time, instead of being loved as shepherds they are practically banished from the islands, leaving behind them a record which could find no counterpart this side of the days of the Inquisition. Protestantism no longer seeks to propagate truth by weapons of violence or by ecclesiastical despotism. Wherever its banner floats brotherhood, Christian fellowship, and good-will prevail.

"HE WILL BRING ME FORTH TO THE LIGHT."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

In my Father's safe keeping I journey,
My hand is held fast in His own;
And although not a glimmer of daylight
On the way I am going is thrown,

I am sure, yes, quite sure that the pathway
Which He hath appointed for me
I should tread if myself had the choosing,
Could I as He seeth but see.

Perhaps you may wonder to hear it,
If you do not my Father know,
For slippery steeps and rough reaches
Form the road over which I go.

But ah! if you knew Him as I do,
As certain as I would you be
That the way where I walk with my Father
Is the way of all others for me.

He loves me so dearly, so dearly,
So tender for me is His care,
That I never should have in my weakness
The strain of this journey to bear—

Were it not for some wonderful purpose,
Which presently He will reveal,
But which now, in His infinite wisdom,
He deems it is best to conceal.

And so in my Father's safe keeping,
My hand clasped secure in His own,
I will toil on content through the darkness
Till His light upon all shall be thrown.

Toronto.

THE LATE PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA.

FORT GARRY IN 1870.

Now the City of Winnipeg with a population of 80,000, 51 miles of paved streets, 17 schools, 9 colleges, 1 university, and 51 churches.

ONE of the most inspiring and invigorating influences in national and Church life is the presence of a truly great man. It is like the showers that come down from heaven to refresh and revive the parched earth. It is like the salt which preserves the perishable substance from decay. It uplifts and strengthens us while it abides, and when it is removed its memory lives on as a cherished possession, and exerts a powerful influence on all succeeding generations.

Such a man, to our young nation, was Robert Machray, Metropolitan of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada. He appeared on the scene when the country was a congeries of disunited provinces. He began to act his part in a remote, obscure, and inaccessible region. But Fortune had chosen a psychological moment for the advent of her favorite son. Vast changes were impending. He lived through what must always remain the most eventful period in our national history. He grew with the Church and the State, and gave a powerful impetus to their development. In course of time he became universally recognized as one of Canada's and the Empire's great men, and by the spontaneous act of the authorities, both in Church and State, he was made

THE MOST REV. R. MACHRAY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada in the Church of England, Winnipeg.

Primate of All Canada, and Prelate of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George.

The qualities that won him such distinction could be of no mean order. His was indeed a many-sided character. His single-hearted devotion to the best interests of the Church and the State, his courage, his perseverance, his judgment, his hopefulness, his energy, his self-denial, he had in common with many humble and obscure missionaries. All these were essential to the completeness of his equipment, but they did not constitute his distinguishing merit. There was in him a certain firmness of grasp as of superior strength, a clearness of vision as of superior insight, an illumination of intellect as of superior genius that seemed to reveal to him the dim and distant courses of the future which remained dark to ordinary men. And with these were coupled a constructive genius that made him adopt, with unerring instinct, the means best suited to the attainment of his objects. His was a rare combination of the ideal and the practical. And so he became the great man of action, the statesman, the master-builder, who, with a unique opportunity, cherished a great purpose, pursued it unflinchingly for forty long years, and was permitted to see in his old age the realization of more than the dreams of his youth.

In the year before Confederation, twenty years before the completion of the C. P. R., he entertained high hopes regarding immigration. There were only some twenty clergy of his own Church in his diocese, which extended from the international boundary to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Hudson's Bay to the valley of the Yukon. At his first conference he could only muster some ten clergy and eighteen laymen. He foresaw that the strength of self-government lay in the intelligence of the people; hence the importance of an adequate system of public education. Knowing that the pivot of the whole educational system lay in the teacher, he set to work to establish centres where an efficient teaching staff could be trained. Coming, as he did, from one of the greatest seats of learning in Europe, he did not fail to realize that theological training alone is too

narrow without the broadening influence of classics and mathematics, science and art, and therefore at the apex of the whole system, as a keystone to the whole arch, there must be a system of university training. The seed was then sown whose ripened harvest was seen a few years later in the great University of Manitoba.

All this germinated in the brain of a lonely worker in 1866 in the midst of a vast wilderness whose chief inhabitants were countless herds of buffaloes and roving tribes of Indians. Here surely was a great man, called of God to cope with a great opportunity for the upbuilding of a nation and a Church. Here the main lines were laid down of all the future policy for the carrying out of which he devoted his unrivalled powers, his tireless energy, and his long life.

But the full measure of his worth and work can best be gauged by the growth and development that took place during his episcopate, of which he might truthfully say "Quorum pars magna fui."

Fort Garry, a remote station of the Hudson's Bay, with a population of 300, grew into the city of Winnipeg, the third greatest of the Dominion, with a population of some 80,000 souls. The Hudson's Bay Territory was converted into a vigorous province and many growing territories of our young and already powerful Dominion. Twenty Anglican clergy became 200. There was no Anglican church in Winnipeg, where now there are six. There were no common schools where now flourishes one of the most perfect systems of education in the world, rounded off by high schools, theological colleges and a university. There was not a yard of railway where now a perfect network is to be found, measured by thousands of miles. The words of the prophet find here a literal fulfilment both in a material and spiritual sense, "the

REV. R. MACKRAY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
AN EARLIER PORTRAIT.

wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad thereof, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." It would be difficult to find anywhere, at any period of the world's history, a more marvellous transformation than that which has taken place in the North-West in the course of this single episcopate.

The personal traits of such a man must be of great interest to all who feel the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. He was never known to miss an appointment, save under the constraint of *force majeure*. In one of his missionary tours he travelled one thousand miles in a dog sled, and slept seventeen nights by the camp-fire in the open air when the thermometer was forty degrees below zero. If he loved the Church with all his heart he may be said to have loved the school with all his mind. St. John's School and College were never absent from his thoughts. For many

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

years he filled the chair of mathematics, of which he was a past master. A rigid disciplinarian of the old school, he is said to have flogged many of the leading men of the West. Work to him had become second nature, and it is said that when, on one occasion, he took a holiday, he became suddenly ill. He spent his leisure hours, even when recovering from a serious illness, in solving problems in the loftiest regions of the higher mathematics.

He carried all the loyalty of the Highlander into the administration of the affairs of the Church. His character was probably deficient on its social side. Society had apparently few charms for him. He never enjoyed the comforts of family life. His rugged, granite nature, which had to bear the strain of isolation and the hardness of pioneer life for so many years, was never mellowed and softened by the gentle hand of woman and the prattle of little children.

In no sense of the word could he be called an orator. Essentially a man of action and absorbed through life in the administration of affairs, he had probably no more time than inclination to cultivate the art of persuasion, but the deep conviction and earnestness that breathed through every word he spoke gave to his direct and vigorous language all the force of genuine eloquence.

It is so easy for arm-chair critics, who may never themselves have done anything worth recording, to sit in their studies and teach our generals to conduct their campaigns, and our bishops to rule their dioceses. Such critics often overlook one hundred

merits to pounce upon one or two conspicuous defects. They are often oblivious of the enormous difficulties to be encountered, and of the slender means with which they have to be overcome.

It was inevitable that such a man should have taken a leading part in many functions that will become historic. No one who witnessed his appearance on the last of these important occasions will ever forget it. Though bowed with age and care, and with the hand of death visibly upon him, he looked every inch a king of men. He left on the mind the impression, as in a moving picture, first of a Montrose or an Argyll, then of an Ambrose or a Cyprian, then of an Isaiah or an Elijah. He seemed to combine the bold dauntless air of the Highland chieftain whose blood probably coursed through his veins, the concentrated energy of service of the Father of the Church whose descendant he was in the ecclesiastical succession, and the rapt, far-piercing look of the old Hebrew prophet of whom he was one of the spiritual sons.

After a lingering illness he died in Winnipeg in 1894, where Church and State combined to do him honor. And he was laid at rest on the banks of the Red River in the beautiful graveyard of St. John's Cathedral, which he had made the centre of his missionary and educational activities.

Such a life will always remain a precious inheritance to the Church people of the North-West, and of the Dominion of Canada. It shows what one man, with well directed energies, under the Divine blessing, can accomplish.—The New Era.

HARVEST SONG.

BY ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

"The tall millet crops have nearly all been harvested, and a better field of fire over the flat plains is thus secured."—Morning Post.

East and West the Mother calls—
" Come, my children, to the feast,
In my low-roofed Western halls,
Under high domes of the East.

" I have spread on hill and dale
Golden cloth of corn and wheat,
Harvests that shall never fail,
Garments that no moth can fret.

" I have forced a precious yield
From the shades of Egypt's tombs;
On Manchuria's yellow field
I have tossed my millet plumes."

East and West the Mother calls—
" Come, my children, to the feast
In my latest banquet halls
Of the sunrise—in the East!"

East and West the children come
Proudly with uplifted head.
To the hum of battle drum
Thus they scorn the Mother's bread.

" From the clouded mountain tops,
From the valleys of the main,
Lo! a store of goodlier crops
That shall clothe your *empty plain.*

" By the hillside and the gorge,
For your cloth of tarnished gold,
As it fell from Vulcan's forge
See the sheet of steel unrolled.

" You have wept and waited long
In the darkness out of sight,
But our harvest tall and strong
Shall be raised up in a night.

" For harmonious shepherd's pipe
We shall have a war god's lyre,
He will reap the increase ripe
With the sickle of his fire.

" Gently were your sheaves laid low,
Like the sighing of a breeze,
But our sturdier growth shall go
With the crash of forest trees.

" We will string your purple beads,
Drops from hearts that proudly die;
And our flowers of mighty deeds
Shall be crimson as the sky."

" Children, hush!" the mother sighs
For their harvest lost and vain—
" Where the tree falls there it lies,
But my harvests come again."

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE MODERN STATE.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

President of the Protestant Council of Public Instruction, Quebec.

A STUDY is proposed of the facts in regard to this theme, more especially in relation to education.

What business, it is asked by the secularist, has religion, anyway, with that product of the modern democracy regarded by many as the ideal state? By religion is meant not morals, but dogmas. Ethics is quite permissible, involving justice, kindness, and all the other civil and social virtues. But the ideas of God, divine revelation, sin, spiritual rescue, and retribution beyond this life—these, it is claimed, have no more place than Wesley's "Sermons" and the Shorter Catechism. Not that the state should be opposed to religion, but it should be absolutely neutral and give it no formal recognition. In departing from this principle, it is claimed that to that extent it is reactionary and entangled again in the yoke of mediæval bondage, for if in the exercise of my liberty I am an atheist or agnostic, why should I be taxed to support a civil system that does violence to my convictions, any more than a Protestant should be required to support the Roman Catholic Church under a Roman Catholic government?

This is secularism pure and simple, plausible and increasingly active, and always convenient as a method of shunting off the sectarian questions by which communities are often vexed. It must be admitted that the terrible abuses of Erastianism have seemed to justify these secularist principles. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, along with the head of Charles I., suffered much under Cromwell in 1648. That was the birthday of the modern democracy, an irresistible force bringing many evils, more perils, but still more blessings, and advancing like a mighty tide to the sweeping away of all union between Church and State in all Anglo-Saxon lands.

Still, while this result of the democracy is irresistible, I claim that the termination of Church establishments does not necessarily imply the elimination from national life of all religious sentiment. The great American Republic illustrates the happy compromise possible in this matter, and so, to some extent, does the Dominion of Canada. If the ideal state is sought as absolutely neutral on the subject of religion, then it is not to be found in America or anywhere else, and there is no prospect that this ideal of the secularist will ever be realized. Everywhere and always, history shows that the prevalent religion of a country impresses itself upon its government, whether in an altogether unjustifiable spirit of intolerance, as in Spain and Turkey, or in a fair spirit of toleration to all religions, as in Canada and the United States.

A resumé of the facts bearing upon the place of religion in the democracy of the greater part of North America may be of some interest, first as to the United States, and secondly as to

Canada, in both keeping in view both civic and educational institutions.

I have read several books in the last few years advocating in the United States the secularism above described, especially in the Public Schools. It is very significant that such works, for example, that of Cooke on "Religious Freedom in American Education," published by the American Unitarian Association last year, while admirable in many respects, especially in the emphasis laid upon moral instruction, yet avail little in the uprooting of religious sentiments from the national life. Despite the activity of secularism, the Republic, like Great Britain, still stands as a Christian nation.

The State Opposed to Sectarianism.

In saying this I do not forget that while the nation is Christian, it is constitutionally and irrevocably opposed to sectarian favoritism, though still marked by glaring inconsistency under political pressure in occasionally bestowing favors upon sectarian institutions. The Constitution of the United States forbids the enactment of laws establishing any religion; twenty-eight States forbid the giving of any preference by law to any sect or to any denominational mode of worship; twenty-five States prohibit the use of public funds for sectarian purposes; in twenty-six State constitutions it is provided that no one shall be compelled to pay for the support of any church or minister; twenty States expressly guarantee freedom of conscience.

So much for constitutional authority for tolerant, just and non-sectarian administration of government in the great Republic. Now, as to formal and positive recognition of religion in general, what conclusive significance is in these facts? Oaths on the Holy Scriptures are required in all the most important obligations of a civil character, for example, in assuming office and giving testimony in courts. Chaplains are appointed for army and navy and Congress and penal institutions. The Christian Sabbath is protected by strong legislation; churches are generally exempt from taxes; the sin of blasphemy against the triune God is a criminal offence; the third section of an act to prevent immoral practices provides that "if any person of the age of fourteen and upward shall purposely curse or damn or profanely swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, he shall be punished."

Presidential inaugural addresses make such official allusions to the Divine Being as the secularist might claim to be perfectly unjustifiable. For example, President Cleveland, in his last inaugural said: "Above all, I know there is a Supreme Being, whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people, and I know He will not turn from us now if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid." President Roosevelt, President McKinley, President Lincoln, President Washington, and many other Chief Magistrates of the Republic used similar language.

Frequent proclamations are issued by federal and state authorities directly recognizing the Almighty, sometimes by a call to thanksgiving, and sometimes to humiliation and prayer. Even for denominational instruction of the Indians, government subsidies, as in Canada, are given, and in government Indian institutes all instructors must be Christians—a very close approach to union of Church and State, against which, I admit, many, especially the Baptists, constantly protest.

The Republic opened its history

with a reverent recognition of God in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence. The opening sentence of Article 3 of the Ordinances of 1787, for the government of the North-West Territory, declares that "Religion, morality and knowledge are necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind." The Constitution of Michigan, a part of the same territory, reaffirms this principle in the very same words. The same principle is found in the Constitutions of Arkansas, Nebraska and Georgia.

In the case of Updegraph *vs.* The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the court declared, "This wise legislature formed this body of laws for a Christian country and a Christian people," and C. T. Clayton, of the Supreme Court at Washington, in a case arising from Delaware, said, "We know, not only from the oaths that are administered by our authority to witnesses and to jurors, but from that evidence to which every man has access beyond these halls, that the religion of the people of Delaware is Christian." Judge Cooley, a Supreme Court judge, and an authority of very great influence, in his work on "Constitutional Limitations," says, "In a certain sense, and for certain purposes, Christianity is a part of the law of the land."

Religion in American Schools and Colleges.

But the chief point at which religion is enshrined in the civil organization of the American Republic is the Public School systems of the different States. Of all departments of government the Public Schools are the most important, beyond army, navy, judiciary, revenue and post-office. Far more numerous than *banks, post*-offices and garrisons, they exert the greatest influence on all the interests of the Commonwealth. In these schools, religion, without being sectarian, should have formal recognition. The practice on this point varies somewhat in different States. Let it here be said that the phrase "the American school system" is misleading. There is no one system for the nation, but for the forty-five States there are forty-five different systems, just as there are seven different provincial systems in Canada, varying according to local views and preferences. In every one of these State systems morality is enjoined by constitutions, statutes or regulations, and in the majority of States the Bible is read in the Public Schools. This may not deserve the name of religious instruction, but at least it brings thoughts of God and religion into the minds of tens of thousands of children who go to no church or Sunday-school, and who never hear the Divine Name but in profanity. To correct the flippant statement that the Bible is not read in American schools, the following table is submitted:

READING OF THE BIBLE.

Legalized by State Constitution or Legislation in - - - -	9	States
Legalized by judicial or official decisions in - - - - - -	12	"
Authorized by usage and public sentiment in one Territory and	16	"
Not read, but without legal hindrance, in one Territory and -	3	"
Prohibited by judicial and official decisions in one Territory and	5	"

The School Law of New York, c. 386, sec. 18, provides, "But nothing herein contained shall authorize the Board of Education to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selection therefrom, from any of the Public Schools provided for in this Act." In the City of New York the Board has inter-

preted this to require the reading of the Bible in the common schools, and in a majority of schools in the State Bible reading is observed.

Against the Bible in the schools it is sometimes urged by the secularist, as a last resort, that it is a sectarian book. Against this view, the Hon. C. R. Skinner, State Superintendent of New York, gave judgment, as presented in his annual report for 1903. Only last December, in Kentucky, action being taken on this point against the school trustees of the town of Brookville, Judge Harbeson, dismissing the action, said, "The Bible is the foundation of all Christian civilization. It cannot be sectarian to read it in the Public Schools." The same judgment was affirmed, November 25th, 1899, by the State Superintendent of Nebraska. It is interesting to ask, "If the Bible is sectarian, to what sect does it belong?"

Sometimes a concession is made, to evade the religious design in view, that the Bible may be read as literature. Such is the view of President Butler, of Columbia University, and of the Ontario Teachers' Association at its convention in Toronto, three or four years ago. It is hard to see how, in serving this literary purpose, we can evade the religious elements in the Bible.

In view of the above facts, the remark of the eminent Dr. A. A. Hodge is significant: "The system of Public Schools must be held in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or with all other enemies of Christianity must go to the wall." Still more striking is the statement by that most eminent jurist, Justice Story, on the celebrated Girard Will case, "Courts of equity in this country will not sanction any system of education in which religion is not included." In this case it was ruled, however, that Christian instruction might be given by laymen.

As to Universities, it is scarcely relevant to speak of denominational institutions, which number, however, three hundred and seventy-nine out of five hundred universities in the Republic; but the religious element in the State universities, notwithstanding all adverse criticisms on this point, is of much significance. There are forty State universities. In one-half of them chapel services are held. Of thirty-five thousand students, four thousand are under compulsory chapel rules; twenty thousand attend chapel under the voluntary system, and eleven thousand have no chapel service.

The arrangements for religious service and the formal recognition of religion in Cornell, Leland Stanford, Harvard and Chicago Universities, are very interesting. These are not State universities, but they illustrate the attitude towards religion of these great educational centres. The Leland Stanford University, for example, provides in its charter that there shall be taught in the university "the immortality of the soul, the existence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man." Voluntary daily services are regularly held in this university.

There are over one hundred and fifty State and city Normal Schools in the United States, with fifty thousand students. In four-fifths of these daily chapel exercises are compulsory. In one-fourth of their reports it is stated that attendance at some church each Sunday is compulsory. Nearly all the agricultural colleges have daily chapel exercises and require attendance at some church on Sunday. In Michigan State Agricultural College, attendance at chapel is voluntary and is represented by from fifty to seventy

per cent. of the students; in Iowa, similarly, by upwards of forty per cent. In both of these institutions there is Sunday morning preaching in the college, at which attendance is compulsory. It may be added that in the very great majority of American colleges the Y.M.C.A. is organized and encouraged. In view of the above array of facts it is evident we have in the American Republic a free Church in a free State, and that Christianity at the same time is prominently enshrined in its institutions, both political and educational.

Civil Position of Religion in Canada.

Coming now to Canada, we find parallel conditions to those in the United States. In the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854, the preamble distinctly declares the desirability of a "complete separation of Church and State," and in many ways the legal equality and toleration of all denominations has since been often asserted. On occasion this gives the political orator a most inspiring theme. Still it must be confessed Canadian legislation and customs have not been as clearly and strongly opposed to sectarianism as American. For this we are partly to blame, and in part it is unavoidable. In the latter respect, the rights of French-Canadians, in preservation of "*leurs lois, leur langue et leurs coutumes,*" as guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris, no one seriously contemplates disturbing. Under this, the Roman Catholic Church is virtually an established church in Quebec, that is, as affecting Roman Catholics only in that province. By the civil power it collects tithes and church assessments, and as long as Quebec is British, the solemn and generous pledge in this matter, given by Great Britain to a conquered people, is sure to be honored, though confessedly this arrangement is really a fragment of Old World establishments, and is abnormal in America.

Another Imperial provision, one which is very irritating, and which could and should be removed, is the Order of Precedence, issued by the Colonial Office, London, for state functions in Canada. This assigns the first place to archbishops and the second to bishops. This might have some show of equity so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned, in view of their numerical strength, but it is very unjust as to any claim of the Anglicans, seeing they are the fourth denomination in Canada in numerical strength. In Ontario, where there are twice as many Methodists as Anglicans, and where the latter actuall declined in numbers last decade, if a representative of royalty appears, Presbyterians and Methodists and all other ecclesiastics must stand aside before archbishops and bishops. No doubt this anomaly is produced by the hazy idea that the Anglican Church, the Church of H. M. the King, to whom we are equally and most cordially loyal, must in some way assert itself, even in the midst of the Canadian democracy. Protests are often made against this galling and glaring injustice, but the indifference of non-Anglicans is a hindrance to their success, so many saying, "Abolish the whole Order of Precedence," a thing which the government is sure not to do, or saying, "We will not go down into the mire of sectarian strife about such a trifle."

It must be admitted there is a glamor about the episcopal office which bewitches even intelligent men. How else can we account for the fact that on the Intercolonial Government Railway, while free passes are given to only two Methodist presiding officers, and one to a Presbyterian, fifteen are given to Roman Catholic

and Anglican bishops, four of them living many hundreds of miles away from the road? The great majority of the Senators at Ottawa are either Roman Catholics or Anglicans. So of the civil service. So that it is often said at the capital, you have no chance of an appointment unless you are either a Roman Catholic or an Anglican. Almost all chaplaincies seem to go as a matter of course to these two denominations. The glaring injustice of these facts is as great as the distastefulness of stating them. Canada is clearly behind the United States as to an impartial, anti-sectarian attitude.

The positive civil recognition of religion in Canada, the main point in discussion, apart from the sectarianism above described, is illustrated by the same items as were mentioned as to the United States, viz., oaths in courts, etc.; chaplaincies, proclamations of thanksgiving, etc.; Sabbath legislation; tax exemptions, with some provincial variations; subsidies to Indian denominational institutions, and the law against blasphemy.

Religion in the Public Schools of Canada.

As to the Bible and religion in the schools, there is in the different Provinces a variation parallel to that in the American States. There is everywhere formally required the teaching of morals; but besides this the reading of the Christian Scriptures is either required or allowed in all parts of the Dominion. The largest religious element in schools is naturally found in the Province of Quebec. I am speaking not merely of Roman Catholic Schools, where Roman Catholic dogma is extensively taught, but also of the Protestant schools. All government schools in Quebec are either Roman Catholic or Protestant, and so, presumably, religious. There are no Separate Schools, nor indeed, Public Schools, as in Ontario. The two systems are co-ordinate in rank and privilege.

Schools of minorities are called Dissentient Schools. In scores of municipalities these are Roman Catholic. All schools are supported by the taxes respectively of the two communities, and a division of the Legislative grant between Roman Catholics and Protestants, according to school population. The Protestant schools have a large syllabus of compulsory Scripture studies, a larger measure of Bible study than is found in any other province. This syllabus has been prepared by the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, and has never occasioned the slightest friction. Often Sabbath-school teachers are surprised at the amount of exact Scripture knowledge possessed by their scholars attending the Public Schools in Quebec.

In Ontario the reading of the Bible is allowed, with the use of the Lord's Prayer, but there is no compulsory requirement of Scripture study on which examinations are conducted, as in Quebec. The Quebec Protestant system has attracted much attention in Ontario, and its syllabus of studies has been much in demand by organizations desiring a similar arrangement in Ontario. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island a similar condition prevails. In New Brunswick the Act of 1871 was passed, providing non-sectarian Public Schools, but this was followed by the claims of Roman Catholics for Separate Schools. The agitation was such as to lead to violence and bloodshed. The compromise securing peace was effected, not by change of law, but by tacit acquiescence on the part of school authorities, so that in Roman Catholic communities they have substantially Separate Schools with Roman

Catholic teachers, holding, however, Normal School diplomas, and so not of the *religieux*. The Catechism is taught at a special session at the close of the school. There is no probability of any immediate disturbance of this compromise, although Clause 119 of the School Act declares "All schools conducted under the provisions of this Act shall be non-sectarian."

In Manitoba the Scriptures are very generally read in the Public Schools, but religious instruction is relegated to extra school hours, when ministers of religion may segregate their young parishioners for denominational instruction. This plan, by the way, has been strongly advocated by President Schurman, of Cornell, for the United States. This is the sunny solution of the vexed Manitoba School Question, a plan which, if it were carried out, would divide the youth of the country into sectarian groups. I have been informed, however, that this provision is generally a dead letter, as many expected it would be. The consequence is the exclusion of religious instruction from the Public Schools, except as this is implied in the reading of Scripture. Another effect is a tendency to compromise, as in New Brunswick, with the result that in most Roman Catholic communities the schools are really Roman Catholic schools.

From a recent government report of British Columbia, we quote: "The schools are conducted on strictly secular and non-sectarian principles. It is enjoined on all teachers that the highest morality should be inculcated, but that no religious dogma or creed shall be taught. The Lord's Prayer may be used at the opening and closing of school."

Such is a brief resumé of the facts relating to the place of religion in national government and in Public Schools in Canada. We see that in every province, both in civil and ecclesiastical administration, Christianity is formally recognized, even to the objectionable extent of sectarian favoritism.

In this article I have not touched upon the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church on this question. It is well known, from its demand for Separate Schools, both in Canada and the United States, that it holds the view that provision should be made by the State for the combining of religion and education. We may not approve of this demand, still I do not conceal my sympathy with Cardinal Gibbons when he said, "Of what value is a mother's toil if the seeds of faith which she has planted attain a sickly growth in the cheerless atmosphere of the school-room from which the sun of religion is rigidly excluded?"

Better far the Christian faith of Romanism than the dark, blank negations of infidelity. Let France be a warning, whose government schools carefully exclude the remotest reference to God, and thus prepare the people for avowed and practical atheism. The testimony here by Huxley is surely most weighty and impartial. In an address before the London School Board, in 1870, he said:

"Leaving aside the more far-seeing minority on each side, what the religious party is crying for is mere theology, under the name of religion; while the secularists have unwisely and wrongfully admitted the assumption of their opponents, and demanded the abolition of all religious teaching, when they only want to be free of theology—burning your ship to get rid of the cockroaches! But my belief is, that no human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much unless their conduct be governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal. Undoubtedly, your gutter child may be converted by mere intellectual drill into 'the subtlest of all the beasts of the field'; but we know what has become of the original of that description, and there is no need to increase the number

of those who imitate him successfully without being aided by the rates. And if I were compelled to choose for one of my own children, between a school in which real religious instruction is given and one without it, I should prefer the former, even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it."

When, in 1900, Dr. Magnasco, Minister of Justice and Public Instruction in the Argentine Republic, proposed the introduction of the Bible into the Public Schools, he received an address of congratulation from about four hundred leading citizens, merchants, professional men, etc., in which they said:

"The great Book of the Ages—the Holy Bible—contains the secret of the true strength and greatness of nations. Its truths emancipate the conscience, illuminate the intellect, fortify and ennoble the spirit. This peerless Book—in a modern and accurate translation into Spanish from the original Hebrew and Greek—ought to be in the hands of all our Argentine children. This is the only weapon with which to conquer the 'wild scepticism' pointed out by the Executive, and with which to vanquish all error, superstition, and ignorance in morality and religion."

In conclusion, I respectfully submit these propositions as to the modern ideal state:

1. It should allow toleration and equality of privilege to every religious denomination which does not contravene public order.

2. It should formally recognize Christianity, but without sectarianism.

3. As to the Public Schools, they should be Christian without being denominational. At the same time, in all school codes there should be a conscience clause, exempting children from instruction contrary to the religious convictions of themselves and their parents. We have such in the Protestant schools of Montreal, in favor of the Jews.

As I love the Old Land, Great Britain, itself an example of a moderate democracy, with all my heart, I wish that a single, simple system of schools on the above basis could be established there. It would terminate for ever the sectarian feuds which are such a hindrance and reproach to English education.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

BY R. BOAL.

Dark was the world in that Augustan age,
  Nor light, nor joy, nor peace was known to men
Sin reigned in triumph, brutal passions rage,
  The age corrupt, the world a stagnant fen.

Into the dark streamed down a glorious light!
  Into this warring sphere the Prince of Peace!
A star of hope on Bethlehem's plain shone bright,
  And Love all crowned with thorns bids sorrow cease.

Light touches life with an eternal gain,
  Love conquers sin upon the woeful cross,
"Lux in tenebris" heals the great world's pain;
  All other treasures are but empty dross.

West Montrose, Ont.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY MRS. LOTTIE MCALISTER.

F the hearth glows, and the evening lights are burning brightly, and if the cosy warmth of the hour is begetting subtle influences that unshackle the mind and allow it to ramble at its own sweet will, free from the insistent demands of the present, we fain would grasp this opportune moment to introduce a guest. Prithee open wide a hospitable door; this guest will not presume. She will accord a delightful hour and leave behind that rich legacy—a delightful memory.

This guest of honor is Miss Maria Edgeworth, the gifted Irish authoress, on whose slight shoulders rests the heavy charge of being "the creator of the novel of national manners and moral purpose." All of which will presently be forgotten, as Miss Edgeworth is a home body, and so entirely free from all affectations, that she puts every one at ease, not only with herself, but with that large circle of illustrious persons who must of necessity enter with her. Her talisman is heart rather than achievement. So pre-eminent is this fact as to make it impossible to separate her from her friends or to present her life independently.

Miss Edgeworth has acquired the habit of retiring to the out-of-way corners of circulating libraries where the dust lies thick. You may also meet her arrayed in modern garb in new collections of standard authors, bought *en bloc* on the advice of some authority on good literature. All this emphasizes the fact that she keeps well out of the way of the vulgar, elbowing crowd, who loudly demand "the latest," and who appreciate nothing but bill-board literature.

We must hasten to present Richard Lavell Edgeworth, the father of our authoress. Not to do so would grieve the daughter. She looks upon herself as a wan moon reflecting the light of that mighty sun, whose rising and setting regulates her little world. Both father and daughter, however, endear the Irish to the impressionable heart, for "even their failings leaned to virtue's side."

When Richard Lovell Edgeworth appeared on this mundane sphere, 1744, his family had been settled for one hundred and fifty years in Edgeworthtown, county of Longford. He is, therefore, of the very heart of Ireland. By way of accentuating time and place, the reader is reminded that sixteen years previously, Goldsmith was born on the Edgeworth property. This introduction must be lengthened to an understanding of Maria Edgeworth's immediate progenitor as a necessary preliminary to understanding Miss Edgeworth and her writings.

While a student at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and yet in his teens, Richard Lovell Edgeworth contracted the first of a series of matrimonial alliances. Some very strange tendencies are transmitted in the blood. Some authorities go so far as to assert that even wooden legs may run in the family. A study of the history of previous Edgeworths reveals such a rapid succession of wives as to suggest a Bluebeard somewhere in their ancestry. The extreme ease with which Mr. Edgeworth capitulated in affairs of the heart may be accounted for by

another fatal tendency indicated by his mother's dying advice, "learn to say No."

With the single exception of the first, which was a Gretna Green affair, these marriages did not prove to be failures. Of his miscellaneous household, composed variously, at different periods, of succeeding wives, ever accumulating children until they numbered twenty-two, and other oddly assorted relatives, he was able to boast, "I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house." He was a man of great versatility. As a writer he climbed to a height that has given him a tablet in the musty and circumscribed precincts of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The world has raised a joint-monument in honor of the joint-labors of father and daughter. It bears this single, clear cut word, "Utilitarian."

Some vials of wrath are poured out because of what might have been if the angular unadorned vision of the utilities had not been for ever held by the father before the eyes of his more gifted daughter, as a monk holds the crucifix before dying eyes—the sole object worthy of worship—until romance, beauty, poetry fled before his erasing pencil and stern censorship.

"It is my business to cut and correct, yours to write on," he was wont to say. As intimated, his word was law, whether the pronouncement concerned his daughter's books or the bringing home a wife younger than herself. He devoted much time to the study of mechanics, one achievement being a church spire with some power of locomotion. The utility of a church spire that "was able to rise from the ground at the sound of a bugle, played by some member of the Edgeworth family, and to take its place, when requested to do so, upon the church tower," is not as apparent as it might be.

When the French threatened to invade Ireland in 1794, Mr. Edgeworth made offers to the government to establish telegraphic communications of his own invention throughout the island. Eight years later his offers were accepted, and his telegraphic apparatus proved successful.

We cannot forego one more side light on this interesting character. He was a member of the last Irish Parliament. It is a matter of history that he "was offered three thousand guineas for the use of his seat during the closing weeks of its sessions, but very properly refused, not wishing, in his own words, "to quarrel with myself and lose my own good opinion at my time of life."

Those eventful years, lying between 1767 and 1849, span Miss Edgeworth's long life. They were the years stretching from the reign of the good king "Farmer George" to the opening of the Victorian Era; the years of George Washington and the great American War; the years of the French Revolution; the years that witnessed the rise of Napoleon and his eclipse at Waterloo; the years of the Irish Rebellion, union and famine, all of which directly or indirectly touched the life of the subject of this short sketch.

Miss Edgeworth was born in England. The only memories remaining of her first visit to her Irish home are characteristic of normal childhood, namely, "cutting out squares of a checked sofa-cover," and "trampling through a set of newly glazed garden frames, which had been laid upon the grass." To the day of her death she was thrilled by recalling the heavenly crash of that breaking glass.

At eight years of age she left Edgeworthtown, and did not see Ireland again for seven years. These years were spent at different English schools, and it was at this early age that Maria Edgeworth laid the

foundations for her long literary career covering sixty years. The moral lessons always enforced in the joint-productions, "Parent's Assistant," "Practical Education," "Moral Tales," and many others, are missing in the stories told to amuse her roommates. She certainly possessed and indulged imagination. We read, "that a character in one of the tales which was specially applauded by her roommates was that of a hero, or more probably a villain, who had the exceptional fortune to possess a mask made from the dried skin taken from a dead man's face, which he put on when he wished to be disguised, and which he at other times kept buried at the foot of a tree."

It was during her school days that she was sent on a vacation to the home of her father's greatest friend, Thomas Day, author and disciplinarian. This friendship was so intimate that it became the warp into which the woof of the Edgeworth family life was woven. Miss Edgeworth's "Letters for Literary Ladies" grew out of a correspondence between Thomas Day and her father "as to the propriety of female authorship," which Mr. Day strenuously opposed.

While Richard Lovell Edgeworth was still unhappily married to his first wife, Maria's mother, Thomas Day unsuccessfully courted the two Miss Sneyds, who, in turn, later entered the honorable succession of mistress of the Edgeworth home. Edgeworth playing the role of John Alden, was the bearer of that important document sent by Thomas Day to the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd, which set forth plainly the terms upon which he would accept the surrender of Miss Honora's heart. They were absolute submission to her lord and master, a cheerful willingness to cast aside music, society, light literature and letter writing. Miss Sneyd's polite but emphatic refusal to enter upon this enticing programme so surprised and mortified the poor suitor that it threw him into a fever, and Dr. Darwin, who lived again, and more largely, in his illustrious grandson, was summoned. The doctor's efforts were unavailing until another Miss Sneyd appeared. Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, the new charmer, stipulated that Mr. Day should put himself to some pains to gain a graceful deportment. Under the tuition of a French dancing-master he underwent a series of tortures that well became the endurance of a master in discipline. Alas! his new graces must have been "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout." Upon his return from France Miss Elizabeth declared she "liked him better as he was before" and turned a deaf ear to his suit.

When little Maria arrived to pay her visit, Mr. Day had long been supplied with a pliable wife, and had so completely recovered from his former enamorments as to hasten, upon the death of Maria's mother, some hundreds of miles to assure his friend Edgeworth that Honora Sneyd was still her own mistress.

One of the Mrs. Edgeworths, in her memoir of her stepdaughter, gives a picture of the disciplinarian, insisting on his guest taking every morning a very large draught of Bishop Berkley's tar-water to heal her inflamed eyes. The contemplation of this feat one hundred years distant causes the sympathetic tear to flow. At a later date this same "amicus curiae" had the luckless Maria swung by the neck to draw out the muscles thereof, and so increase her height, considered by her well-proportioned ancestry to be unpardonably short. Mr. Day failed as signally in this undertaking as he did in his early courting.

We have the following description of Miss Edgeworth after fame had found her: "Small? She was exceedingly small, except for her nose,

which I remember seemed to be very big." A pictorial burlesque of herself seated "with one elbow upon a pile of her own books and a finger pointing significantly towards her brow," the pose of the frontispiece familiar to children whose Sunday reading is books of theology and sermons, was richly appreciated and sent on to an aunt, inscribed, "O, said the little woman, This is none of I."

In 1782 Ireland became Maria Edgeworth's permanent home. Very beautiful are the glimpses given of the home life of this Irish writer. One, occurring when Miss Edgeworth was thirty-three, partakes of the nature of an adventure. On the birth of the seventeenth child of the family it is recorded, Maria took her little sister to bring down to her father, but when she had descended a few steps a panic seized her, and she was afraid to go either backward or forward. She sat down on the stairs "afraid she would drop the child, afraid that its head would come off, and afraid her father would find her there and laugh at her." She was rescued by a passing footman.

She was the playfellow and idol of all her numerous sisters and brothers. While yet in her teens she wrote children's stories for their sole amusement, and the versions surviving are those on which was passed a favorable verdict by those precocious judges.

"Castle Rackrent," a realistic presentment of the genius of Irish life and manners, written in the stress and strain of the closing years of the eighteenth century, when Ireland was in one of her periodic throes of rebellion, gave Miss Edgeworth instant fame. A careful study of the family history bears out the statement that Castle Rackrent had the good fortune to escape Mr. Edgeworth's supervision, he being otherwise engaged. The fourth and last Mrs. Edgeworth turns on the light. In recording the incidents of her bridal journey from Dublin to Edgeworthtown in 1798, she says they were informed at the "Nineteen Mile House," that "The boys (rebels) were hid in the potato furrows beyond. . . . A little further on I saw something very odd on the side of the road before us." "What is that?" "Look to the other side. Don't look at it," was Mr. Edgeworth's quick rejoinder. The object was a man hung, by the rebels, between the shafts of an upturned cart.

Between anarchy without and readjustments in the domestic circle within, Castle Rackrent was given to the world. It was brimming over with the delightful paradoxical wit of the Irish, to wit, Sir Condy who "was very ill-used by the government about a place that was promised him, and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably."

A letter penned by Miss Edgeworth at this period of great personal danger shows the irrepressible humor of the woman. She wrote: "All that I crave, for my own part, is that if I am to have my throat cut, it may not be by a man with his face blackened with charcoal; I shall look at every person that comes here very closely to see if there be any marks of charcoal upon his visage. Old wrinkled offenders I should suppose would never be able to wash out their stains; but in others a very clean face will, in my mind, be a strong symptom of guilt—clean hands proof positive, and clean nails ought to hang a man."

The impression created by Miss Edgeworth's writings is shown by her reception in London and Paris. Her visit to France in 1802 is faithfully portrayed by a family chronicler and reveals the Parisian world of letters and title paying their best respects. It was during this visit that Miss Edge-

worth received from a Swedish gentleman the only recorded offer of marriage. It seems to have been an exceedingly mild type of courtship. The Irish authoress describes her suitor as a man of "superior understanding and mild manners." This is not a description by a woman deeply in love.

A family letter of this period refers to Buonaparte, who was just at that moment employed in moulding the First Consul into an Emperor, hence very much in evidence. The letter refers to a military review and states: "We saw a man on a white horse ride down the ranks. We saw that he was a little man with a pale face, who seemed to be very attentive to what he was about, and this was all we saw of Buonaparte." However, at a later period Napoleon made it very interesting for the Edgeworths, and they were nearly caught in the meshes of his machinations. Presently the English residents were detained by force. Warned by a friend they escaped, but not one moment too soon. Lovell Edgeworth, a member of the family, coming to Paris to meet them was detained a prisoner in France for twelve years.

In 1813 the Edgeworths visited England. Byron records this event in his diary. He savs he met them "first at a breakfast of Sir Humphrey, and Lady Davy, to which I was invited for the nounce." "I have been the lion of 1812. Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael—with the Cossack towards the end of 1813—were the exhibitions of the succeeding year." "I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk and endless."

"The fact was every one cared more about the daughter. She was a nice, unassuming, 'Jeanie Deans' looking body—and if not handsome certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself; no one would have guessed she could write her name. Whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else were worth writing."

Joanna Baillie, writing to Sir Walter Scott concerning Miss Edgeworth's welcome to England, says: "She has been received by everybody, the first in literature and the first in rank, with the most gratifying eagerness and respect, and has delighted them all.

The great outstanding event in Miss Edgeworth's life was her friendship with Sir Walter Scott, who paid her the compliment of confessing he wished to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland. In 1823 she spent a fortnight at Abbotsford, the guest of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. This visit and a return visit of the Scotts to Edgeworthtown, two years later, were red-letter dates in the calendar. During the latter visit the party made a trip to the Lakes of Killarney. The boatman who rowed them around the lakes had a keen appreciation for literary personages. The Hon. Emily Lawless informs us that he "told Lord Macaulay, twenty years later, that his having done so had actually made up to him for 'missing a hanging' which took place upon the same day." Those bright days, brilliant with Irish wit and Scotch humor, immediately preceded the beginning of that heroic but unsuccessful financial struggle that finally eclipsed the sublime spirit of the great Scott.

It was Maria Edgeworth's fortune to be a sparkling emerald set in a sunburst of rare jewels. Herschel, Wordsworth, Byron, Humboldt, Biot, Cuvier, Prony, Simondi, Leigh Hunt, Madame Recamier, Arago, are but a few of the bright circle among whom she moved.

The secret of eternal youthfulness

was hers. At the age of seventy-two she was climbing ladders and falling therefrom. Ten years later and but two weeks before her death she adds the last high lights to this picture. She had again committed this crime against old age, and writes in defence, "I am heartily obliged and delighted by your being such a goose and Richard such a gander as to be frightened out of your wits by my going up a ladder to take off the top of the clock. Prudence of M. E., Act II. I summoned Cassidy, let me tell you, and informed him that I was going to wind the clock, but that he was promoted to take off the top of it for me—and then up I went and I wound the clock, just as I had done before you were born."

Space forbids an enumeration of Miss Edgeworth's books. They are fine studies of different types of character, and all can be classed under the old fashioned title of Moral Tales. One critic says, "This regular presence of a moral intention spoils the novel as well as the novelist." Yet another says, "Miss Edgeworth does not attack religion or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. No books ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind as hers. I did not expect any irreligion there. I was off my guard; their moral character beguiled me; I read volume after volume with eagerness; and the evil effects of them I experienced for weeks." The evil effects must have been from an undigested camel, swallowed while straining at a gnat.

After all, father, family, friends, and fireside, were more to Maria Edgeworth than fame, and on her grave bloom only the modest, sweet flowers which thrive in the soil of unconscious self-forgetfulness.

LOOKING AND LONGING.

BY MRS. REBECCA L. TURNER.

I am looking and I'm longing for the breaking of the day
On the hilltops o'er the valley where time's fetters slip away;
O the glory of that brightness!
O the music and the lightness!
Rise, my soul; earth has no place for thee to stay.

I am looking and I'm longing for that smile surpassing rare
Of the "chief among ten thousand" and the "altogether fair;"
Who for me took pain and weakness—
O divinest love and meekness!
Soul, He gives no cross too great for thee to bear.

Are we looking? Are we longing? Up, and take thy task, my soul!
Thou art able, fully able, for Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
Count not losses, weigh not burdens,
Yonder are God's lasting guerdons!
What shall keep thee from thy long-expected goal?

AN APPRECIATION OF PASTOR WAGNER'S "THE SIMPLE LIFE."

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

NCE more we owe to the country of St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Ste. Beuve a rare and memorable book. Pastor Wagner, in giving to the world his disquisition on "The Simple Life," has done a real service to all, in this strenuous but feverishly distracting age, by calling upon us, as the Apostle of Serenity and human brotherhood, to renounce our artificial, high-pressure mode of living, with its selfishnesses and burden of carking care, and to get back to a saner, simpler, and more considerate life. His ideal of "a simple life" is one to which we may well allow ourselves to be conjured back, since it is one that will free us from thraldom to convention, enable us to give our minds and souls to repose, and leave room for some kindly, human regard for those about us. Though writing as a Christian minister, and with fervor and enthusiasm, as well as with characteristic literary grace.

Charles Wagner is no mere pietist, inculcating a rigid, far less a supercilious or unattractive, virtue. He is, on the contrary, a genial, large-hearted and sympathetic brother man, full of endearing benevolences, sensitive to every sadness and misfortune in human lives, and, with manifest singleness of heart and purpose, sincerely anxious to show us how life is best worth living, and how, in the turmoil and perplexities of our modern day, we may brighten existence for ourselves and for each other. This, he counsels, may be accomplished by each of us doing one's simple duty, and leading an unselfish, as well as a higher and nobler life, and so distil joy abroad and bring peace, happiness, and contentment to our distraught souls.

In devoting himself fervently to his task, the author in no wise sets before us an impossible, unattainable ideal; but with great sanity and infectious enthusiasm he adjures his age to return to simplicity of thought, speech, and deed, as the means of helpfully influencing our brother man, and of tenderly winning him, when depressed, and it may be vanquished in life, to all that is lovely, right and good. His book, which is as gracious and wholesome as it is frank and full of truth, comes like a breath of spring air to the hot, jaded and care-laden soul, and is an inspiration to every good purpose and work, as well as a solace to our perplexed and saddened lives. It is a pastoral of infinite beauty, coming, as it were, from the breezy, health-giving hillside, like the Sermon on the Mount, if one may so characterize it in all truthfulness and reverence, and exhorting one not to be over-careful for worldly things, but to keep in mind not only our duty, but our goal, where our treasure should be laid up, since blessed, as the Master has Himself told us, are the pure in heart and the poor (simple) in spirit, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In valuing the home and the life of the affections, Pastor Wagner belongs to humanity, rather than, as we take it, to any special ecclesiastical creed or organization. In this respect, he ap-

proves himself widely and intimately to all; while he manifestly has had his own deep experience of life, and, consequently, knows its sorrows as well as its joys, and can the better counsel one to be hopeful and brave of heart in the sharp struggle of existence, and to look with a kindly eye and feeling heart on our less fortunate brother man, and uncensoriously on even the forces that make for ill and disorder.

In all that he utters and deplores, he is never the scold (he is too much the artist for that); while his manner and attitude, in speaking of wrong and the wrong-doer, are invariably sympathetic, conciliatory, and even genial. To the latter he offers, in all kindliness, not the censure and aloofness of the prig-rebuker, but the generous wine of mild-mannered counsel, correction and criticism.

The worth, utility and moral beauty of his admonitions and counsellings are as manifest as are his biddings to one and all to be kindly, trustful, and hopeful, to have courage as well as modesty in our hearts, with zeal for all that makes for truth, beauty, simplicity and goodness. In this, and in all respects, the author's words are inspiring and helpful; while his precious and thoughtful little volume will, we are sure, be found by every reflecting and appreciative reader, as a fragrant, enchaining, and golden book.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
  In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
  The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand;
  Let not the music that is within us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
  Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt!
  Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
  Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!

—*Horatius Bonar.*

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
  And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
  The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
  As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
  And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

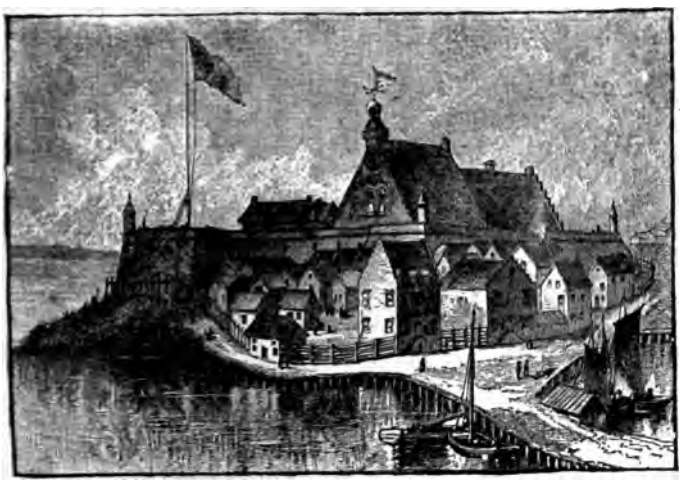
"Then be content, poor heart,
  God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
  Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
  Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest.
When we shall clearly see and understand,
  I know that we shall say, 'God knew the best.'"

MAKERS OF EMPIRE *

AGNES C. LAUT,
Author of "Pathfinders of the West," "Lords of the North," etc.

MISS LAUT has told many stories of adventure in the North-West, but none of so thrilling a character as those contained in this book. Her heroes of romance pale into insignificance compared with the heroes of history. Sober facts are far more wonderful than the dreams of fiction. Miss Laut tells us that the honored nai of Marquette, Joliet and La S must be deposed from the pedestal

* "Pathfinders of the West." Being Thrilling Story of the Adventures of the who Discovered the Great North-We Radisson, La Verendrye, Lewis and Cl By A. C. Laut. Author of "Lords of North," etc., etc. Illustrated. Toro William Briggs. Pp. xxv-380. Price, $2



THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, IN RADISSON'S TIME.

which they have been so long enthroned. They were *not* the discoverers of the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before they thought of visiting that far west it "had already been discovered by the most intrepid voyageurs that France produced—men whose wide ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together."

These hero souls "were two poor adventurers who sacrificed all earthly possessions to the enthusiasm for discovery, and incurred such bitter hostility to the governments of France and England that their names have been hounded to infamy." They were Pierre Esprit Radisson and Medard Chouart Groseillers, fur-traders of Three Rivers, Quebec. Radisson's life reads more like a second "Robinson Crusoe" than sober history. This story Miss Laut proceeds to tell with wonderful vigor and vivacity. She has the historic imagination which fills up the details, but the facts are established by Radisson's journal which was found in 1885. It is corroborated by the Jesuit Relations, and other independent testimony. Its authenticity is admitted by Parkman and others most capable of weighing the evidence, and entirely reconstructs the history of our great North-West.

Miss Laut has performed an important service in bringing to light these long forgotten facts and restoring to his rightful inheritance of fame

This view of Fort Amsterdam on the Manhattan is copied from an ancient engraving executed in Holland. The Fort was erected in 1623 but finished upon the above model by Governor Van Twiller in 1635.

PADDLING PAST HOSTILES.

ments. No les than sixty-on admirable il lustrations many of them full-page, ac- company her narrative, sev- eral of which by the kind- ness of the publisher, we are permitted to use.

the greatest discoverer since the days of Columbus. The book is the most handsomely printed and illustrated that has issued from our publishing house, and will be indispensable to all who would know the romantic and stirring story of these pathfinders of empire. The author makes us realize the magnitude of the task, and of the result of those explorers from the days of Radisson down to those of Lewis and Clark, the centenary of whose explorations of the North-West has just been celebrated. The author prefaces her subject with a stirring Spencerian poem in which she magnifies the destiny of the grandest inheritance which God ever committed to any nation. We quote one stanza:

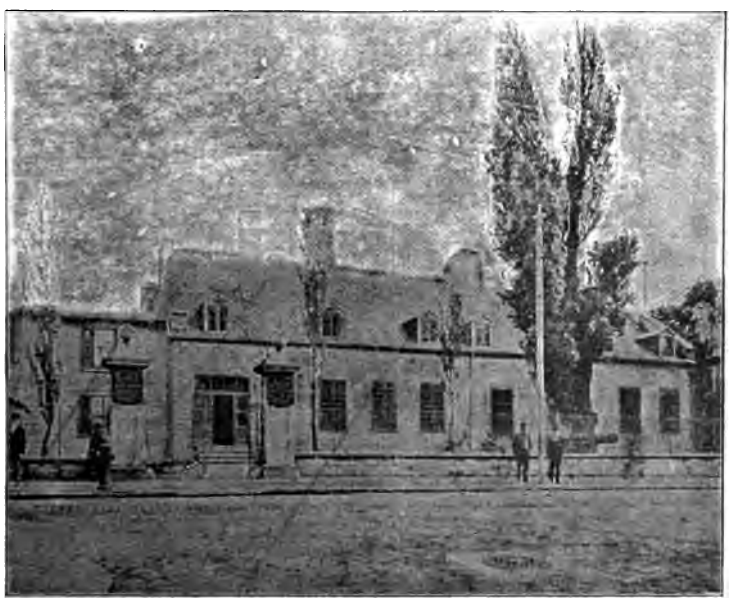
"Here's chance for every man! The hands that work
Become the hands that rule! Thy harvests yield
Only to him who toils; and hands that shirk
Must empty go! And here the hands that wield
The sceptre work! O glorious golden field!
O bounteous, plenteous land of poet's dream!
O'er thy broad plain the cloudless sun ne'er wheeled
But some dull heart was brightened by its gleam
To seize on hope and realize life's highest dream!"

Miss Laut devotes over half the book to the adventures of Radisson and fortifies her statements with copious references to original docu-

In the spring of the year 1652, th boy Radisson, being then in his six teenth year, while hunting near th settlement of Three Rivers, one of th oldest in Canada, was captured b Iroquois and carried off to th Mohawk Valley. For his courage h escaped massacre, and was adopte into the tribe. But his heart longe for his distant home on the St. Law

JOGUES, THE JESUIT MISSIONARY,
Who was tortured by the Mohawks. From a painting in Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

rence. He escaped with a fellow captive, travelling by night and hiding by day, was overtaken within a mile of his home, and was dragged back into captivity. He was savagely tortured after the inhuman manner by which Père Jogues had recently suffered, but was readopted by the tribe. The filthy food, the smoky lodges, the cruelty of the Mohawks dated fort. He reached France by way of Holland, and returned to Quebec, where he joined the Jesuit missionaries in an endeavor to plant a mission among the Iroquois. It was a long and adventurous journey. He witnessed the massacre of a number of Hurons by their foes, the Iroquois, among the Thousand Islands. "Not the sufferings of the early Christians



CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL, FOR YEARS THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, AND LATER THE STOREHOUSE OF THE FUR COMPANIES.

filled him with loathing. He determined to recover his freedom if it cost him his life.

He visited with a plundering party the Dutch settlement at Orange, (Albany), escaped, took refuge as Jogues had done among the Dutch, and, like him, got passage to New Amsterdam (New York). The present great city was then a trading post of five hundred houses with a dilapi-

in Rome exceeded the martyrdom of the Christian Hurons among the Onondagas."

"Weep not my death, my little daughter," said a Huron mother to her child. "We shall this day be in heaven. God will pity us to all eternity. The Iroquois cannot rob us of that."

As the flames crept about her her voice was heard chanting, in the

crooning monotone of Indian death dirge: "Jesu—have pity on us! Jesu —have pity on us!"

The French were besieged in their little fort at Onondaga by four hundred howling Mohawks. All the winter long they watched and waited and prayed behind their double line of stockades. By stealth they built two flat-bottomed boats with which to escape when the ice should melt in the river. Radisson, though yet in his teens, was a ruling spirit in the escape. The French prepared a great feast, to which they invited the glut-

CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, 1669, FROM ONE OF THE OLDEST PRINTS IN EXISTENCE.

tonous Iroquois, between the inner and outer stockade. It was a point of honor among the Indians to eat everything set before them. When they were gorged to repletion, and drunk or drugged into stupidity, the besieged carried out their plan of escape.

"They retired to the inner court. The main gate was bolted and chained. Through the loophole of this gate ran a rope attached to a bell that was used to summon the sentry. To this rope the mischievous Radisson tied the only remaining pig, so that when the Indians would pull the rope for admission, the noise of the disturbed pig would give the impression of a sentry's tramp-tramp on parade. Stuffed effigies of soldiers were then stuck about the barracks. If a spy climbed up to look over the palisades, he would see Frenchmen still in the fort. While Radisson was busy with these precautions to delay pursuit, the soldiers and priests, led by Major Dupuis, had broken open the sally-port, forced the boats through sideways, and launched out on the river. Speaking in whispers, they stowed the baggage in the flat-boats, then brought out skiffs—dugouts to withstand the ice jam—for the rest of the company. The night was raw and cold. A skim of ice had formed on the margins of the river."

In thirteen days the fugitives reached Montreal after incredible hardships. They had to portage the heavy boats over slippery rocks, and wade through slush and ice. One boat was wrecked and three men drowned. The ruse of the French was completely successful.

"The Mohawks had been deceived by the pig and the ringing bell and the effigies for more than a week. Crowing came from the chicken yard, dogs bayed in their kennels, and when a Mohawk pulled the bell at the gate, he could hear the sentry's measured march. At the end of seven days not a white man had come from the fort. At first

the Mohawks thought the 'black robes' were at prayers; but now suspicions of trickery flashed on the Iroquois. Warriors climbed the palisades and found the fort empty. Two hundred Mohawks set out in pursuit; but the bad weather held them back. And that was the way Radisson saved Onondaga."

All this was but preparatory for Radisson's great work, the discovery of the great West. In 1658 he and his brother-in-law, Groseillers, determined to learn what they could of the great beyond. Accompanied only by Algonquin guides, they paddled their way up the lonely reaches of the Ottawa and French River for over a thousand miles, carrying their boats over sixty portages, subsisting on moss and berries and occasional game, though they were afraid to use their guns lest they should bring upon them the blood-thirsty Iroquois. They made a winter camp on the shores of Green Bay in Lake Michigan, and in the spring of 1659, first of white men, reached the Upper Mississippi.

"They were standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond. They saw before them not the Sea of China, as speculators had dreamed; not kingdoms for conquest, which the princes of Europe coveted; not a short road to Asia, of which savants had spun a cobweb of theories. They saw a land waiting for its people, wealth waiting for possessors, an empire waiting for the nation-builders. Could he have the vaguest premonition that he had opened a door of escape from stifled older lands to a higher type of manhood and freedom than the most sanguine dreamer had ever hoped?"

That year Radisson explored the vast region from what is now Wisconsin to Hudson Bay. The following winter was one of the coldest known in Canada. League after league the adventurers travelled through what is now New Ontario back to Green Bay, and the following season returned to Quebec, passing the scene of Dolard's heroic defence against the Iroquois at the Long Sault on the Ottawa.

But why have those discoveries been so long ignored? Radisson, not yet twenty-six years of age, had won both fame and a fortune, and had found new sources of wealth in the furs of the far north. His very success caused the jealousy and envy of the French Governor, D'Avagour, who demanded half the profits of the trip for permission to trade. This they refused to pay. They left Three Rivers by stealth, made another successful journey, and in October, 1661, reached the great inland sea of Superior, then in its autumnal glory. They built on its shores, somewhere west of Duluth, the first fort and first fur post between the Missouri and the North Pole. The fort was rushed up by two men almost starving for food. The fort, two thousand miles from help, needed sentries. Radisson "strung carefully concealed cords through the grass and branches around the fort. To these bells were fastened, and the bells were the sentries. The two white men could now sleep soundly without fear of approach. This fort, from which sprang the buoyant, aggressive, prosperous, free life of the great North-West, was founded, and built, and completed in two days." The West had begun.

"News of the two white men alone in the northern forest spread like wild-fire to the different Sautaux and Ojibway encampments; and Radisson invented another protection in addition to the bells. He rolled gunpowder in twisted tubes of birch-bark, and ran a circle of this round the fort. Putting a torch to the birch, he surprised the Indians by displaying to them a circle of fire running along the ground in a series of jumps. To the Indians it was magic. The two white men were engirt with a mystery that defended them from all harm. Thus they passed their first winter in the great North-West."

"'We were Cæsars,' writes Radisson. 'There was no one to contradict us. We went away free from any burden, while those

A PARLEY ON THE PLAINS.

poor miserables thought themselves happy to carry our equipage in the hope of getting a brass ring, or an awl, or a needle. They admired our actions more than the fools of Paris their king."

The adventurers now traversed the country of the Assiniboines, probably the modern Manitoba. Their entry to the great North-West had been a triumph, but they could not escape the privations of the explorer's life. The Indian camp of some sixteen hundred people was famine-smitten.

HUDSON BAY DOG-TRAINS LADEN WITH FURS ARRIVING AT LOWER FORT GARRY, RED RIVER.
—Courtesy of C. C. Chapman, Commissioner H. B. Company.

"The cries of the dying broke the deathly stillness of the winter forest; and the strong began to dog the footsteps of the weak. 'Good God, have mercy on these innocent people,' writes Radisson: 'have mercy on us who acknowledge Thee!' Digging through the snow with their rackets, some of the Crees got roots to eat. Others tore the bark from the trees and made a kind of soup that kept them alive. Two weeks after the famine set in, the Indians were boiling the pulverized bones of the waste heap. After that the only food was the buckskin that had been tanned for clothing. 'We ate it so eagerly,' writes Radisson, 'that our gums did bleed. . . . We became the image of death.' Before the spring five hundred Crees had died of famine. Radisson and Groseillers scarcely had strength to drag the dead from the tepees. The Indians thought that Groseillers had been fed by some fiend, for his heavy, black beard covered his thin face. Radisson they loved, because his beardless face looked as gaunt as theirs."

The following year the adventurers again visited the great Sea of the North, supposedly Hudson Bay, and in 1663, accompanied with many canoes laden to the gunnel with furs, reached Montreal. "Cannon were fired to welcome the discoverers, for New France was again on the verge of bankruptcy from a beaver famine." A different welcome awaited them at Quebec.

"D'Argenson ordered Groseillers imprisoned. He then fined the explorer $20,000, to build a fort at Three Rivers

giving them leave to put their coats-of-arms on the gate; a $30,000 fine was to go to the public treasury of New France; $70,000 worth of beaver was seized as the tax due the revenue. Of a cargo worth $300,000 in modern money, Radisson and Groseillers had less than $20,000 left.

"Had D'Argenson and his successors encouraged instead of persecuted the discoverers, France could have claimed all North America but the narrow strip of New England on the east and the Spanish settlements on the south."

"Henceforth Radisson and Groseillers were men without a country. Twice their return from the North with cargoes of beaver had saved New France from ruin. They had discovered more of America than all the other explorers combined. Their reward was jealous rivalry that reduced them to beggary; injustice that compelled them to renounce allegiance to two crowns; obloquy during a lifetime; and oblivion for two centuries after their death."

Groseillers was furious at D'Argenson's extortions, and sailed for France

"EACH MAN LANDED WITH PACK ON HIS BACK, AND TROTTED AWAY OVER PORTAGES."

to demand restitution; but the intriguing courtiers proved too strong for him. Though he spent $10,000, nothing was done. These pioneers of empire, treated with gross injustice by their countrymen, turned to the English. A gleam of romance comes

across Radisson's shadowed life. In 1668 he married, in London, Mary Kirke, daughter of the Huguenot John Kirke, the conqueror of Quebec. The same year his partner Groseillers entered Hudson Bay, built a fort, named after King Charles I., in what he named Rupert's Land. Two years later was organized the great fur-trading corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company, destined to rule for two centuries over an area as large as all Europe.

Radisson sailed again for Hudson Bay. The French, meantime, by arduous toil up the Saguenay across the height of land, reached James' Bay to claim the country for their king. Intrigue again dogged the steps of Radisson. He was summoned to England, and voted the meagre stipend of a hundred pounds, but "restless as a caged tiger, Radisson found himself baffled until a message came from the great Colbert of France, offering to pay all his debts and give him a position in the French navy. His pardon was signed and proclaimed. In 1676, France granted him fishing privileges on the island of Anticosti; but the lodestar of the fur trade still drew him, for that year he was called to Quebec to a company of traders conferring on the price of beaver." He secured ships at Quebec for another voyage to Hudson Bay. How with a handful of men he captured a fort, and many other stirring adventures, are recorded in Miss Laut's fascinating volume. She thus begins her last chapter:

"Radisson was now in his fiftieth year. He had spent his entire life exploring the wilds. He had saved New France from bankruptcy with cargoes of furs that in four years amounted to half a million of money. In ten years he had brought half a million dollars' worth of furs to the English company. Yet he was a poor man, threatened with the sponging-house by clamorous creditors and in the power of avaricious statesmen, who used him as a tool for their own schemes."

"Radisson was deadly tired of the farce. From first to last France had treated him with the blackest injustice. If he had wished to be rich, he could have long ago accumulated wealth by casting in his lot with the dishonest rulers of Quebec."

In 1684 he set out in the good ship "Happy Return" on his last voyage. After an Odyssey of adventure, and an Iliad of disaster, which we have not space to recount, he went back to England and came to want in his old age. He was allowed £50 a year from the Hudson Bay Co. till the year 1710, when the payment stopped. "Did the dauntless life stop, too?" asks his biographer. "Oblivion hides all record of his death, as it obscured the brilliant achievements of his life."

He seems to have been an impracticable sort of man, of many virtues, and not without his faults. "Like all enthusiasts, Radisson could not have been a hero, if he had not been a bit of a fool. If he had not his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the morrow, as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half a continent."

"But amid all the mad license of savage life, Radisson remained untainted. Other explorers and statesmen, too, have left a trail of blood to perpetuate their memory; Radisson never once spilled human blood needlessly, and was beloved by the savages."

The remaining chapters of this important volume describe the adventures, scarcely less romantic than those of Radisson, of the Verendryes in reaching the Rockies, of Hearne in reaching the Copper-mine, Mackenzie in exploring the great river which perpetuates his name; also the more recent discoveries of Lewis and Clark.

THE MINISTRY OF ART.

MOORISH CONQUEROR SURVEYING THE SPOILS OF A CHRISTIAN CITY.
- Benjamin Constant.

THE art of any people is the highest efflorescence of its civilization. It is the latest to bloom, and it is the product of its highest culture. In a new country like Canada, where there are few accumulated fortunes, and still fewer inherited ones, the patronage of art is comparatively limited. All the more honor, therefore, to the few who, like Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne and Sir George Drummond, use their wealth in the patronage of art, and who so kindly place the gems of their collections at the service of the people for their artistic culture and enjoyment.

The Toronto Exhibition Company is to be congratulated on the development of the artistic side of Canada's

great fair. It has already outgrown the new Art Building, and projects a still larger one. We referred at length in our November number to the splendid exhibit of the Ontario Art Association.

The loan collection secured by Dr. Orr for the Exhibition exhibit was in some respects still more notable. The Dominion Government and Sir George Drummond both kindly co-operated in securing this result. Its

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE GIRONDISTS. —Karl Von Piloty.

success has justified the determination to make this feature still more prominent in the future than in the past. Such exhibits are of great educational value, both from an esthetic and an ethical point of view. The splendid historic painting loaned by the Canadian Government brings vividly before us the great victory by which the control of the northern half of this continent passed forever from the protection of the lilied flag of France to that of the red cross flag of Britain.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER. —Gabriel Max.

Benjamin West has been designated

MOONRISE AT SEA. —Bell-Smith.

The principal pictures Mr. Bell-Smith showed at the last Toronto Industrial Exhibition were, "The Olympians, from Victoria, B.C.," "Moonrise at Sea," the subject of our cut; "Deep Sea Fishing" (water color), and several Rocky Mountain subjects.

the Anglo-American painter. He was born of Quaker parents in Pennsylvania, in 1738, died in London, 1820, at the venerable age of eighty-two. He was a precocious genius, and in his ninth year composed a picture which, sixty-seven years afterwards, he asserted contained touches which he had never surpassed. He studied art in Philadelphia and New York, and afterwards in the chief art centres of Europe. In 1763 he went to London, where he lived chiefly for the remaining fifty-seven years of his life. He painted classical and historical subjects, and enjoyed the personal friendship of George III., who for nearly forty years was his patron.

West's art career was one of almost unvarying prosperity. He sketched about four hundred pictures, many of which are of great size. One of his most famous is that of "The Death of Wolfe," which may be said to have created an era in the history of British art, from the fact that the figures were habited, not in classical costume, but in that appropriate to their time and character. He has also a striking series of religious pieces. His "Christ Healing the Sick" was intended for a present to the Pennsylvania Hospital, but was purchased for three thousand pounds by the British Institute, and a copy with some alterations was sent by West to Philadelphia. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, declining the honor of knighthood. His paintings are widely known from the admirable steel engravings which have been published.

We quote from Withrow's History of Canada the following account of the great event which the genius of West has depicted and its result:

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759, before day, Wolfe's fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with

JOSEPH BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among the officers, and, in a low tone, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as he whispered the strangely prophetic words:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"I would rather have written those lines," he exclaimed, "than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in a deeply shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and in a moment the guard was overpowered, and the troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice.

When the sun rose the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats, forming for battle. The skeleton French regiments hurried through the town, and about nine o'clock formed in long thin lines upon the Plains of Abraham without waiting for artillery, except two small field-pieces brought from the city. They numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men, more than half of whom were, in the words of Wolfe, "a disorderly peasantry." Opposed to them were less than five thousand* veteran troops eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general.

Almost at the first fire Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief around the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers, standing by. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now God be praised," he murmured, "I die content."

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." To an officer he said, "Since it is my misfortune to be defeated and mortally wounded, it is a great consola-

*The exact number was 4,828. That of the French was 7,520.

KARL VON PILOTY.

tion that I have been defeated by so great and generous an enemy." He died before midnight, and, coffined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell. So perished a brave and noble-hearted man, a skilful general and an incorruptible patriot.

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a shaft in common to the rival commanders, who recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep the truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle now dwell together beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

England had never known a year of such triumphs as this. In all parts of the world her arms were victorious. At Lagos, at Quiberon, at Minden, at Quebec, her fleets or armies won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is."

The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of the Middle Ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government for abject submission to a foreign power and a corrupt court. It gave the protection of the habeas-corpus and trial by jury, instead of the oppressive tribunals of feudalism. For ignorance and repression it gave free schools and a free press. It removed the arbitrary shackles from trade, and abolished its unjust monopolies. It enfranchised the serfs of the soil, and restricted the excessive power of the seigneurs. It gave an ampler liberty to the people, and a loftier impulse to progress, than was before known. It banished the greedy cormorants who grew rich by the official plunder of the poor. The waste and ruin of a prolonged and cruel war were succeeded by the reign of peace and prosperity; and the pinchings of famine by the rejoicings of abundance. The *habitants* could now cultivate their long-neglected acres free from the molestation of Indian massacres, or fear of British invasion; nor were they subject to the continual pillage of a Varin, a Cadet, or a Bigot. The departure of the impoverished but haughty *noblesse,* who looked down on honest labor, instead of being a social loss, relieved the industry of the country of a grievous incubus. Even the conquered colonists themselves soon recognized their improved condition under their generous conquerors.

The three great pictures kindly loaned by Sir George Drummond are of no less interest, and in artistic merit are of still greater value. The "Last Ride of the Girondists" depicts one of the most tragic episodes in the history of the French Revolution. This group of patriots who took their name from the department of the Gironde, reduced at last to twenty-two, after the death of the King and Queen, were flung into the prison of the conciergerie, and sentenced to death. "Yielding to violence," says Carlyle, "the doomed lift the hymn of the Marseillaise, and return sing-

ing to their dungeon. Their last night is spent in discourses on the happiness of the people, in wild coruscations of eloquence. This is how it all ends."

"But on the morrow morning all Paris is out; such a crowd as no man had seen. The death-carts, Valaze's cold corpse stretched among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bareheaded, hands bound; in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely round the neck; so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted. To the shouts of *Vive la Republique,* some of them keep answering with counter-shouts of *Vive la Republique.* Others as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the hymn of the Marseillaise. Such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet Living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid; one head per minute, or little less. The chorus is wearing weak; the chorus is worn *out;*—farewell for evermore, ye Girondins. The sickle of the guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. 'The eloquent, the young, the beautiful and brave!' exclaims Riouffe. O Death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly halls!"

The triumphant entry of a Moorish conqueror into a Christian city reveals the horrors of a siege and conquest in a way more tragical even than that of Port Arthur. On the surrender of that fortress the chivalry of the Japanese paid every honor to their brave opponents. They were allowed to march out from the doomed fortress which they defended so well with all the honors of war. The sick and wounded received most sedulous care. Upon a Moorish conquest such as depicted in this painting the tragedy but deepens. It is often the signal for sack and pillage, and the helpless victims, especially women and children, are at the absolute disposal of the conquerors. The contrast

GABRIEL MAX.

in this great painting of the magnificent Saracenic architecture, the wealth of jewels, rugs and robes, makes the pitiful misery of the victims the more appealing. The odious executioners stand with whetted sword, and the proud conqueror exults in his absolute irresponsibility and despotic power.

It is a relief to turn from Constant's picture of contrasted brightness and gloom to the tender and beautiful paintings of "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by the great German artist Gabriel Max. The Rev. George Bond, B.A., in The Christian Guardian, thus describes the effect of this ministry of art upon the people:

The artist's conception of the scene was intensely realistic, while at the same time his treatment of it was most delicate and reverent. The body of the young girl lay upon a couch, the head and shoulders slightly raised, the sweet, pallid face, with the damp hair loosely swept back from the forehead, inclined to the spectator, while the shroud, partially unwound, revealed the slender arms lying flaccid and cold at the sides. On the edge of the couch, partially in the shadow, and half-turned from the spectator, Jesus was seated, with eyes fixed upon the face of the maiden, and holding

one of her relaxed and waxen hands in His own warm clasp. There was a pathos in the figure of the dead girl that appealed at once and irresistibly to the beholder. It was all so sad and pitiful and tragic—the cutting short of that fair young life. You thought of the heart-break in that home, of the mother's anguish, of the agony and distress of the whole bereaved family, of the awful shock and shattering to a thousand hopes and desires and fond affections. The innocent, upturned face, the thin, bare, girlish arms lying so limp and lifeless, touched you to the quick. You felt, as you had often felt in facing the doings of death, its hardness and cruelty.

But when you turned to the other figure, so quiet, so majestically tender, so mutely sympathetic, so gracious in its simple humanity, so great in its self-conscious divinity, you were impressed at once with a feeling of relief and exultation. As you watched, you could see the miracle, as it were, in progress. The eyelids of the dead girl were already tremulously opening, and the first faint pulses of renewed life were already beginning to beat beneath that deathly pallor. Almost you could hear the "Talitha Cumi," as it summoned the departed spirit back to its fair, frail tenement of clay. And your first feeling of pity and sorrow gave place to an awed and affectionate appreciation of the love and power of Christ. Your gaze lingered upon Him, the outline of His figure, the pose of His head, the pity and tenderness and strength so plainly written in His face. He was there before you, the Christ of Nazareth and Capernaum, the Prophet of Galilee, the Teacher sent from God, the Master whom Jairus had pleaded with to heal his daughter's disease, and who had come to restore her even from *death to* her parents' arms.

By the wise arrangement of the Exhibition Committee, the picture practically occupied a room to itself. It was in deep shadow, save where, festooned and canopied deep in crimson, the subdued light fell full upon it, and brought it out in strong relief. And into and through that room the thousands of visitors passed, hushing their miscellaneous chatter at the very entrance, and pausing in awed silence before it, or in quiet whispers pointing out its details one to the other as they lingered long before it, and then, with many a backward look, and with faces wonderfully softened and elevated in expression, passed out of the building.

We have seldom seen a more impressive instance of the power of genius in art applied to the highest purposes, to reach and impress the masses. Hundreds of thousands of people in those two weeks of the Toronto Exhibition passed before that great picture and stood in rapt and reverent admiration before it. To every one of them it silently, but with tremendous cogency and eloquence, preached the Gospel. It brought those men and women and children from the rush and whirl and excitement of the Exhibition atmosphere straight into the very presence of Jesus Christ. They saw Him. They almost heard Him. They felt His presence and his power and love at work for suffering humanity. The Man at that bedside, the Man with that dead hand in His, the Man with that benignant countenance turned in sympathy and pity and might of succor upon the dead girl before Him, was Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinning, sorrowing men to all time, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And hearts were thrilled, and tears came all unbidden, as the people stood as in the very presence of the scene portrayed. And they went away the better for the picture sermon, not to forget it, as ser-

mons are so often forgotten, but to carry it away with them, fixed as truly great pictures always fix themselves indelibly upon the memory.

For ourselves, as we stood beside the picture, and yielded to its subtle and gracious influence, and as we watched other people moved, as we were moved, to high and holy thought under its inspiration, we thanked God for Gabriel Max, the painter, who to us and to them, and doubtless to many, many thousands more, was Gabriel Max, the preacher. And we thanked God that amid the hosts of artists who in these days make art the handmaiden of the world, the flesh and the devil, there are found men of true genius and noble ideal who consecrate it to the highest service of God and man.

Karl Von Piloty, the painter of this fine picture, was born in that great art centre, Munich, in 1826, and received his early art training in the Munich Academy, where he studied under Schnorr and Karl Schorn. He afterwards continued his studies in those great art capitals, Venice, Dresden, Antwerp and Paris. He went to Rome in 1856 to paint his historic picture, "Nero on the Ruins of Rome." He died in his sixtieth year, after having achieved rare distinction in his art.

Benjamin Constant, the famous artist, achieved the highest distinction in his comparatively short life of fifty years. He was a pupil of Cabenel, and of the School of Fine Arts in Paris, and won the distinction of the blue ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his thirty-third year. He made a reputation as a painter of brilliant Oriental subjects in which the strongly contrasted lights and shadows and rich textures of Eastern fabrics were congenial themes. He received a commission of $50,000 from the British Government for a portrait of Queen Victoria, which he completed a short time before his death, and a majestic treatment it was.

Gabriel Max is one of those artists of Bohemia who have reflected honor and renown upon their native country. He was born in the old historic city of Prague in 1840, and early won his way to distinction. He became an honorary member of the Munich Academy, and received the gold medals of merit of both Berlin and Munich, two of the most coveted distinctions in art achievement. He has painted many historic and religious pictures. Among the most celebrated of these are his "Cœur de Lion beside his Father," painted in 1858, and "The Maid of Orleans," painted in 1882. Among his most famous religious pictures are "The Nun," painted in 1869, and the one of which we give a reproduction, "The Raising of the Daughter of Jairus," in 1875.

Frederick M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., inherits his artistic instincts from his father, the late John Bell-Smith, an English artist of repute, who, coming to Canada in 1866, founded the Society of Canadian Artists, Montreal, the first ever formed in Canada. His son was born in London, and has won distinction as a portrait and figure painter. In his treatment of the cloud-girt and mist-enshrouded mountains he has achieved a distinguished success. His "Lights of a City Street," a scene on King Street, Toronto, will be remembered as one of his brilliant canvases. In depicting the incidents connected with the death of Sir John Thompson, he obtained a personal sitting from Queen Victoria, an honor accorded to but three or four living artists in the world.

Mr. Bell-Smith has devoted special attention to the art interpretation of the majestic scenery of our Canadian Rockies. He has penetrated to some of their previously unexplored recesses, and has been the first to portray their lonely solitudes.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY NATHANAEL BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., F.R.S.C.,

Chancellor Victoria University.

HE history of a country is largely determined by the character of its people. Especially is this the case with the founders of a new nation. The outline of North American colonial history, the Revolution, and the dominant characteristics of American national life, may all be found in the type to be found on board the " Mayflower " and on Plymouth Rock.

The U. E. Loyalists were the founders of Upper Canada. As the first on the ground, they gave shape to the usages of domestic and social life, to the methods of transacting business, to the first attempts at municipal institutions, to the religious life, and to the form of education of the new country. Other elements entered at a later date more or less homogeneous with these. In many instances they formed distinct settlements, Scotch, Irish, English, German; but these lacked the advantage of being first on the ground. The institutions of the country were started, and generally firmly rooted, before they entered. They sometimes dominated a township, or even a county. Amongst themselves they may have maintained a distinct language, as Gaelic or German, and distinct modes of life characteristic of their national origin. But these influences were local. They may have modified, but they have not given the fundamental mould to the life, the character, and the history of our province. Perhaps the Scotch has been the most powerful and pervasive of these accessory forces which have influenced our national character, and yet it has failed to make us a Scotch rather than a Canadian people.

This Canadian character is sometimes spoken of as if it were composite in its origin. It has, indeed, been modified by various influences; but we think that we shall find its truly distinctive peculiarities in that grand old type from which our Upper Canadian life began.

It is impossible for us to-day to overestimate the importance to our country of the fact that this type was a noble one. We speak this not as a matter of pride, but as a fact which has made us what we are. This common character of our ancestry was very largely determined by the circumstances which forced them to this country. They were not banished to this land as convicts. They were not drawn to it as adventurers or by the love of sport. They did not rush forth to it for the love of gold. They did not move hither to better their circumstances. They did not seek it, as outlaws and vagabonds seek to get beyond the pale of civilization and law that they may escape the punishment due to their crimes, or may indulge their lawless and criminal passions without restraint. They came to this land leaving comfortable homes, the graves of their fathers, the associations of their childhood, the wealth accumulated by years of industry; and went forth to face discomfort and poverty and suffering and want for the sake of their principles. This was the common bond that united them from the Carolinas and Virginia, on

the south, to New Hampshire and New York on the north. This was the "natural selection," to borrow Darwin's phrase, which sifted these sixty thousand out from the three million of the Colonists, and brought them to the provinces which now constitute our great Dominion. Our object in this brief paper is to study the working of this principle and the quality of the men whom it separated as Gideon's band to go north and found a new British nation.

The principle upon which the U. E. Loyalists were selected from the three millions of colonists of North America was one which is illustrated in the history of all lands. Two types of human character are to be found in all aggregations of humanity. The one is mobile, responsive to all new influences, strong in its impulses, and active and energetic in its movements; the other is self-contained, is with difficulty moved from its customary habits of life and modes of thought, and moves only with great deliberation. The predominance of one or other of these types gives character to a nation and direction to its history. The Celt and the Gaul are examples of the first, the Teuton and the Saxon of the second. The first is distinguished by its intensity, the second by its more equable strength and continuity. The first is in sympathy with reforms, and originates new movements; and takes the lead in all real or supposed advance; the second perpetuates the good which comes to us as the heritage of the ages. Both have their degenerate forms. The first easily runs into license and lawlessness, into extravagance and fanaticism; in politics it easily heads an insurrection; in religion it runs into schism, free thought and atheism; in business it launches into reckless speculation; in science it runs to fads and new theories. The second has its corresponding besetting sins. It may settle down into the sleepy round of what has been since the days of the flood; in politics it maintains old forms of abuse and tyranny, and perpetuates worn-out methods and forms; in religion it may substitute antiquity for truth, formal ceremony for the spirit of devotion; in business it may fail to recognize the new wants and the new opportunities of a new age and may waste its capital in building and working after the manner of the past; in politics we call the one type conservative and the other liberal; or we may say tory and whig or radical. But these names often confound real distinctions. The ultra tory sometimes, without changing his name or party, becomes the real liberal, and the liberal under the responsibilities of office becomes the true conservative. We must always study the real historical character of a movement or a policy, rather than its name or the party from which it proceeds.

It was this principle which created the first great line of cleavage in the people of the North American Colonies. The conservative people, including the men of weath and social standing, the official class and the clergy of at least three of the Churches were not in favour of the extreme movements of the revolutionists. While they recognized the grievances of which complaint was made, they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by change; and both their interests and their habits were opposed to the revolutionists. It is said by competent authorities that one-third of the population, or a million people, might be reckoned in this class at the beginning of the war. Their active opponents probably did not number more, the other third being that class who will always fall to the prevailing side.

But conservatism alone would be very far from giving us the final win-

nowing principle of the U. E. Loyalist movement. It is said that one hundred thousand people left the new republic at the close of the war, *i.e.*, one in ten of what might be reckoned as the conservative element. The other nine, notwithstanding their indisposition to novelties, were content to remain and make the best of it under the new conditions. A tithe of the conservative third of the population were the chosen ones to go forth to build the new land of Men of the North. How were these separated from their fellow-citizens, and by what stamp of character were they distinguished?

It is impossible to find this line of separation in any peculiarity of national origin or civic relation or industrial employment. It perhaps might be said that they were men of the rural parts rather than of the city. They had a very decided religious complexion. In Upper Canada the largest number were of the Church of England, next came a very considerable body of Methodists, and a number of Quakers, Mennonites, Dutch Reformed, Lutherans, and Baptists, and a body of Highland Roman Catholics. It might be said of them all that they were men of decided religious character and convictions. The absence of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, if not complete, was notable. But this decidedly religious character of the whole body by no means explains the bond which united them. A far larger number of all these religious persuasions remained behind. It is true that the Anglican clergy and the Methodist preachers were especially obnoxious to the revolutionary party, and were subjected to very bitter persecution. The great majority of the Anglican clergy returned to England, and but two or three accompanied their people to the northern wilds. The great body of the Methodist preachers stood to their posts, and soon built up the most powerful religious body in the new republic. But out of three hundred Methodist preachers and sixty thousand members at the close of the last century, but five preachers and a few hundred members were found in Canada.

The body of U. E. Loyalists was thus not built up along ecclesiastical lines, though the fact that some Churches were strongly represented and others not so indicates something like a cleavage in that direction. Some of the Anglican clergy, including Bishop Seabury, were of the revolutionary party, and were sufficient in numbers to form the nucleus of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and were able to retain a large part of their adherents in the country. The natural or political selection of the tithe who went out was thus not formed along ecclesiastical lines. Nor was there any ecclesiastical affinity even among the Loyalists themselves to unite them in their purpose either before or after their arrival in Canada. The Anglicans and Methodists each despised the other in their own way and for their own reasons. Both were widely separated from the Highland Catholics; the Baptists were not congenial to either; and the only ecclesiastical affinity apparent was between the Anglicans and Lutherans, or between the Quakers and Methodists. And yet all were, each in his own way, truly earnest and decidedly religious people. This at least was one definite feature of their moral character, and if it was not the proximate cause of their loyalty, it was at least in harmony with it.

Whether, therefore, we regard the U. E. Loyalists as driven out of the Republic by positive persecution or as going into voluntary exile for the sake of their political principles, we have still to inquire why they alone of all

their fellow-citizens of the same political cast of character, of the same political convictions, and at the beginning, and even throughout the course of the war, taking the same side in their sympathies and at least passive relations, why these alone were driven out or went out for conscience's sake? Even supposing that they were all driven out, we cannot regard it as a matter of accident that these individually were driven out by force or made so uncomfortable in their environment that they fled from uncongenial neighborhood.

The answer to this question is not far to seek. They were the men of such strong character, of such decided convictions, that a passive life was to them a decided impossibility. They were not your men of policy, men who can be all things to all men. They were not men to whom temporal or financial interests were supreme, and who could hold even political convictions subordinate to the interests of property. They were men of that strong personality which must assert its right of individual liberty of thought and action. They were men with the courage of their convictions. They have been painted as men of the slavish spirit, men who were too tame to strike for liberty. But strike for liberty was just the very thing which they did. But they regarded the all-surrounding tyranny of an insolent faction, the tyranny which was at their doors and over their daily life, as far more repugnant to their sense of liberty than the occasional tax or legislative interference of a king and parliament three thousand miles away. With such decided character it was impossible but that they should be men of mark under any circumstance in which they might be placed. If this strongly defined character had been in harmony with the popular feeling of the day they would be the heroes of the hour. But when it was antagonistic they were doomed to persecution and exile, if not to death.

This strength of character which sifted the U. E. Loyalists out from among all the weaker and more plastic spirits of their time and which made them the peers as well as the opponents of the strong spirits on the other side, the leaders of the revolution, was not a characteristic to disappear in a single generation; it has perpetuated itself for four generations of our history, as has been well pointed out by Sir John Bourinot. The leading names among the sixty thousand of a hundred years ago are still leading names among the six millions of to-day. At the end of the first generation, they were at the front in 1812; at the end of the second they were the men to step forward in 1837; at the end of the third they were again at the front in 1866, and their names are not wanting in the South Africa Contingents of 1899 and 1900. This peculiar strength of character is a grandly hereditary trait, and hence a most important element in the young life of a new nation. It has since been reinforced by the more adventurous and liberal spirit of the "Westward Ho!" men of England, Ireland and Scotland, which is again an element of strongly-marked character; but this new strain has never superseded the original parentage which gave Anglo-Saxon foundation and character, both to Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces.

It must not be forgotten that the element which was thus sifted out to form the basis of our national life in Canada, was by the very same part and process eliminated from the foundations of national life in the Republic. Our gain was their loss—and it was a loss which was not compensated by subsequent additions to their population. The immigrant element is always the opposite of conservative, except

when driven out by persecution, as in the case of the Doukhobors and Mennonites who have recently come to us. The millions who have crowded to the United States have been of the restless, progressive class, the class who are ever forgetting the old and seeking the new. They have intensified rather than moderated the revolutionary spirit of the founders of that nation. The difference in national character between the north and the south of the great lakes has thus become more marked with the lapse of time, and since the close of the first generation there never was less tendency towards annexation than there is to-day.

We have, it is true, received by immigration a large infusion into our population of adventurous blood. But its effect has been not to intensify an adventurous original stock, but to give greater energy and movement to the old conservative life. At times, as in '37 and '49, too large an influx of this strain produced a little annexation talk; but the effervescence speedily sifted over to Michigan and Wisconsin and California, and the rest has easily been assimilated into our strong, steady Canadian life. In contrast with our neighbors to the south we are sometimes called slow. We certainly are not so noisy, as bustling, as restless as they are. We perhaps do not launch out as readily into speculations and untried experiments. But if we build more slowly we build more solidly, and and the final result will be, we think, a stronger and more perfect and desirable type of national life and character.

But to return to the U. E. Loyalists. We have seen that their character was of the conservative type, and that it was strong. These two were the distinctive forces of the selection by which they were separated from the American people. But these two are very far from exhausting the important elements of their moral character. We have already noted, by the way, that they were a very religious people. Methodists, Baptists, Quakers and Mennonites were not in those days such as matters of mere traditional form. The Anglicans and Lutherans, who completed the count of religious bodies, by their subsequent history in this province, gave full proof of the strength and earnestness of their religious convictions. These religious convictions resulted at once in the establishment, under great difficulties, of the ordinances of religious worship. Coeval with the building of their own humble cabins, there arose equally modest places of worship, erected and maintained, with a single exception, by their own unaided efforts. As a result, perhaps in no country in Christian lands is attendance upon Christian worship more generally characteristic of the people. Scotland alone can be compared with Canada in that respect. They were, moveover, a law-abiding people. This we should certainly expect from a people who sacrificed everything for the sake of their loyalty. But that statement conveys no adequate impression of their unquestioning submission and profound attachment to the established and legal institutions of their country. The authority of these things was to them as imperative as that of their religious faith. They could see quickly enough defects and wrongs in the men who administered law, but to them the law itself was right and not to be changed. To dream of such a thing as reforming the law or the constitution was to their minds sacrilege and sin. The law-making and law-changing spirit of modern democracy had never invaded their thoughts. Some of us can very clearly recall the spirit of our grandfathers on this point. But in other ways this sacred regard for law

was manifest. In their isolated settlements they did not wait for the institutions of law and government to reach them from London or Quebec, but at once put in motion the necessary local machinery to preserve a lawful order in their neighborhoods until due authority could reach them from the King's representative. There was absolutely among them no mob law or lynch law, and crime itself was scarcely known for years.

There are many other characteristics of this people upon which time will not permit us to dwell at length, but which all exerted a most important influence upon the future of our country. Their patient industry converted the wilderness into a garden. Their frugal habits of life laid the foundations of wealth. Their kindly, neighborly spirit of mutual helpfulness created some peculiar primitive institutions, which are now almost forgotten because no longer needful to our modern life.

Such is a very imperfect presentation of the moral qualities of our forefathers. They are perhaps not the most popular qualities, they are certainly not of the brilliant and showy type. But they are qualities without which no people can become great and strong with permanent strength, and they are qualities as necessary to freedom and successful self-government, as they are to the permanency and strength of national institutions. We can only hope that these sterling qualities of the fathers of our country may abide with us to all generations, and that no flashlights of liberty, falsely so called, may turn us aside from the course of national destiny which their strong sense and loyal spirit have marked out for us.

THE BLISS OF CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.

NE of England's most distinguished physicians in the latter part of the last century was Sir Henry Holland. When nearing the end of his career, he published an autobiography entitled "Recollections of Past Life," a book that will still well repay reading. His life was a happy and successful one from start to finish. He never knew financial care or anxiety, from early youth possessing a competency that lifted him above all struggle and strain.

He tells us that, with rare exceptions, his health was "singularly good; that he had never engaged in any personal controversy," and that his children "had been none other than a source of satisfaction and happiness."

At least two months of each year were spent in foreign travel.

He was born October 27th, 1788, at Knutsford, Cheshire. His childhood was not marked by any special event, the only change of which he speaks being an occasional visit to his maternal grandmother at Newcastle-under-Tyne, and to her brother, Josiah Wedgwood, at Etruria. In one particular the boy seems to have been father of the man.

As a boy he took great pleasure in exploring the country around his native village, and frequently served as a guide to visitors. In his eleventh year he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne as a pupil of the Rev. W. Turner. Upon this journey he had his first view of the sea, and he tells us that when eighty years of age he visited and stood upon the very spot where this experience came to him, and the next day embarked on a voyage of five thousand miles to Jamaica. Well does Sir Henry add, "Such relations of time to events are not common in the history of a single life."

Four years were spent at Newcastle, "marked by a fair amount of bodily and mental activity." Two short courses in chemistry and electricity, the coal mines, the surrounding scenery, and the crowded port, all combined to awaken the intellectual life of the growing youth.

Leaving Newcastle, a year was spent in the school of Dr. Estlin, near Bristol. Here he formed the acquaintance of the afterward famous Dr. Bright. With this year his school life came to an end.

Now a lad of sixteen, he felt drawn toward a mercantile life for his future career, and became an articled clerk in a great Liverpool house, with the privilege of passing two sessions at the Glasgow University. These two sessions decided his life-work, and he became convinced that his first choice had been a mistake.

His determination was to become a physician, a decision from which he never swerved, and that he never had cause to regret. Among the youths with whom he became acquainted at Glasgow was one who lived to become the most learned of Scotch metaphysical writers. This was Sir W. Hamilton.

When eighteen years of age, he en-

tered the medical school of Edinburgh, and in due time graduated, and commenced the practice of medicine, in which he soon rose to eminence.

Two things give great interest to Sir Henry's autobiography, his frequent journeys to distant parts of the world, and his reminiscences of famous people whom he met as patients or friends in the course of his long life.

It may seem strange that a physician could spend so much time in the luxury of travel, but Sir Henry's practice was largely among the aristocracy of London, and his patients were mostly themselves out of town during the time of his absence. With so much method did he conduct his professional labors and his journeys, that it was not uncommon for him to resume the practice of his profession upon the very day, and even hour, of his arrival at home. Upon one occasion, on returning from a tour to Persia, he found a patient waiting for him in his consulting-room.

More than once, in returning from America, he began a round of visits from the Euston Station. These extended tours were continued until the veteran traveller was well beyond his eightieth birthday. One of these visits to the United States was made during the Civil War, and while here he was the guest of Mr. H. Seward and General Meade. It is pleasant to read that he became well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. I need hardly add that this distinguished Englishman was an ardent friend of the United States.

While a student in the University of Edinburgh, Sir Henry became on very intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott, of whom he writes: "I still hold in happy memory the little suppers at his house in Castle Street, of which he himself was the soul and spirit, his countenance, heavy in its ordinary aspect, kindling suddenly into life and merriment at the racy Scotch stories which he ever had at hand to point and illustrate the matter of converse, whatever it might be."

With Maria Edgeworth he maintained an unbroken and affectionate correspondence for more than forty years. He declares that her letters to him in themselves would form a volume.

In one of his journeys, Sir Henry made rather a lengthy visit to the Turkish city of Janina, and while there acted as physician to the famous, or infamous, Ali Pasha, of whom he relates the following incident: "A conversation on poisons, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison, which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe, or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it, was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it."

While in Greece, he saw Byron's "Maid of Athens," and declares that "her youthful beauty, though somewhat embellished by the warmth of poetry, was such as might well attract the fancy of the poet."

Madame de Stael he frequently met at dinner and other social functions, and was led to believe that "she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty. She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration." This goes to show that the most exalted intellect and station are not exempt from the ordinary foibles of the race.

In Paris, Sir Henry met such men of world-wide and enduring fame as

Laplace and Cuvier. Of the former he says: "I sat next to Laplace at dinner, and his fine intellectual, yet courtly, face is still vividly before me, as is the memory of a long conversation with him on the geological theories and controversies of the day."

In 1852 he was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and a few years later was created a baronet. As might have been expected, many eminent and titled persons were enrolled upon his list of patients, among others six prime ministers, King Leopold, Queen Caroline, Napoleon III., Talleyrand, Guizot, and Jefferson Davis.

Of some of his distinguished patients he has left very interesting reminiscences. Lord Palmerston had a remarkable faculty of mastering or ignoring pain. "I have seen him," Sir Henry writes, "under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading or public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor, as well as the tables, of his room."

Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, and Joanna Baillie he numbered not only among his patients, but personal friends, while with Byron, Southey, Rogers, and Crabbe he was intimate, though not professionally so. Coleridge, whom he occasionally met, he describes as "an eloquent but intolerable talker, impatient of the speech and opinions of others, very inconsecutive, and putting forth a plethora of words, misty dogmas in theology and metaphysics, partly of German origin, which he never seemed to me to clear up to his own understanding or to that of others."

Famous dinner parties were given by the poet Rogers. "His dinners were fashioned in the same artistic mould as his poetry; the society small and select; the cookery superlative; no candles on the table, but light thrown from shaded lamps on the pictures around the room, each a small but consummate gem of art. As a specimen of these dinner parties, I remember one where I met Walter Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Luttrell, Lockhart, and, I think, my friend Henry Taylor, now the sole survivor of the number."

In the "Recollections," we find the following very interesting note concerning Malthus, whose "Essay on Population" made such a sensation, and gave rise to the phrase "Malthusian Theory": "The personal aspect of Malthus usually excited some surprise. With genial, even gentle expression of features, he had a tremulous, stammering voice, seemingly little fitted for the utterance of any doctrine which could be deemed dangerous to society."

Of the famous dramatist, Joanna Baillie, he writes that he saw much of her, both as a friend and patient. "Her gentle simplicity, with a Scotch tinge coloring it, to the end of her life won the admiration of those who knew nothing of her power of dramatic poetry. It was pleasant to visit her in the quiet house at Hampstead, in which she lived with her sister Agnes."

The observations made by Sir Henry upon the various changes made in society during his long life, are such as indicate a keen intellect and progressive spirit. He notes the progress achieved in the publication of newspapers. Certainly he was no pessimist. "I have always," he says, looked back with much interest at the newspapers of my early youth. Few in number, tardy and limited in their circulation, scanty of intelligence, and rarely and feebly touching on those

great questions which agitate the world, they were comparatively powerless for good or for evil."

He also notes a "more general and rigid demand for evidence on every subject of inquiry," as characteristic of modern times. He dwells upon "the increased fastness of living, incident to all classes and occupations of men," and declares that "the charm of a tranquil leisure is less appreciated and sought after."

Sir Henry, in his "Recollections," gives a very characteristic incident in connection with President Lincoln: "I recollect sitting with him and Mr. Seward over a log-fire in the White House (the Federal forts and General Lee's dismantled villa seen from the windows across the Potomac) a few hours only after intelligence had been received of the first disastrous battle of Chattanooga. The conversation at first centred on this event, but the cheerful temperament of these two remarkable men soon transferred it to other topics, and the President amused himself and us by some of those racy anecdotes which so often convey more of practical truth than any dry reasoning can afford, now and then stopping for a moment to put a fresh log on the fire."

As physician, traveller, author, and observer of men and things, Sir Henry Holland was a very remarkable character, and the review of his long and useful life, that he himself has furnished, is full of interest to the student of the literary, social, and political history of the past century.

Rutherford, New Jersey.

WHAT I KNOW.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

When the anchors that faith has cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
  The leash of sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey;
  That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the universe on their side.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

CHAPTER XI.

T was a beautiful Sabbath morning, the warm, moist air redolent with the odor of the dripping evergreens.

There was service at the hall, and Ruth, in her chair, and I, had sat outside the open door.

Out of respect for the individual views of the cosmopolitan assembly, the service was of no particular doctrinal form, but as the speaker proceeded with his discourse, I could not help wondering if the needs and opinions of these people were so diametrically different that something less complex and comprehensive must have aroused objection.

In aiming to spare the prejudices of some, the possible needs of all were subjected; the result was a clever theological discourse, dry as last year's leaves, less fragrant than their branches.

As it came to a neat and decorous close, Ruth lifted her eyes to mine; her swift glance saying as plainly as if she had spoken, "Is there anything in that for a hungry soul? Stones for bread, a serpent for a fish."

A little back of the main building was a jutting point of earth-encrusted rock, covered with green grass, and deeply shaded by tall, towering maples. Although so near the central location it was a little out of the main thoroughfare, and it was here that Ruth and I ensconced ourselves this Sabbath afternoon.

Before us spread the lake, rippling in the half-veiled sunshine, and breaking in on the sands with a soft musical cadence, particularly soothing. Within a few yards, and stretching away as far as the eye could reach, ran the pebbly beach, curving away to the west in smooth, unbroken outline. It was particularly gay this afternoon. All the life of the resort had gathered upon it. In groups, in couples, strolling, idling, or resting in boats drawn up out of the water. There was an animation and air of joyous freedom in it all that was trying to a helpless onlooker.

We had sat in perfect silence for an hour contemplating the scene before us, while I was dimly conscious all the time of what was passing in my cousin's mind. Presently she spoke:

"Life must very sweet to those who have the health and youth and happy hopes. Look at that girl in the white muslin. She does not look unlike me—I suppose she is about my age, and yet we are separated in thought and feeling at least ten years."

"Do you wonder that I grow bitter when I look at those girls in all their youth and bloom? That is what I enjoyed once, and now—look at me! My prospects were as bright as theirs until that hateful day that robbed me of everything life and youth hold dear.

"Do you know, Alice, I would give everything—everything—to live that period of happiness over again; to pass over that day and its cruel blight. Think how different my life would have been now. Oh! I am almost mad at times with the pain of it. I can never be reconciled to this: this weakness, this inactivity, this living death."

It was always painful to me beyond expression to see her in one of those passionate outbursts. She would stretch out her hands in pathetic entreaty one moment; the next they would close hard, working spasmodically, while her slight form trembled as if from a chill.

Holding her hands in mine, I spoke to her in a quiet, meditative tone:

"Did it never occur to you, Ruth, that there might have been demands of your higher nature that a life of mere pleasure would have failed to gratify?

"Do you think you would have never wearied of the recurring round of trivialities, the jealous rivalries, the petty little vanities, the inevitable slights and stabs? To me these appear as liable to harden and embitter as disappointment and enforced retirement.

"In the last case one may make their thoughts as sweet and pure as they wish; in the other it is not always so easy.

"I cannot think any life so narrow that it is entirely shorn of opportunities. Social life, perhaps, offers the most; but how many misuse them for selfish and ambitious ends?

"Your life, Ruth, is full of beautiful possibilities—"

"Possibilities!" she interrupted, dryly, "are for those who have strength and opportunities to develop them."

"But, dear, because you are physically disqualified does not render you practically so."

"But what can I do?" she cried, stretching out her poor, frail arms; "I cannot even carry my father's slippers to him at night, and as for Grace, the less we see of each other, the fewer tears and protestations on her side; the less expenditure of temper and vital force on mine."

"And yet," I said, taking up this new clue; "she will soon be a young woman—she will want a confidant; she is child now—she wants a mother."

I was conscious I might be touching a tender cord and hesitated, but after I had spoken she did not remove her eyes from the water; did not change countenance for some moments. Suddenly her eyes filled with blinding tears, and in another moment her face was in my lap, and she was sobbing.

"I have felt all that," she said, between her sobs, "a thousand times. And my father—my poor father, is so changed since my mother died. I think he always fancied I would take her place to some extent; but Grace is more like her, and it is she he loves.

"Oh! I have wanted, especially since I have known you, to be different; but I am so weak, so helpless."

"There is One ever ready to help you, Ruth. One whose strength is made perfect through your weakness."

"Oh! I don't know Him; He must be cruel. How can a God of love lay such afflictions on His children. He seems to me like some far-off arbitrary Judge dealing out justice without love."

"His judgments are true and righteous altogether," I interposed, softly. "'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.'

"Love, Ruth," I added, "love and mercy are the emblems of His sovereignty."

"Oh! I cannot reconcile that love with the infliction of pain and suffering," she cried. "Leave me alone! I can't believe yet. I must wait; I must think."

She was always, in her reasonings, in her self arguments, coming back to this "inconsistency," as she termed it, in justification of her unyielding attitude, so I left her alone, as she desired, trusting to God, and to time to straighten out the tangled threads that held her in her wretchedness.

The first of September found us back in the city. I went to work with a will and a relish, somewhat impelled by the vain hope of making up for lost time. In spite of my love for Ruth, I almost begrudged my frequent and enforced visits to her; nothing short of two evenings a week would satisfy her. She never guessed the sacrifices of needful recreation and even sleep that I was compelled to make to gratify her in this demand.

I had been a little unavoidably lax of late, however, and felt at the close of one wearisome, trying day that I must go to her.

"Well, dear!" I said, kissing her, as she reclined on her couch before the grate-fire.

"Where have you been keeping yourself all this time?" was her first querulous comment. "Do you know it's a week since you have been here?"

"Forgive me, Ruth; I have been so busy," I explained.

"You look tired to death. Alice, why will you bury yourself alive in a horrid, dingy, old office down town, when you might live here in ease and luxury? You know I need you," she continued.

"My ideal of happiness does not lie in the direction of ease and luxury, you know, Ruth," I replied.

"Yes, I suppose I know it. You must be making a martyr of yourself in some way; sacrificing all the demands of your animal nature to the edification of the soul. Very ideal, no doubt, but a little tedious put in practice. What great triumph of mind over body have you accomplished to-day?

"None. On the contrary I was thinking regretfully, as I walked along, of the words of some sage whom I cannot at present recall: 'Count that day lost,' says he, or to this effect, 'in which thou hast brought no happiness to any heart.'"

"What an exalted world of thought you live in, my dear. I have often thought it is really a sacrifice for you to come here," she replied, in her most satirical tone.

"Don't be quarrelsome, Ruthie, dear," I said, coaxingly; "I *am* tired to-day, and—just a little sensitive."

She looked at me sharply, and then burst out into one of her hardest little laughs.

"Sensitive? Oh, really!" and, then, continuing mockingly: "I should love to know in what form your sensitiveness, as you naively call it, takes expression. Let me see: You send an orange to Polly in Poverty Alley; go without your lunch for the sake of visiting poor old Mother Grump in her attic, and brewing her a cup of tea, and deny yourself your dinner in aid of the missionary cause.

"Well, I have been sensitive, too, to-day, as the result of which Grace went to the schoolroom in tears, Flora was withered into abject humiliation, and cook went down-stairs muttering complaints at every step. Those are the sweet reflections I have been laying up to cheer myself with this evening."

"I fear you are laying up for yourself a harvest of remorse," I replied, gently stroking the brown hair back from her forehead.

"Remorse," she repeated—"remorse!" Then with a wild cry she threw her hands towards me, breaking out passionately between her sobs:

"Oh, Alice, I hate it all; my pain, my life—everything connected with it. It is all so distorted, so full of bitterness and envy. You are the only person, except my father, who does not inwardly hate me. I have turned every one against me—lost every friend—and now I have been rude and hateful to you. Oh, please don't leave me—I shall die!"

"There is a better Friend than I," I answered, soothingly, "who has loved you with an everlasting love, who still loves you, and has promised to never leave you.

"Oh, Ruth," I added, pleadingly, "if you only knew Him, everything would be so different."

"It's no use, Alice; I have tried to be like you, but it has only ended in wretched failure."

"He does not want you to try in your own strength. He is so able to help you. Only try that way, dear."

"Oh, I don't know how—I don't know how."

"It is all so simple, so easy. Only believe, acknowledge your own weakness, and cast yourself on His love. Ruth, I have passed through the waters; I know whereof I speak. I know that all the pain, all the conflict of the former things will pass away; all things will become new.

"'A new heart will I give you.' Your life, narrowed as you feel it is, may be full of happiness to yourself and of loving *ministration* to others."

She leaned heavily upon me in an abandonment of dejection and utter physical weakness, one hand clutching mine as if in self-support.

Softly, I began, and repeated slowly that beautiful prophecy of Isaiah, beginning, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," and on to the end.

"Will you please ring for Flora," she asked, after a silence. "I should like you to come with me to my room. I am very tired, and—unhappy. I want you to pray by my bed to-night, as you do at your own. Perhaps I shall learn how."

"The needs of your own heart must teach you that, dear; but can't I help you instead of Flora?"

"Yes, you may, now that I remember she has a headache, brought on by sacrificing herself to one of Grace's whims"; adding with a touch of her old peevishness: "Everybody in the house is a slave to her caprices, but myself. She has learned that I won't be trifled with, so she has come to leaving me alone."

"And yet she is so gentle and winning, one feels it a pleasure to please her," I said, innocently.

She looked at me sharply for a moment, then dropped her eyes and sighed.

It was a slow and painful journey up the broad, softly-carpeted steps, and when we reached her room she breathed heavily, still clinging to my arm.

"If I could have you about always, I would not be so taciturn and bitter."

"Flora is always kind, you tell me, and you may have this other Friend merely for the asking."

"Ask for me to-night," she whispered. "It is so long since He has heard my voice, I fear He would not heed. Tell Him about me and all my pain."

"He knows it already, dear; He is longing to have you bring it all and lay it at His feet."

"Ah! if I only could—only lose the sense of burden of it all. But it is too new, too wonderful; I should be taking it all up again from force of habit. My shoulders are so accustomed to the burden, I fear they are irretrievably stooped."

I do not remember the words that went up from my heart that night, as I knelt at her bedside with her hand in mine; I only know that when I rose and kissed her "Good-night," a great peace seemed to pervade the room, and she lay back among her pillows, looking soothed and tranquil.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not unusual for the Andrews to entertain a few friends in an informal way. In fact, the people Hugh Andrews was fond of inviting to his home were old and tried friends; men and women who were not sought merely for their brilliance by the skimmers of society, but people who did not lose their flavor, so to speak, by the first exposure to the air.

I was not surprised, therefore, on my next visit to Ruth, to find a small party assembled in the drawing-room. I had met them all before at different times, and found them all agreeable, but to-night I was more occupied with thoughts of my cousin than of the others.

My eyes quickly sought her out, even before I reached her side, and were satisfied. When I held her hand in mine and looked into her changed face, her eyes sweetly challenged mine, while a faint flush spread even to her forehead.

I felt my glance repeatedly drawn to her from where I sat; she was listening quietly to a Professor of Geology, an old college chum of Mr. Andrews, who was talking to her, turning her eyes now and then toward the fire. Her face was lit up—nay, transfigured, to me, who had seen it so often agitated under the sway of the passion that swept her—not so much by an ecstasy as by a calm, a sweet, trustful resignation.

She did not talk much, I noticed, but manifested a pleased interest in all that was said, looking toward her father with a proud appreciation in her eyes.

Owing to her confirmed indisposition, the coffee had always been served by the servant from the sideboard, but to-night the service was before her, and it was little wonder if her father's lips trembled as he received his cup from her. Grace, who sat at her left, and was desirous of manifesting her delight by volunteering to assist with the sugar, received, by way of appreciation, a playful little tap across the back of her plump fingers.

There was no wine or cigars, consequently the gentlemen followed us immediately to the drawing-room, the Professor again appropriating the seat nearest Ruth. I had to leave early that night, and was regretting my inability to speak to her alone, when Grace suddenly called the Professor's attention to a box of curios lately sent her by a friend. Instinctively our hands clasped, and she said slowly, in a soft whisper, with something like fear at the end:

"It is very sweet, but it can't last."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever," I whispered, in return; for even as we spoke one of the ladies advanced toward us.

Her father was waiting in the hall when I came down. He took my hand, saying, brokenly:

"How can I thank you for this," raising his hand in indication of the drawing-room.

"Oh, you will help her," I cried, earnestly. "She is weak; as yet she hardly knows the way. You will be very tender toward her, very patient."

I had no sooner uttered those hasty words than I would have recalled the closing sentence. Asking her father, who had borne so lovingly with her through those five years to spare her now, and—was His arm shortened that it could not save; was His ear heavy that it could not hear?

I think he understood my thoughts, for he did not answer in words, only held my hand very closely, as we walked together to the cab that was waiting. As I think I have said before, he was a man of few words, but there was more to me in the simple "Good-night," that fell almost devoutly from his lips, than another might have conveyed in a whole eulogistic sentence.

Unreasonable as it may seem, I had many times been struck by a fleeting resemblance of Ruth, in her quieter moments, to my "Little Mother." To-night the fancy had generated into an impression, as I beheld her with that placid look upon the countenance, the light of a new consciousness permeating her soul.

Stored away among my little relics of the past in my room was a tiny picture of "Little Mother," taken when she must have been Ruth's age. I had not looked upon it since she died. It had lain locked in a little casket, containing the few simple jewels she had possessed but seldom worn.

Arrived at my room I immediately drew forth the little key, and sat down before my desk with the casket before me. I knew the contents by heart; how many, many times as a child I had handled those trinkets with a child's awesome admiration, deeming them of priceless value, because they belonged to her. Slowly I turned the key, almost reluctant to raise the lid.

Great was my surprise on o; ning it to behold two sealed envelopes lying face downwards. Wonderingly I turned them over to scan the superscription, my own little note, unopened, dropping out from between them. They were both addressed to myself in the same hand, and there was only one like that in the world.

I felt a feeling of suffocation, then I remember suddenly rising and walking back and forth across my room very rapidly and unsteadily. Then I sat down and noted the post-marks: September the second and September the tenth, respectively. I could not control my shaking fingers to hold them steadily enough to read, so I laid them open on the desk before me, side by side.

As I went over the words again and again, tears dropped upon the sheets before me.

They were written by Frank Allan, on the days immediately following his sudden and unexpected departure; the first full of repentance for his conduct that evening, and reiterated avowals of his regard and devotion; the second after a week's hopeless waiting and no reply, pleading, protesting, beseeching, concluding with these words: "What more can I say? If this meets with no response, if to these entreaties you still remain silent, I shall know that I have cherished a false hope; but will ever strive against the frustration of my highest purposes, for what I believed you to have been, and—I must write it—are still."

Calmly I sat down to think. Those letters were written full two years ago. Time had changed many, many things in that interval. Were human hearts so constituted that they also might not change? Was it unlikely that other connections had been formed, that it was treachery to question? Perhaps the silence were best unbroken, now that the wounds might be healed.

And yet was I not justified in seeking self-expiation? Would I allow him to believe in my indifference—believe that I had been deceiving him at that time? Better that, perhaps, than make present havoc in two people's lives.

But, then, supposing he had *not* changed. I was too eager, perhaps, to cling to that thread. I took my pen and wrote slowly, carefully weighing each word. There was too much of it; I tore it up, wrote and rewrote until I at last had exactly four lines—four lines of simple explanation of the past, and in no way connected with the present. I addressed it according to the directions in the last, and, not until I faced the last letter-box in the morning, did I hesitatingly drop it in.

Just one week from the date of this letter, I held another in my hand; one that brought great tears to my eyes, and greater happiness to my heart. It would be too unpardonable a breach of confidence to reproduce any of it here. Suffice it to say that the writer took some credit to himself in having read between the carefully-prepared lines of my own, and felt free to unburden himself in the most expressive language.

It was himself, and yet different, too. Had those waiting months done their work in him as they had in me? Yes, I was sure of it. There was a new tone: a deeper, higher, steadier grasp of the possibilities of life. Men were his brethren, his fellow-beings, but Christ was his ideal.

I was hurrying home from the office one chilly evening by my ordinary route, and had turned off the main thoroughfare to cross the square of the cathedral. As I drew near a great flood of light, from the opened door was thrown across the pavement, and I paused in the shadow to listen to the sweet chant of the choristers that floated out clear and triumphant upon the November night. As I stepped into the light from one direction a gentleman simultaneously advanced from the other. We met midway, both halted, and the next moment my hands were held in a warm, tight clasp, while familiar eyes looked into mine.

There was just an audible breathing of each other's names, and then hand-in-hand we mounted the broad steps of the cathedral, crept noiselessly in, and knelt together in the shadow of a pillar.

. . . . . .

"I suppose I ought to rejoice in your happiness," said Ruth, somewhat ruefully, "but I must confess I have not yet attained to that point of renunciation. At present I am only alive to the consciousness that I am going to lose you. I am jealous of that man; six months ago I could have heartily hated him; now, I suppose, I must try to love him for your sake," adding, in a lower tone, "for His sake."

"When I think how much the thought of you has been in my life, how your influence and companionship have lifted

me out of my selfishness to a sense and experience of higher, better things, is it any wonder that the thought of separation should fill me with sorrow ?"

"I am glad, dear, I could show you a better and pleasanter way, but the developing and perfecting of the work must ever go on between the soul and its God.

"Friends may encourage us, but the real, inward growth can only be fostered by the pruning and fashioning of the Father."

. . . . . .

Of course it was arranged, almost without consultation of my own wishes in the matter, that we were to be married at Mr. Andrews'.

Not in the parlor, nor in any of the stately apartments, but in Ruth's own little sitting-room upstairs, elegant only in its air of simple comfort, where we had passed so many hours together.

There were no guests but Marion ; no bridesmaids ; no grand dinner, only a simple luncheon ; then farewells, and we were off for the thriving west.

Marion declared that in marrying I had shifted the burden of my philanthropic designs upon her shoulders. She assumed them so well, however, that through the influence of Mr. Andrews our project gained such proportions that each summer some twenty children wake the echoes of my little cottage between the first of July and the last of September.

That they may expand and benefit by it, as did Joe and Johnny, is the prayer of my heart. They both have situations in the same establishment now, while a friendly rivalry exists between them as to who shall prove the most deserving of the next promotion.

And little Polly—have I omitted to say ?—is in the land of perpetual flowers and trees and never-fading sunshine. The city was never quite so kind to her after that first transfer of her affections ; it was jealous, as it were, of the longing glances she tried to cast over the great buildings that hemmed her in on every side.

All day long she poured little tales of the wonders and beauties of that other world into the baby's ears, and when the little stunted spears of grass, that pushed themselves up beside the curb-stones, began to wither and shrivel before the creeping frosts, little Polly pined perceptibly and slipped away.

Only to live till summer came again was her continual cry, and when I sat beside her, holding her hot little hands, and tried to tell her all the incomparable beauties of that country to which she was going, she smiled and was content.

God must be very good, she thought, to make such beautiful places on earth and in heaven, too. She hoped the baby would come there, too, and all the little children who played under her narrow window in the sun.

And Ruth, my cousin Ruth, is an invalid still ; but as for the rest, we will let a fragment of a letter speak for itself : "This morning I lay long awake before the house was astir, listening to the soft rustling of the vine about my window, and watching the sun break out of the east. For a long time it struggled against a moveless bank of grey, sullen clouds that refused to disperse, clinging together as if with malicious intent to enshroud the light. As it mounted little by little, faint gleams shot through, only to be intercepted by moving strata that filed across like sentinels on guard.

"Presently, after many fruitless efforts, as if by one final struggle it emerged free, and gloriously dazzling, sending a beautiful stream of warm life over roofs and streets and gardens.

"It all seemed to me so beautifully symbolic of the Christian life : the struggle for liberty, the little dimmings of faith, the first feeble light, breaking at last into the glorious freedom of a clear sky.

"Perhaps little clouds may intercept it all the way, but its purpose is clear before it ; its light can never be wholly obscured until the setting, and, then, there is the afterglow, and the memory of a beautiful day."

The End.

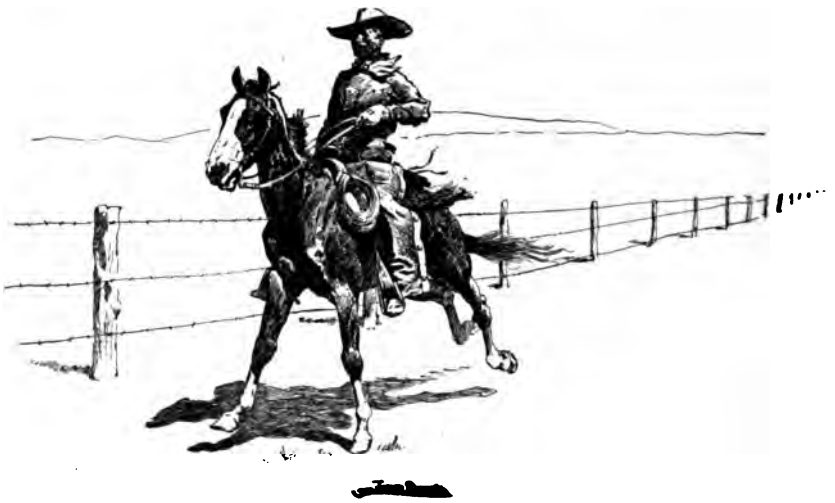
All which is real now remaineth
And fadeth never ;
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul for ever.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn
Up-rolling thin,
Its thickest folds when about the dawn
Let sunlight in.

ON A TEXAS RANCH.

BY JENNIE C. BROWN.



TEXAN COWBOY RIDING THE LINE OF THE WIRE FENCE.

A COUGH, a doctor's verdict, a father's pleading, a mother's tears prevailed, and I left Harvard University just three months before I would have graduated, to seek for life's lost crown — health — on a Texas ranch.

I was stung with resentment that life should so soon become a disappointment, so soon take on a look of failure.

Through the influence of a friend, I was received into the beautiful home of O. O. Norton, who owned a five-hundred-thousand-acre ranch. A few days after my arrival, looking for sympathy, I got unvarnished truth from practical Nellie Norton.

"Mr. Langford, self-pity and grieving over unfulfilled ambitions is the best formula I know to make a wreck of present opportunities."

When I expressed to Mr. Norton my surprise at the size of the cattle ranches of Texas, he replied—

"I suppose our fathers gained their ideas by contrast. Five hundred thousand acres seemed a small part of the 274,356 square miles of the almost unoccupied land of the Lone Star Republic. King's widow still controls her million-acre ranch, and is the richest woman in the world.

"At one time six land corporations owned and controlled thirteen million acres. It was they who first built fences in Texas. In doing so they enclosed small ranches and shut off wells from their owners, which caused the fence war and the sacrifice of so many lives. A special session of the State Legislature was called and fence laws enacted. It also passed the Homestead Act, limiting new settlers to two hundred and fifty acres, and two hundred for each son.

"The crowding in of population is bringing changes to the State, but the wealthy ranchmen will long resist their encroachment.

"It is little over eighty years since Randall Jones, in Louisiana, traded a negro man for sixty head of cattle, which he introduced into Fort Bend County. There are now over twenty million cattle in the State, and there are two million exported annually.

"Ranchmen do not ask how many

cattle you have, but how many acres? This they divide by fifteen. Formerly we allowed five acres per beef, but the drouths of recent years have compelled us to allow fifteen.

"I have three brands and two ear-marks. Mine is O O N; earmark, swallow fork (both ears scalloped on upper and lower edges). My wife's brand is N O N, daughter's the same, with upper and lower bar; their ear-mark is jingle bob (the ears slashed). All brands and ear-marks are registered in the county clerk's office; he is responsible for any encroachment."

The week after I reached the Norton ranch I was standing in the office feeling an indignant chagrin I had not known since I was a freshman at college.

Nellie Norton entered the office and said:

"Father requested me to ask you to excuse him for leaving so hurriedly, but he was obliged to catch the early train. He thought I might be of service to you in explaining English 'as she is spoke on a ranch.'"

There was a twinkle in her eye that added to my irritation. I replied rather curtly,

"I am not aware that you can be of any service to me."

"Mr. Langford, do you not think it would be more sensible to allow me to explain what has so annoyed you?"

"Annoyed! I have been grossly insulted! That Boss told me 'I could ride number one by-lo fence.'"

Nellie laughed merrily. Enraged, I made a bolt for the door, but was intercepted by her placing her back against it.

"Excuse me, Mr. Langford, I appreciate your annoyance. To ride the fence simply means the captain has given you charge of the number one, not by-lo, but bayou—river—fence, which is fifteen miles long. You will be required each day to ride its length and return, making any necessary repairs in the fence.

"Wrangler on a ranch does not signify brain, but brawn—the man in charge of the domestic animals. You were told that your broncho ponies had been topped and had three or four saddles—they have been broken and have been ridden that number of times."

"Oh, what in the world will I do with eight horses?"

"Every cowboy has eight horses. Emergencies constantly occur that compel the cowboy to ride at a speed that so exhausts his horse that it takes days to recover. You will keep two horses at either end of your fence, two halfway, and two here."

"The captain's biography of my fence-riding predecessor was—'I told Martin this morning to ride the chuck-line; he is nothing but a leggen-straw, monta, tapadora.'"

"The captain dismissed Martin from father's service, because he was a lazy, gambling dude."

Shades of Webster, Worcester, and all the dictionaries, abridged and unabridged, was the language of the builders of the tower of Babel worse confounded?

Miss Nellie rode over with me to show me my fence. When we reached it she said,—

"Well, Sir Dismal, I hope living near to nature's heart will restore you to health, faith, and reason."

I never will forget the vast vista that swept around me, every foot of ground alive, quivering, pulsating with beauty. The bright red poppy, blue and white lupin, pink and white prairie rose, the gorgeous ratbida, from yellow to deep crimson; the many-colored phlox and verbena, and others too numerous to mention, struggling to lift their beauty to view. As the wind stole across these soft waves of color and the silver turning of the under side of many leaves, the vast expanse looked like an opalescent sea. Butterflies rivalling the colors of the flowers flitted around. Bright-colored birds were telling their secrets in song. The cloudless azure sky was full of tranquil light. I was enchanted with such prodigality of color. I rode on for miles with heart and mind enthralled, until I was around from my rapture by a steer rushing before my horse. I dismounted and made my first awkward attempt at mending a fence.

I was told to stop and take my dinner at the "chucking"—provision—waggon. These waggons are driven by the cooks to specified points, where meals are prepared for the cowboys. There are also ranch houses, where the larders are kept well supplied with necessary food. The cowboy has a *carte blanche* to go into the ranch-houses belonging to any stockman, and leave a note stating what he has used and giving the name of his employer.

The white provision-waggon made a pretty picture, standing under some great gnarled pecan-trees, grape-vines festooning their trunks and limbs; be-

tween the trees was seen the shimmering of the river, on its banks many-colored flowers nodding to one another in the breeze. In the foreground six cowboys were eating their dinner.

Said one of them as I joined them—

"Well, Buck (a name applied to all strange cowboys), be you riding number one fence ?"

I replied, "Metaphorically."

He exclaimed, "Mattie who ?" at which the others laughed.

I was embarrassed with the dread that I had given myself my ranch cognomen. The darkie cook came to my relief, by saying—

"Sit down, sah ! I'm gwan to wait on the New York gemen." (From this date I was known on the ranches as N. Y. G.)

"I'm a cowboy, Sambo," I answered.

"Oh, massey, your kinstruction don't portend the cowboy, but eat plenty pok and beans, and get a few bullets in yo', and you'll get to the consemblence."

The cowboy is a picturesque figure, with his broad-brimmed hat, flannel shirt, bright silk handkerchief, loosely knotted around his neck, leather overalls buckled to his knees, a hoggan string (cotton rope) around his waist, spurs, and a large calibre revolver, complete his costume. His horse gear is a curb bit, a strong, heavy saddle, with high pommel and cantle. Strength is all-important in their rough work. One end of the lariat (a very strong rope made of hair) is twisted around the pommel, and its strength has a severe test when a vigorous steer has been roped.

At times the lariat is attached to a waggon that has been stuck in the mud, to assist in hauling it out. On the back of the saddle he carries a pack containing blanket, etc.; he also has saddle-bags. The cowboys live in the saddle ; they are the greatest riders in the world. They are mostly of native birth, but adventurous spirits from every land are found among them. Their exposed life leaves the same impression on all. Their faces tell of dangers and hardships borne with fortitude. They are hardy, self-reliant, recklessly adventurous. They are the most willing workers in the world, and endure privations uncomplainingly.

Close and intimate is the friendship between the cowboy and his horses. Often when sleeping on the ground, rolled in his blanket, he will be awakened by the hot breath or soft lips of his horse touching his hand or face, telling him he is ready for another day's work.

The cowboy evidently thinks that slang is more expressive than good English. With the exception of their profanity, to the uninitiated their conversation is almost unintelligible. I was long embarrassed by their conversation. Away from all moral and religious restraint, their under nature is developed. Unfortunately, with many of them a visit to a town or city is synonymous with a drunken spree.

One night, a few weeks after I became a fence-rider, it rained so heavily that I remained at one of the ranch houses. The following morning, just at daybreak, I mounted my horse to ride to the provision waggon, instead of cooking my own breakfast. I saw a break in my fence. I tied my horse at a canebrake, intending to repair it. I noticed two men roping yearlings. I stood in hiding, not that I thought of cattle thieves, but the expertness of the cowboy lassoing was still a novelty to me. I soon noticed that they were adding an S to one of Mr. Norton's brands—O. O. N.—and changing the ear-mark from upper and under bit to bob (cutting half of the ear off). I then recalled that I had been told of two men who had purchased a small ranch in the next county, who had registered their brand as S. O. O. N., ear-mark, bob. This brand had had a suspiciously phenomenal increase.

I mounted my horse, but soon discovered that I was pursued. I could hear that one of the horsemen was gaining on me. I urged my straining horse to greater endeavor. On we rushed, but nearer, nearer the clattering hoofs sounded, until they were beating tattoos on my straining ears. A bullet whizzed past me, and went through my horse's ear. With a quick breath of surprise he stood stock still, quivering in every muscle. I touched him with my spur. Off he bounded. A bullet passed through my hat. I lay down on my horse's neck. I heard another report, and a bullet passed through the fleshy part of my arm. To my joy I saw a cowboy look out from behind a cane-brake, about three hundred yards before me.

Before I reached the place four mounted cowboys dashed out, hilarious with the joy of another adventure.

"What's to pay, N. Y. G. ?" they called.

"Running out brand," I replied.

Despite the fact that my wound was bleeding profusely, I halted to watch the chase. After about a five-mile race, the horse upon which the man rode who fired the shots fell. Before he could extricate

himself he was captured by two of the cowboys, who lashed him hands and feet to a fence-post. In five minutes they were in pursuit of the other man, who was making for a part of the country which is covered with mesquet trees (a low, bushy tree, covered with beans, of which the cattle are very fond), in which he could evade his pursuers. Late that night the cowboys returned with their prisoners. The last man that was captured and two of the cowboys had ugly pistol wounds.

The State provided board and lodging for the prisoners for ten years. Over and outrunning branding is not now a common offence. In the early days a cattle thief was hanged as soon as captured.

All possible help had been procured for the annual shipping round-up on the Norton ranch. Just as the eastern 'red gods" were heralding the rising sun, forty mounted men rode up to the Norton residence, ready to be detailed by the captain to different parts of the ranch, to drive the semi-wild cattle to the corral or pen.

Already the white-covered waggons were started for different points, with provisions and blankets, followed by the spare herds of ponies.

As we turned to the north the horizon looked as if it had been dipped in indigo. From all quarters came the announcement, "We are going to have a norther." Off we galloped over what appeared a limitless flower-carpeted prairie, broken only by the trees and cane-brakes on the river bank. As we dashed past groups of cattle, they lifted their languid eyes, as if to inquire what our haste meant. The oppressive and stifling heat increased until about ten o'clock, when the exhausted light air rose, and into the vacuum rushed the cold air, which struck one like some frigid fiend. In ten minutes the temperature had fallen thirty degrees. Gladly I buttoned up the coat which Mrs. Norton—amidst much raillery of the cowboys—had insisted on my taking.

At seven in the evening we had about a thousand cattle at our camping-place, which were herded at night by a relay of men, who were relieved every three hours. Woe betide the man who overslept his watch. A leggen-straw trial awaited him. In these trials the captain is always judge, and decides the number of stripes to be given. He takes good care to appoint a friend to administer the punishment. The culprit is required to make a low court bow and retain the position. There is a hot time in camp that night.

At ten o'clock I wrapped my blanket around me, and for the first time lay down on mother earth, but the strange sounds drove sleep away. We noticed during the day a dead heifer a short distance from camp; around it the coyotes (a small wolf) were holding high carnival, making night hideous with their barking and howling.

Three days later the thousands of cattle were in corral. Accustomed to space, in being crowded they are nervous and are anxiously watched lest some unexpected sound may cause a stampede. All night relays of cowboys ride around the corral, shouting to distract the attention of the cattle from any sudden noise. Despite all precautions, a peal of thunder, the sudden crack of a board, and one of the great oxen will spring up with a loud bellow, as if calling to the inclosed thousands to strike for liberty. If the fence is too high to jump, the pressure of strong cattle soon make an opening in it. Instead of caps, they throw up hoofs and tails, and rush into space. Their united bellowing sounds like the roar of Niagara. The earth quakes under the shock of thousands of hoofs. Three or four minutes, and impotent men, in a fever of indignation, see the hard work of days undone. Brute force that had been amenable now scorns man's puny power.

Cutting out cattle for shipping needs the cowboy's most skilful horsemanship. Great is the rivalry between the men, both as to their own skill and the training of their horses. Awkwardness, or the slightest suggestion of fear, brings on a man merciless raillery. The cowboy in the corral rides up to a steer, speaks to it, his horse commences pursuit. It may run and dodge among the thousands of cattle, but the chase never stops until it enters the passageway, and the "boomarang" opens the gate to the select pen, and calls the brand to the tally-man. The horse enjoys the work as much as his master.

After the day's work is done, popular is the man that can play a banjo, violin, or sing. I gladly sang, or played my violin, that I might not hear the foul-mouthed stories that were told by the men.

Another busy season is the fall round-up, when all the cows and calves are brought to the corral, where the calves are branded. Busy work goes on from morning till night. The calves are roped from horseback; the loop held in the

right hand is swung around the head by a motion of the wrist; a man accustomed to the rope will catch fifty calves by the legs without a miss. As soon as the calf is thrown, its legs are bound, and it is branded and its ears marked; the brand is called to the tally-man, which he registers. According to their sex they will be passed into a pen, which opens into a field.

At the round-ups, strays are found, and their owners notified.

The mourning of cows and calves over their separation convinces you that "a more terrible hell could be made out of sound than any other agency."

Plenty of good food and association make the annual round-ups enjoyable events to the cowboy, who at other times lives in his saddle, suffering many hardships from rain, northers, and loss of sleep when doctoring sick cattle. He knows well the habits of the semi-wild animals, and is constantly among them, hunting for the sick, wounded, or leppic—orphan—calves. He always carries his branding irons, looking for mavricks (unbranded calves). In the early days of Texas, a man called Mavrick claimed and appropriated all unbranded cattle in the country, and so sent his name down to posterity.

Ranch courtesy demands that if a cowboy sees a stray cow with a mavrick calf, that he put the mother's brand on it.

In the winter when fodder is scarce, the cowboy carries on his back a gasoline tank, with an attachment that generates gas, with which he burns off the thorns of the cacti, then they are eaten by the cattle. Wet or dry, the cacti grow in great profusion in Texas. Half-starved cattle will often eat the cacti before the thorns have been removed, and get their tongues so filled with thorns they have to be killed.

In the glorious air of Texas, in communion with sky, earth, and all living things, there came the glad sense of health that made me as free as the horned herds I guarded. Although the days ran swiftly by, as if they were shod with winged sandals, I longed for the busy haunts of men. To live again in New York—of course with Nellie Norton as Mrs. Langford—seemed to me the *summum bonum* of life. But when I reached the dear old home the rush and hurry of the crowded streets irritated me. I soon began to long for the charming solitudes and prairie vistas. Two weeks later I had consented to be Mr. Norton's business agent, and Nellie had promised to marry me in three months if I would live in Texas.

YEARNING.

BY BERTHA FERNE.

O soul of mine, why doth thy quivering wing
Aspire to pass the eagle in his flight,
Or mount the air e'en as a heaven-born thing
That far above the cloud would bask in bright,
Eternal sunshine? Though the day be drear
And thy flight limited by earthly bound.
Thy song with heavenly note, transparent, clear,
May flood the woodland, or the plain around,
Till all the vibrant music of thy voice,
Pregnant with ecstasies of humble cheer,
Shall waken echoes, bidding hearts rejoice,
In notes sublime, thou the interpreter.
Rest then, O soul, seek not to soar too high,
But rather soothe with song the sorrows that are nigh.

Hespeler, Ont.

THE DEAN'S COMMISSION.

A STORY OF OLD CHESTER.

BY MRS. FLORENCE LIFFITON.

ELIZABETH EDMONDS had a troubled mind. Indeed, for the past three years she had known no other state. But at the time of which I write there were many troubled minds in the old Anglo-Roman city of Chester. It was, however, not a period of free expression, when neighbor sympathized with neighbor and the heart of a man answered to his friend, but, on the contrary, discretion locked away many a grief and forced cheerfulness covered aching hearts.

Elizabeth Edmonds was the proprietress of the Blue Posts Inn, whose growing prosperity spoke clearly of her capability and thrift. But it was not the anxiety of business that preyed upon her mind. She had been for many years a widow, but time had softened what at first was a bitter bereavement.

One had but to breathe the air of Chester in that troublous period to comprehend something of the pent anxiety of the average woman, and Elizabeth Edmonds was of a strong nature, quite above the average.

Since first she came to Chester, a bride from her Warwickshire home, she had faithfully attended the Chester Cathedral, into which Henry the Eighth had converted the old abbey church of St. Werburgh. Although she was not what one might call a thoroughly religious woman, she had felt no small disappointment when, on the accession of Queen Mary, the form of public worship was changed to pomps, ceremonies and Latin words that she did not love and could not understand. Following this, the spiritual head of the old church, the Reverend Lawrence Sanders, was arraigned, convicted of heresy, and martyred at Coventry.

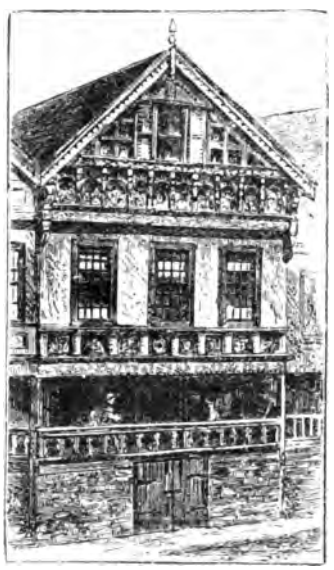
The young curate, George Marsh, whose piety shed a strong influence on her loved brother, Warwick Gray, refused to be silenced, preaching earnestly anywhere he could attract an audience, urging the doctrines of the reformed religion. His

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE, CHESTER.

arrest soon followed, and Elizabeth, who saw him dragged from the street to the house of the Earl of Derby, still standing, in a by-street, wept with strong anguish, for her heart foreboded a dismal end. It came at last—after he had been tried at Lancaster and again at Chester, by the spiritual court, which convicted him of heresy and handed him over to the sheriffs. Then began that fearful imprisonment, which, as long as walls of old Chester stand will be told of the Northgate jail.

Thirty feet under ground, in absolute darkness, George Marsh, the beloved young curate, awaited his execution. Sometimes, in the growing silence of the nightfall, the voices of his friends cheered and soothed him. Through a hole in the wall, or by means of the leaden ventilation tubes, they would communicate with him, and more than once Elizabeth accompanied her brother on this errand of sympathy. The prisoner's replies were so patient that the wonder

of it kept Elizabeth awake through the long hours. Sometimes he told them that he was not alone down there, but that he had holy and delightful company. At all times he exhorted them to be true to conscience and to God, and when at last the fire was laid for him at Spittal Hill and Elizabeth saw him bound to the stake, with a barrel of pitch for his seat, she wept and wrung her hands in agony. But his face was serene and his patience sublime, and she never forgot the beauty of his expression as, with eyes uplifted to heaven, he prayed, commending his soul to God.



BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE, CHESTER.

Then it was that the real anxiety of Elizabeth's life began, for her loved brother, following the injunction of George Marsh, would not attend mass, and affirmed boldly that he was Protestant to the core. With tears Elizabeth besought him to be more quiet about his convictions, but it was of no avail. When at last she saw him embark for Ireland, she breathed more freely.

As for herself, though she liked not this papal rule, she went daily to the cathedral, and, kneeling at the altar, prayed for her brother's safety and the re-establishment of the former religion.

The priests could not—nor even the bishops—scan close enough to read her double mind, and though she did not go away justified, she comforted herself with reflections like these: "I see no good in burnin'," and "Ben't I but bidin' the time?"

And now I have got back to the beginning, where I said Elizabeth Edmonds had a troubled mind. But the troubles I have narrated were but the background—There was a new and deeper perplexity—It had sprung from an arrival at the Blue Posts Inn. There had come from London in a post-chaise to her door no less a personage than Dr. Cole, dean of St. Paul's—Dean Cole, the functionary of many a martyrdom, who had preached at the burning of Ridley and Latimer at Oxford.

No sooner had he been refreshed from his journey than he despatched a messenger with a note to Sir Lawrence Smith, Mayor of Chester, which early in the evening was responded to by a visit from his worship. Elizabeth's heart was in her throat. Surely this foreboded evil. But she was a woman of action, and determining to know all that could be ascertained, she quickly delighted her maids by telling them they might have the evening, and stationed herself on duty.

It was ten minutes to nine when the dean rang for supper. Elizabeth caused no interruption as she softly laid the cloth and returned with the cold mutton, bread and beer. At this juncture, the dean, having opened a small bag, was flourishing a paper before the mayor, saying, "Here is wherewith to lash the heretics of Ireland."

"Ah," responded the mayor, cheerfully, "then it is her Majesty's commission."

"Aye," replied the dean, "the royal commission."

Elizabeth retired hastily lest the loud beating of her heart might be heard, but returning with a bottle of relish, she saw the dean fold the commission in small compass, which, being placed in a leathern case, he returned to the side pocket of his bag, which, however, he did not lock.

Elizabeth's mind was instantly made up to frustrate the dean's mission.

"My brother! my brother!" she cried in her heart, and then to God she prayed with vehemence: "Save, O save my brother!" While she prayed she moved softly about the house, searching for something which she did not name, something, she knew not what, till her eyes lighted on a pack of cards. These she seized with a satisfied smile, and noting that the knave of clubs lay uppermost,

OLD LAMB ROW, CHESTER.

was about to change the order, but a flash of thought altered her action, and she murmured, "Let be, it is like they uns," and she secreted the cards in her dress.

So alert was she, and so greedy of action, that the three-quarters of an hour before the bell sounded passed very slowly. Fortune, that favors the brave, favored Elizabeth, for no sooner had she entered the room than the mayor announced his intention to depart. Elizabeth replenished the fire and proceeded slowly to remove the supper things. The mayor cut his departure short with a promise to escort the dean to the ship next morning.

"Know you at what hour she sails?" inquired the dean.

"At full tide, your reverence, which methinks will be before mid-day."

Then the gentlemen left the room, the dean escorting his guest to the door. Now was Elizabeth's opportunity, and quickly she opened the bag. By instinct her hand found the leathern case. Hastily the coveted paper was removed, the cards substituted, and the case replaced. When the dean returned, Elizabeth was bringing in fresh candles. "What will your reverence like for breakfast?" she said, quietly, curtseying when she had set down the candles.

Elizabeth wondered to herself why she was not afraid, why her hand did not tremble or her voice falter, but at that moment she had courage to beard a thousand lions. The dean, however, did not observe her closely, did not even appear to notice that it was the proprietress instead of one of the maids who had served him.

When safe within the precincts of her own room, contrary to her custom at this early season—it was the month of September—she laid a fire for herself. First she placed some easy combustibles from her waste basket; then from her breast she took the royal commission, and laying it on the heap, sprinkled deftly the firewood and the coal. Then from her candle's flame she set the lowest stratum ablaze. Merrily the flames shot up, and Elizabeth dropped on her knees on the rug, saying quite to herself, "Now, this be a burnin' that I like. Thee shotn't be lashed by this, my brother."

Long into the night she sat by her own fireside, enjoying her triumph and its glow; but in the morning, when her eyes opened to a murky dawn and the blackened fireplace, her mind was filled with vague alarms. If it should be discovered—if she should be arrested, what then? Why, the dean would get another commission and nothing would be gained but a little time.

She resolved not to see the dean, and

STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.

went to early mass, leaving his account with a servant, and orders that the scullery maid should meet her at the market at nine o'clock. She hoped the maid would tell the dean that she had gone to mass, as this would make him unsuspicious.

Did she feel unworthy, kneeling there in the cold cathedral. I fear not. She prayed, but it was for her brother's safety she entreated, it was for the ending of those dark days in England. Herself and her hypocritical conduct she did not consider.

And half the worshippers at the old abbey church of St. Werburgh, from which monks and priests had been driven, and to which they had returned, were like unto her. By act of parliament they believed, by royal proclamation they were converted from Protestants to Catholics. Unhappy citizens! Wretched England!

When the Latin mass was over, Elizabeth stepped from the gloom into the sunlight, which cheered her somewhat, but did not last. She paused at the statue of Henry the Eighth, and contemplating it, muttered, "Thee bissen't no saint," and then meditatively, "But if the boy had lived, the young king, if he had lived, mayhap it would a' been better."

When Elizabeth had selected her vegetables, and sent them home by the maid, she turned to the old wall, on which one may still stroll around the city, and *mounting*, walked slowly westward, striving to quiet her turbulent mind by gazing far away over the moor. Sometimes she would pause, and, leaning over the red sandstone wall, would look away to the hills—the blue Cheshire range on the right, and the nearer and more sombre mountains of Wales on the left. Now, the atmosphere growing clearer, the battlements of Beeston Castle stood out boldly, and the sun sent golden shafts down upon the groves of Hawarden.

Just as nature refreshes the poet who voices what is common to all, nature rested and refreshed the agitated soul of Elizabeth Edmonds, and the novelty of the holiday rendered the view more impressive.

Sometimes of a Sunday afternoon she had taken this walk around the city on the dear old walls, but that was when her loved brother had been with her, or in that long ago when she had strolled with her young husband, happy and light-hearted.

These memories came to her, and to check the rising of latent tenderness she pursued her journey till she suddenly became aware that she stood just over the North Gate. Then there rushed through her soul the recollection of that prison below, and the words of George Marsh floated to her as she had heard them through that leaden tube: "Be bold for Christ and true to your convictions." Yet her coward soul drew back from the course he had indicated, and which her brother had followed. She remembered the reckless fearlessness they had mani-

fested, the ringing tones and the frank, glad eyes. "Ah!" she sighed, "they uns was different inside."

Continuing her walk, her eyes caught sight of the river Dee, now swelling and widening with the incoming tide. Rounding a point below was the "Pride of Dublin," bearing towards Chester with full sail. Now, this was the ship which was to take the dean to Ireland, and a great anxiety again swept over her lest he might have missed his dreadful commission.

She was afraid to be loitering about, lest she might attract some one's inquisitive attention, so, quickening her step to a business speed, she passed the Roodee, where of old the Roman legions exercised, and where even now was going on fine practice for the autumn sports. Across the Grosvenor Road she sped, scarcely looking about her till just under the shadow of the Castle walls, whom should she espy walking towards her but Dean Cole himself, accompanied by Sir Lawrence. In his hand was the ominous despatch bag, while in their rear was a lad carrying a larger one.

Again the truly heroic spirit possessed Elizabeth Edmonds, and she walked with brisk and unfaltering step straight towards them, making the low curtsey always due to a Prebendary.

Safely past, how the waters of the Dee sparkled and laughed, and how musical was the swish of the white-fringed tidal wave creeping persistently to its farthest margin. Children, with their ankles red with the briny wash, were paddling on the opposite shore and their happy laughter found an echo in the triumph of Elizabeth's soul.

That the disclosure was sure to come sometime did not trouble her now. It did come, and great was the chagrin of the reverend dean, and happy was the hilarity of the endangered heretics when it was known that at the meeting of the Privy Council, the royal commission for the arrest and trial of all Protestants, proved to be a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost.

Early in October, the "Pride of Dublin" sailed up the Dee, bearing the Dean of St. Paul's on his homeward journey. He did not, as on the former occasion, put up at the Blue Posts Inn, but was the guest of Sir Lawrence Smith, to whom he confided the failure of his expedition.

Now it was clear to the united minds of these gentlemen that the cause of this ridiculous blunder was the hostess of the

ABBEY GATE, CHESTER.

Blue Posts Inn, and Elizabeth was summoned to appear before the offended dignitary and confess her offence.

Poor Elizabeth! her time was come; and it is to be acknowledged that she walked into the great hall of his worship the mayor, with some trepidation. The tall footman who had admitted her, returning from an inner room, whence the voices of the dreaded officials smote like lead upon her ear, conducted her to their presence. Abashed she entered. It was a lordly room and its magnificence overawed her. Dimly she realized that the reverend dean was stating his case, had put her a question, and that she was expected to answer yes or no. She wondered whether when she opened her mouth her voice would come.

"Did you or did you not?" again struck on the tympanum of her ear.

"I did." To her surprise the words came out clearly. Then to her dismay another and more fearful question followed.

"Call you yourself a Roman Catholic and loyal subject of her Majesty Queen Mary, or are you a Protestant and a heretic?"

"I am, your reverence, a——loyal——" Here Elizabeth heard distinctly a crackling sound in her ears, she saw George Marsh bound in the flames, she saw his upturned face, and whether it was his

calm look, or that an angel strengthened her, she could not tell, but fearlessly her words rang out, "I am a loyal Protestant."

"That will do," said the dean in an austere voice, "You may return to your home. I will bear the case to her Majesty."

As though on wings Elizabeth returned to her home. No fear was in her heart, but in her eyes shone a happy light. Now she understood her brother and George Marsh, and Stephen, the first of all the martyrs.

Time passed on uneventfully in old Chester. The autumn rains swelled the Dee, the cold breath of winter came up from the sea, the forests loomed black in the sullen clouds, but still no sign of Elizabeth's doom. November had passed its middle, when one day Elizabeth went to the shops in the rows to purchase new woollens for her guest-beds. Considering whether ten-shilling blankets would do, and how many she might safely purchase, she stood in the comfortable shelter of the rows, with her attention fixed on the goods in the show window before her, when the voice of the crier struck suddenly upon her ear:

"Queen Mary died at St. James' Palace on November 17th. Elizabeth is proclaimed. The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen."

Elizabeth was beside herself with joy and bewilderment. No stake f No fear for her brother. Her l her own Warwick, could come h dear old Chester, and they shou together. Oh joy! joy! joy the church, the cathedral, the lib pray in peace in the dear old way. it true, was it all true?

But the crier went on, from co corner, ringing his bell and shou the top of his voice, and the p swarmed into the streets, and El forgot all about the blankets s come to buy.

After the more pressing busir state was discharged at England's capital, the story of the dean's com and Elizabeth Edmonds' disposal Royal commandment, came to th of the new Queen.

"Listen, my lords and gentleme said laughing, "and the wench namesake of mine besides. My Treasurer, it is my pleasure th annuity of forty pounds be besto Elizabeth Edmonds for the remai her natural life."

How it fared with the dean I know, but it may be that he adjus confession of faith to the new ment, and lived happy ever after. it is more likely that some sor reaping came to him this side of

Toronto, Ont.

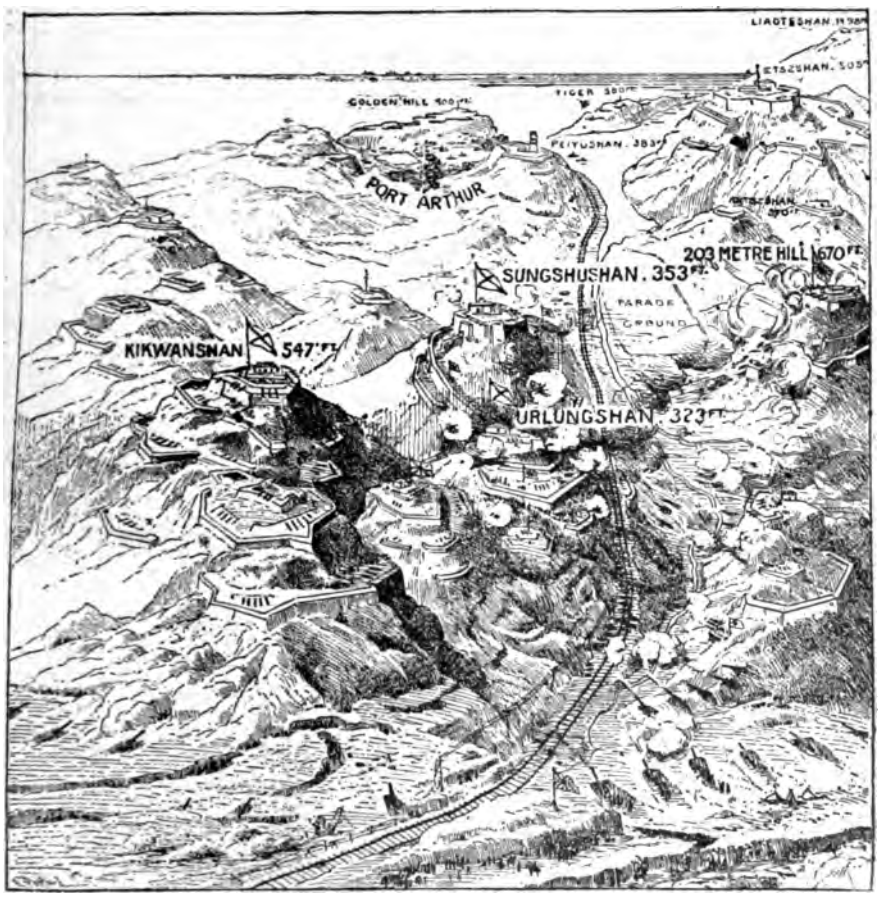
"WHEN I MEDITATE ON THEE IN THE NIGHT WATCHES."

BY REV. WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL.

When, in the silence of the midnight hour,
We wakeful lie, oftimes the Spirit deigns
To visit us,—as when on thirsty plains
Falls the cool grace of a refreshing shower,
Making the desert places bloom and flower.
Then, from the long ago, come back to mind
Great, simple thoughts, too often left behind
In the fierce strife for fortune, fame, or power,—
Truths we have learned in childhood, but outgrown
In manhood's years, to selfish struggle given.
Ah! give us, Lord, a childlike heart, that we
May know that in these simple truths alone
Lie all the joy of earth and hope of heaven,—
The kinship of the human soul with thee!

—*Interior.*

Current Topics and Events.

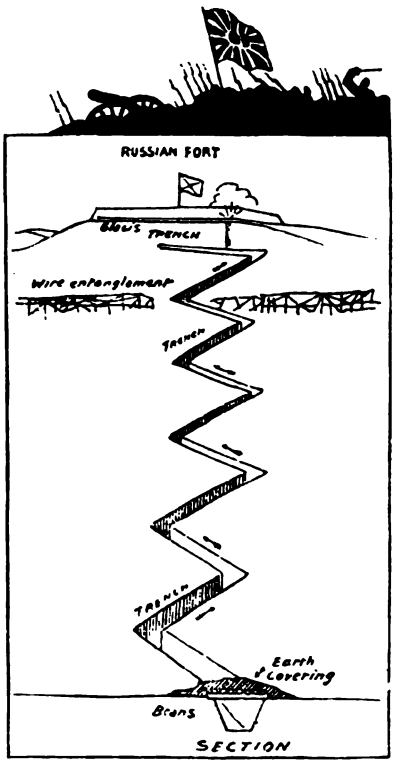


THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

A map of Port Arthur, showing 203 Metre Hill, Urlungshan and Sungshushan, the scene of the final desperate assaults at Port Arthur.

Achieving the Impossible.

The long expected fall of Port Arthur ends a long tragedy of suffering, misery and death. Never was such a series of mutually supporting forts, reinforced with all the skill of modern military science, aided by lavish expenditure of money and toil, reduced, not by the slow process of starvation, but by sapping and mining and assault. The Russians were not starved into submission, for nearly two thousand horses were surrendered. During the siege of Paris, horse-flesh was converted into a table dainty, and some aver that it is largely used in time of peace. During the siege of Pekin, it is alleged, that some of the besieged garrison preferred "curried" horse—but they were epicures.



HOW THE JAPS TOOK PORT ARTHUR.

These snakelike sapping trenches were used by Gen. Nogi's army in reaching the Russian forts.

The army of forty thousand Russians, with the sailors of the fleet and the big guns of the ships, made the place almost impregnable. But if great praise is given Stoessel for his stubborn defence, what shall be said of the patience, the skill, the reckless daring of the Japanese in its assault and capture? It was the key of the situation in the Far East. While it remained in the hands of the Russians, it was a place of refuge for their Baltic fleet, a thorn in the side of the Japanese, and a perpetual menace to their navy, transports and communications.

But, after all, neither defence nor siege and assault embody the highest kind of courage. The one was the brute prowess of a bear at bay, fighting to the last in defence of his den; the other was the reckless attack of savage courage, eager to destroy its foe. Of a *higher order* was the moral courage that made Stoessel yield to the inevitable, that conquered his pride and his indomitable will and saved a forlorn remnant of his host. It was cruel to deceive so brave a man by reports of succor from Kuropatkin and the Baltic fleet when it was long known that both were impossible.

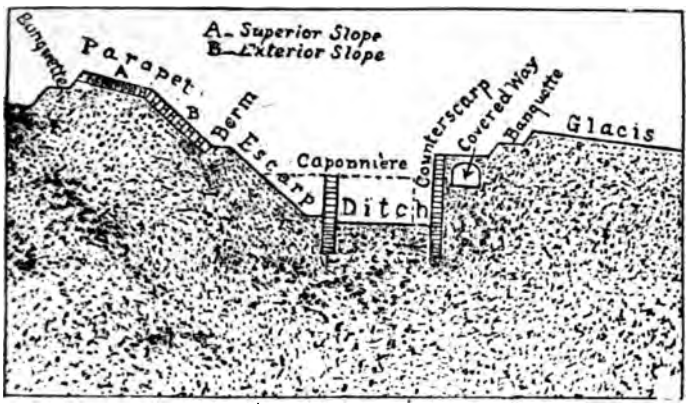
The generosity of the Japanese in offering their freedom to so long a list of generals, admirals, colonels, majors, and other officers is a nobler tribute to their character than their valor in the field. After the peace which must inevitably come in the not distant future, it will be shown that they have conquered their foes not less by kindness than by arms.

It is humiliating to the pride of the northern Colossus that its "pigmy foes," for whom it professed such haughty disdain, should have achieved such a record of victories, while Russia has not scored a single one; but the chances of restoring her prestige by either sea or land seem less than ever. The highest courage and the truest wisdom would be to now submit to the inevitable and carry out the pledges which she made to all the world in the restoration of Manchuria to China, and the respecting the independence of Korea. As for the Baltic fleet, its safest place will be the Baltic Sea—beneath the guns of Cronstadt.

Continued disaster in the field will certainly menace the stability of the throne. The volcanic fires that so long have been seething and rumbling, like Enceladus beneath Mount Etna, may, if still further suppressed, burst forth in an awful cataclysm which will overthrow both throne and altar in the dust in a revolution worse than that of France in 1789. Better far have a peaceful reform, a new era of freedom at home, than a precarious and temporary victory on the Chinese Sea.

Our diagrams show how thoroughly fortified Port Arthur was and the enormous difficulties which the Japanese overcame. The forts on the sea-front were of still more Titanic strength than those shown in our diagram. Our sections of these fortifications will indicate the nature of the attack. We quote as follows from The Literary Digest:

The spectator who stationed himself immediately in front of that frowning, shapeless work referred to in despatches as Antzshan would find at his feet a long, smooth approach to a ditch. The approach is called the glacis. General Nogi's only resource was sap-work—



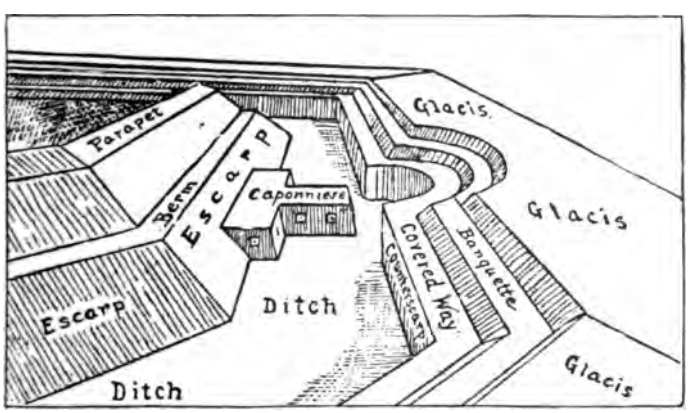
SECTION OF FORTIFICATION.

trenches sunk in the ground. The ditch at the base of every main fort is stated by an expert in the London Times to be protected by kaponiers or projecting turrets of masonry. These kaponiers mount machine-guns and heavier weapons, and are so constructed as to sweep the ditch with their fire, while it is impossible to penetrate into them. . . . Their capture or destruction is, therefore, a necessary preliminary to any assault on the forts. Each of these ditches has cost thousands of Japanese lives.

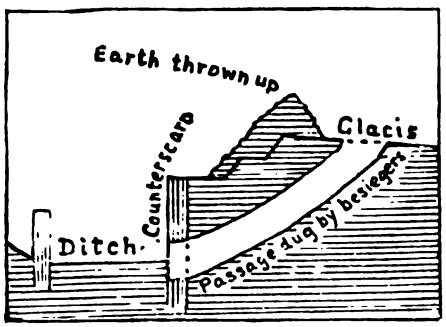
The outer wall of the ditch referred to is called the counterscarp. Hence the spectator who fell over the edge of the glacis would roll over one or two step-like formations down the counterscarp and into the ditch, there to be "wiped out," remarks the London Standard, by a "terribly destructive fire" from a kaponier (or caponniere). If, however, the spectator were not fired upon at all, and were not impaled upon "wire entanglements" as are Nogi's troops in like circumstances, but rose to his feet and gazed from the bottom of the ditch to the parapet in front of him, he would be looking up the escarp. General Nogi had to breach the escarp of each main fort in the last line of defence before he could capture the place.

STOESSEL'S LAST LINE.

"Our sketch illustrates the terms which have been frequently mentioned in dispatches describing attacks on the Port Arthur forts," says the accurate Manchester Guardian, from which we copy.



FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 180.



THE DESCENT INTO THE DITCH.

"The approach to the defences shown above is conducted by parallels, that is, by lines of trenches parallel with the defences to be attacked, and advanced closer and closer by means of 'zig-zag' trenches, the batteries advancing at the same time. The following is an explanation of the various terms:

"Glacis: The sloping descent toward the open country from the top of the ditch, clear of any obstacle which might obstruct the fire of the defenders.

"Banquette: A step on which the defenders stand to fire over any parapet in front of them. Thus a banquette is shown a few feet below the level of the actual crest of the glacis. The defenders, standing on this, fire down the slope of the glacis. Another banquette is within the fort proper, a few feet below the parapet which rests on the escarp.

"Counterscarp: The face of the ditch nearest to the besiegers. There is thus a slight fall from the actual crest of the glacis to the banquette, and a further slight descent from the banquette to the top of the counterscarp.

"Covered Way: A passage in the counterscarp, running round the ditch. In this the defenders gather for a sortie, under protection from the besiegers' fire. It contains places of entrance and exit toward the inner works of the fort and the outside.

"The Ditch: Generally from fifteen to twenty feet in depth and about forty yards or more in breadth. The measurements, however, depend on the size of the other works.

"Caponniere: A covered work emerging out of the escarp and placed across the ditch. It contains guns, loopholes for musketry, etc., and exposes an enemy descending into and crossing the ditch *to a fierce cross-fire.* Hence the necessity to destroy the caponniere before the ditch is crossed.

"Escarp: The side of the ditch nearest to the inner fort.

"Berm: A step left between the escarp proper and the parapet. The parapet being of great weight, and pressing on the earth beneath (the escarp) tends to push it outward into the ditch. The berm is a device to relieve the pressure.

"Parapet: The rampart of the fort proper, sloping downward to the berm. Standing on the banquette, on the inner side of the parapet, the defenders have a clear field of fire over the escarp, trench, counterscarp, and glacis."

The defence of Stoessel was a brave one, but the reasons assigned for his surrender, the exhaustion of food and ammunition, were contradicted by fact. "There was no sign of privation in Port Arthur," says The Times' despatch, "and the surrender was inexplicable. The Protestant defenders of Rochelle, of Leyden, of Haarlem, and of Londonderry, were reduced to straits compared with which the conditions of Port Arthur were luxury. General Nogi reports that the Japanese captured at Port Arthur 546 guns, 82,670 shells, 60,000

AVE CAESAR.

Punch's dedication to General Stoessel, the gallant defender of Port Arthur.

THE NEW LIGHT.

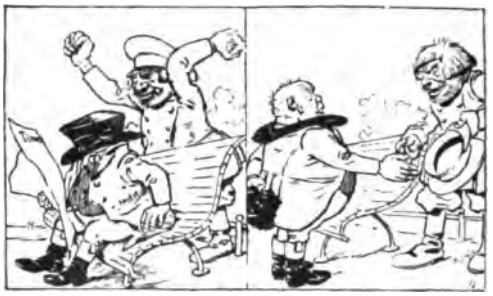
—From the Minneapolis Tribune.

pounds of powder, and 2,226,800 rounds of rifle ammunition. The fact seems to be that Stoessel was defeated by the intrepid valor of the Japanese—a good reason for surrendering, not a reason for saying he was starved out, which was not true."

Drunkenness seems to be the great vice of the Russians. The illustrated papers give photos of immense quantities of liquors piled up at the railway stations in Manchuria. The Times' cable despatches of January 15 report that in Port Arthur, after the surrender, champagne was always obtainable. There was little dysentery or typhus, but the soldiers suffered from scurvy, owing to the lack of vegetables. Many of the military officers were useless, applying for leave on days when there were attacks, and leaving the command to the sergeants. The naval officers were useless. They were generally drunk. The whole navy was demoralized by the death of Makaroff, which produced a marked apathy. When the first news of the capitulation was known soldiers looted a store containing 5,600 bottles of vodka. There were terrible orgies in the streets, and the troops sent to quell the disturbance joined the revellers. The food supply was sufficient for three months.

The Underground City.

How few of us, writes W. T. Stead, have even attempted to realize the extraordinary spectacle which is now *to be* witnessed in Manchuria! On the banks of the Shaho River, what is to all intents and purposes an immense city has been dug into the ground, in which day by day and night by night there live and sleep and eat and drink at least half a million of our fellow-creatures—one-half of them are Russian and white-skinned, the other are Japanese of a yellower tint. Imagine this vast host of men, brought together solely for purposes of mutual destruction, living week after week within gunshot of each other, constantly on the qui-vive, with their guns and powder and shot always ready for action. It is an underground city, for men have become troglodytes from their hatred of each other and their dread of the cold. They have hewn out for themselves caves in the earth, where they wait and watch, ready for the summons to battle. Over all the vast stretch of country covered by the opposing fronts of this dual city there grows no living thing. Nor is there a running spring or flowing river. Under the intense cold all water has been congealed, and before horse or man can drink, ice has to be quarried from the river and thawed by fire, for which there is but scant fuel. Imagine the toil, the strain, the forethought, the energy employed merely in feeding this city of half a million able-bodied men; a womanless, childless city, which produces nothing, and consumes every day a thousand tons of food. Imagine also the dull, sodden misery of it all. And the stench! for in an underground city there can be no drains. Disease is rife, and the hospitals are full. There is nothing in all the savage horrors of the battlefield which so impresses the imagination with a sense of the malignant, intolerable curse which war



A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING; OR, THE RUSSIAN JOKER AT HULL.

"Oh, excuse me. I didn't know you with that hat on, and mistook you for a Jap."

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.

inflicts upon the peoples as the spectacle of this underground City of Hell in which half a million wretched men are spending weeks in torment in readiness for a day of carnage.

CANADA WELCOMES THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

—Witness.

Earl Grey has been winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. His public utterances have shown tact and discrimination. He is thoroughly imbued with the sense of his duty to this brightest gem in the British crown and of its glorious possibilities. We admire the philanthropic purpose of his mode of dealing with the drink evil in Britain, though we may not be sure of its success. His visit to western Canada will be everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm.

Canada First.

We are always glad to note the progress of Canada. The Scientific American for December 31st announces that the longest span bridge in the world is now under construction across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. It has a great central span of 1,800 feet in length, exceeding by 90 feet the span of the great Forth bridge in Scotland. Provision is made for a double-track railway, two roadways for vehicles, and two sidewalks. The main posts of this cantilever are 325 feet in length, and each weigh 750 tons.

The whole first page of the following number of The Scientific American is filled with a picture of the largest water turbine in the world, a colossal structure now being erected at Shawenegan, on the St. Maurice, eighty-four miles north-east of Montreal. It has a capacity of 10,500 horse-power. It is 30 feet from base to top, 22 feet wide, and weighs ten tons. Four hundred thousand gallons of water pass through it every minute, equal to a river 100 feet wide, 9 feet deep, flowing at the rate of 60 feet per minute. Ten thousand horse-power is transmitted eighty-four miles to Montreal for trolley power and electric lighting.

Canada possesses the grandest water-powers in the world. Not counting the splendid developments of the Niagara and St. Lawrence, with a whole chain of fresh-water seas for their mill-pond, from the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay are hundreds of lakes and streams which will furnish the energy of millions of horses. On both slopes of the Rockies, the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Coast Range are still greater water-powers. She possesses by far the greatest supplies of pulp-wood in existence which the energy of these streams can convert into pulp and paper for the world. The fact that electrical energy can be transmitted two hundred and fifty miles opens a new manufacturing era to our country.

Canada has the honor of having the

THE LATE REV. DAVIDSON MACDONALD, M.D.

first two ocean turbine steamers yet launched, 12,000 tons each. It was Canada that sent the first steamship across the sea. It was Canada that introduced the first post-card, now multiplied by billions. It was Canada that led the way to penny postage throughout the British Empire, and Canada that first of all the dependencies of the Empire, offered preferential trade to the mother country. Well may we use the words of Milton :

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit ; acute to invent, subtile to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

A Great Missionary.

The death of Dr. Davidson Macdonald removes the second of our heroic pioneer missionaries to Japan. His friend and colleague, Dr. Cochran, by a few years preceded him from labor to reward. It was much more of an adventure to proceed to the Far East over thirty years ago than it is to-day, and Dr. Macdonald had the honor of being the first foreign missionary to the inland city of Shidzuoka when life and safety were by no means assured. "Here he succeeded in building up," says Dr. Sutherland, "what is to-day our strongest church in Japan."

It was our first experiment in sending out a medical missionary. So successful was the result that it has been many times repeated since. The healer of men's bodies has a special opportunity to become also the healer of their souls. His professional aid was warmly welcomed in the highest circles and in the British and foreign legations. It was also freely tendered to the impoverished natives. Almost in the words of St. Peter our modern apostle could say, "Silver and gold have I none, but in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." The triumphs of modern surgery seemed absolutely miraculous to even so intelligent a people as the Japanese.

Dr. Macdonald and Dr. Cochrane laid broad and deep and stable the foundations

A TRIUMPH OF PEACE.
From the New York Herald.

of our successful mission in the island empire, and who shall say how great has been their influence in moulding the thought and mind of that "nation born in a day" ?

Nearly thirty years ago, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, we asked the Japanese commissioner if he knew Dr. Macdonald. "Why," he said, as his eye flashed, "Dr. Macdonald baptized me." Dr. Cochran, too, did most important work in aiding in the translation of the Scriptures into the Japanese language.

Our first two missionaries were men fervent in spirit, wise in counsel, instant in labor, and to them our Church and the Empire of the Rising Sun owe a debt of gratitude which never can be paid. The Christian Guardian of January 11th contains noble tributes to our now sainted Brother Browning, Dr. Macdonald's spiritual father, whose words come like a voice from the other world, and by the colleagues or successors in our premier mission field.

If instead of the burly figure of John Bull, who is at present at peace with all the world, the American cartoonist had introduced the figure of Japan, it would render his cartoon complete. These two great powers may well submit to the tribunal of The Hague. Each has shown itself capable of titanic effort, each has more to gain by peace than by war.

Dr. Withrow's illustrated programme of summer travel in Europe for 1905 is now ready. A copy will be sent on request to any one interested.

THE WHITE PLAGUE.

Yours truly
E. J. Barrick

M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., L. R. C. P. and S. Lon. and Edin. Toronto, Ont.

Our accomplished townsman, Dr. E. J. Barrick, who has waged such an unceasing war against the white plague in Canada, had the honor of being president the International Congress on Tuberc losis at the World's Fair, St. Louis. H

presidential address, printed in The Medical Brief, is a lucid and luminous account of what has been, and may be, accomplished in arresting the frightful mortality and suffering from this cause. His concluding words are as follows: "I earnestly plead for municipal sanatoria on behalf of the eight thousand people who die each year in the Dominion of Canada, entailing an estimated annual financial loss of $48,000,000, and on behalf of the over one hundred thousand citizens of this great republic, who die annually of this same disease, at an estimated financial loss of over $600,000,000. Let the cry go up from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Save the people, save this financial loss, and establish municipal sanatoria for consumptives. How, then, may the difficulties in the way of municipal sanatoria be overcome? I answer, educate, educate, educate. A campaign of popular education, aided by the medical, legal and lay press, the pulpit and the platform, should be sufficient to arouse the public to a sense of its duty in this great work of saving and prolonging the lives of the people."

We do not care to wait till a man dies to say something about him. A pound of "taffy" is worth a ton of "epitaphy" any day. We have had the pleasure of working with Dr. Barrick on anti-tuberculosis committees, and have found him an exceedingly courteous gentleman and public-spirited citizen. Dr. Barrick is one of the few surviving original trustees of the Metropolitan Church, and his large influence has ever been exerted on behalf of social and moral reform.

Religious Intelligence.

CHINA.

Nineteen Centuries after Christ's Commission to make Disciples of all Nations.

Each black square represents one million souls living in spiritual darkness. The small white square in the centre represents the total number of adherents attached to the Protestant Churches in China, estimated at about 250,000.

A parallel case would be if Bradford, or Hull, or Newcastle, or Nottingham were a Christian town, whilst the whole of the rest of Europe was without Christ.

"How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"

"Take your Bible, and carefully count, not the chapters or the verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the 'Amen' of the Revelation; and when you have accomplished the task, go over it again and again and again—ten times, twenty, forty times—nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women, and children of that old and wondrous empire. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour; thirty-three thousand will pass to-day for ever beyond your reach. Dispatch your missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, will have passed away to their final account before he can reach their shores. Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep."—The Rev. Silvester Whitehead.

ONE OUT OF FIVE.

One-fifth of all the women of the world are found in the homes of China. One baby girl out of every five is cradled

in a Chinese mother's arms, unwelcomed and unloved, unless by that poor mother's heart. One little maiden out of every five grows up in ignorance and neglect, drudging in the daily toil of some poor Chinese family, or crying over the pain of her crippled feet in the seclusion of a wealthier home. Among all the youthful brides who day by day pass from the shelter of their childhood's home, one out of every five goes weeping in China to the tyranny of the mother-in-law she dreads, and the indifference of a husband she has never seen. . . . One out of every five, at the close of earthly life, passes into the shadow and terror that surround a Chinese grave, never having heard of Him who alone can rob death of its sting. One-fifth of all the women are waiting, waiting in China, for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. What a burden of responsibility does this lay upon us—the women of Christendom!—Mrs. F. Howard Taylor.

Taking Stock.

In every counting-house and store and factory in the world that adopts correct business methods the annual stock-taking is an imperative affair. So, too, as churches and as individuals we should take stock of our standing at the beginning of another year. We should use these milestones on Time's highway to measure our progress. In many things we see marked advance—the growth of our country in population, in trade, in manufactures, in wealth, are gratifying. But this is not enough.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

We have unbounded faith in the future, but there are things in our moral and religious condition that give us pause. Take the temperance situation. We boast that Canada drinks less liquor than any country in the world, that in Ontario tavern licenses have been greatly reduced. Very good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. As a matter of fact, more liquor is drunk than ever before. We remember when, with a fourth of its population, Toronto had twice as many taverns, but the drink trade to-day is a menace and an evil as it was not in those early times. The greater monopoly of this drunkard-making business gives it a greater power and wealth and influence. The good-will of some of these taverns has sold for an enormous sum, an unearned increment which goes to the big breweries and distilleries which control the trade. In England forty thousand pounds has been paid for the good-will of a tavern near the great Armstrong works, from the facilities it offers for taking enormous toll from the earnings of the workmen.

The organized power of the liquor traffic is greater than ever it was, and the fact that an ex-distiller, whose great wealth is derived from this wretched trade, received over 12,000 votes for the highest office in the gift of this city, shows how many people are willing to wink at and condone the infamous business.

In the religious world there is much to encourage us. The increased interest in missions, the volunteers, by scores in Canada, and by hundreds on this continent, for mission work, the increased gifts to missions, home and foreign, the growth of our Young People's Societies, and their increasing devotion and missionary zeal, these and many other marks of religious progress are causes of devout gratitude to God.

But with improved machinery and wealth and agents our Church is not making all the progress that it should. The eye-opening letter of the Rev. W. McMullen in The Guardian, and the discussion on the subject in our churches, shows the need of taking stock, of discovering the nature and cause of leakage, and of seeking, by God's grace, a renewal of the old-time power whereby Methodism, with far inferior equipment in numbers, in wealth, in education, was doing relatively far greater work. We hope that every official board, every League and Sunday-school, every pastor and teacher, every individual member of Canadian and world-wide Methodism will take this solemn question to heart and seriously take stock of the situation, and with renewed consecration and zeal pray mightily to God, "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?"

Is Methodism Declining?

In his sermon on this subject, the Rev. W. H. Hincks, said that all the Churches, under the influence of the evolutionary hypothesis and the higher criticism, especially as taught by extremists, have lost much of their old evangelistic zeal and have changed some of their revival methods. He argued that a higher type of quiet, practical efficiency had been gained. He was prepared to

take any revival that God might send, but prayed to be preserved from the old reaction. He believed that the higher criticism would be accepted by the Methodist Church in proportion as it promoted evangelism. The Church was not without great signs of encouragement. Whole classes passed into the Church from the evangelism of the Sunday-schools, but were not included in congregational returns. Methodism had increased 147 per cent. since 1870, and seventy-five per cent. in Canada since 1883. But he had no doubt they had lost power in approaching the masses. If men were to be reached it was through their recognized wants, and there was not a want of humanity which was not an avenue for evangelization.

"THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING, AND IT IS MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES."

It was a history-making conference that was held in Knox Church, Toronto, during the busy Christmas week, when the streets were crowded with holiday purchasers. It was fitting that that time of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" should be signalized by this triumph of Christian brotherhood. One hundred and fifty representative men of three Christian Churches spent the greater part of three days in prayer, in friendly consultation, and arrangements as touching the unity of God's kingdom.

The days were spent in brotherly consideration of questions of doctrine, polity, the office and training of the ministry. The representatives of the different Churches vied with one another in kindly and Christian courtesy. While some difficulties were frankly stated, yet they were met in a most brotherly spirit of conciliation.

The delegations of the several Churches met separately to decide the vital question whether they should go forward to the appointment of committees for working out details of the proposed basis of union. This was a vital and critical occasion; because lack of concurrence here might wreck the whole movement.

The delegations then met in joint conference. With bated breath the conference awaited the several reports. That of the Methodist delegation was that although there were difficulties in the way of all the Churches, yet there were none that were deemed insuperable, and it expressed willingness to go forward to the appointment of committees to prepare,

THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

if practicable, a basis of union. In this the other delegations concurred. The reports were received in profound silence —with feelings too deep for demonstrations of applause. Yet gratitude to God welled up in many a heart. Committees were nominated of forty each on doctrine, polity, administration, the ministry, and of fifteen on law. The conference sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—a singularly appropriate hymn, and thus this great religious movement advanced another stage in its progress. The result of the deliberations and negotiations of these committees will be presented to a future meeting of the joint conference, and to the church courts, which will take action as to the further steps of this great movement, which all have felt has been specially guided by God.

We are glad to see that these Churches have, at Montreal and elsewhere, been meeting together for Christian fellowship and prayer. Let the good work extend in every quarter. This shall be the demonstration of the depth and strength of the feeling in favor of union. We regret to see a writer in The Guardian speak of the "empty gush and sickly sentimentality which have hitherto been only too manifest." These are the last words that should be applied to the words of Christian brotherhood of such wise and godly counsellors as the now sainted Principal Caven and Principal Grant, and

THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

of almost every utterance of that great assembly. It is worthy of note that every decision of that conference was unanimous. If any one was opposed he did not show it by his vote. So we deem The Guardian right in saying that "of those composing the committee the number in favor of the proposed union 'overwhelmingly outweighed the number of contrary or even of hesitant judgment.'"

The pillar of cloud and of fire that led God's people through the Red Sea and the wilderness will go before us still, and will guide his Church into the Land of Promise he has prepared for us.

Promoted Brethren.

Never before has the same morning paper brought us the intelligence of the death, on the same day, of three distinguished ministers of the Methodist Church—including Dr. Macdonald, four within a week—and the Rev. A. S. Edwards, our missionary to the Indians at Walpole Island, the week before. The nearest approach which we remember was when our late General Superintendent, Dr. Rice, and the revered and beloved Dr. Carroll almost at the same time passed away. The three recent deaths represent three of the former divisions now happily combined in the united Methodist Church of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. Lathern, of Halifax, N.S., was indeed a brother beloved by all who knew him. Of English birth and parentage, he studied for a mining engineer, but later joined the British Methodist Conference, and volunteered for work in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he occupied in succession the principal churches. He reached the highest offices in the gift of his brethren, those of President of the Nova Scotia Conference and Editor of The Wesleyan, both of which positions he filled with distinguished success. Dr. Lathern's ability as a writer is not unknown to the readers of this magazine, by his Life of James Morrow, and other books, and by his frequent contributions to this magazine. His death, on January 7, at the age of seventy-three, is felt to be a great loss not only in his own congregation, but throughout the entire community.

On the same day death came suddenly to another venerable and beloved minister, the Rev. Arthur Browning, Toronto. He was born in Cornwall, England, seventy-one years ago, and retained to the last his Cornish fire and fervor and evangelistic zeal. He came to Canada in 1857, and was one of our earliest missionaries of British Columbia. His labors among the Indians of the seacoast and the gold miners of Cariboo abounded in episodes of a stirring romance. He

THE REV. WILLIAM BEE.

was a man of fearless courage, and admirably adapted for the rough and ready life of those early times. His narratives of mission work "West of the Rockies" in this magazine have been read with intense interest. Death came suddenly. He fell upon the street, and before a physician could be summoned passed away.

On the same day the Rev. William Bee, one of the foremost ministers of the former Primitive Methodist Church, died at his residence in this city. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight, and celebrated his golden wedding a year ago. He was a stalwart northcountryman, born in Northumberland, and was marked by the vigorous brawn and brain of that border country. He came to Canada forty years ago, and received prominent appointments in the church of his choice, he becoming in succession Missionary Secretary and Book Steward and Editor of The Christian Journal. He was a warm friend of Methodist union, a man of deeply evangelical spirit and sweet and saintly character. One daughter is a missionary in Chentu.

The presence of these brethren will be sorely missed in the Annual Conferences, where they were wont to take an intense interest and at times an active part in their deliberations, especially those involving the spiritual interest of the Church.

Book Notices.

"The Burden of the City." By Isabelle Horton, Superintendent of Social and Educational Work in Halsted Street Church, Chicago. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222.

The accomplished author of this book is well known in Canada as a lady of remarkable literary grace and forceful and eloquent pulpit and platform ability. She has devoted her best powers of heart and mind to the problem of the poor. As a leading writer for The Deaconess Advocate, and latterly as Superintendent of Social and Educational Work in the Halsted Institutional Church, Chicago, she has come into closest contact with these problems. The burden of the city has rested upon her soul as the burden of Israel on that of the old prophets.

The burden is enough, if only revealed as in this book, to wring tears of sympathy from every heart, and arouse the most lethargic to effort and action. In London, New York, Chicago, in every great centre, and many lesser ones, the problem of the poor, of the suffering, the sorrowing, the sinning, has become most exigent. Thank God, loving hearts and wise brains are devoting their best powers to its solution. There are "cities within cities," even in Canada. In Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg, we have our Chinatown, our Ghetto, our Little Italy, where foreign signs and foreign speech confront one. We must elevate these people, or they will drag us down—they will dehumanize and barbarize our civilization. "The submerged tenth," just think what it means! The social inequalities sow the seeds of anarchism. As the son of toil reads of the wanton and wicked extravagance of the "smart set," of the table loaded with presents for a pug-dog, among them a diamond-studded collar, no wonder the iron enters his soul.

This book is not a mere prophet's scroll of woe, but an evangel of gladness. It tells what has been done to solve the problem, to lift the burden, to succor and save the poor. In luminous chapters it recites the history of that noble form of Christian beneficence, Settlement Work—the dwelling of cultured and richly dowered souls among the poor, akin to the coming of our Lord from heaven to earth. It describes the methods of the modern Church in grappling with these evils; the divine work of the deaconess in gracious ministries of love and tenderness; work among the children, snatching them from the perils and the doom which have overtaken so many of their elders. A bright and cheery chapter on Co-operation, "a dream that is not all a dream," tells what is possible by mutual help and the co-ordination of the cities' charities. The battle with the slum and with the drink demon is the battle of civilization. It is the old fight of St.

George and the dragon over again. Many efforts to elevate the people have failed through dependence on secular effort, on machinery, on money. The only healer of the city's moral malady is the divine Christ and his impersonation in the loving hearts and consecrated souls of his followers. This ministry is largely committed to woman. Her keener sympathies, her intuitive understanding of human nature, her finer wisdom in meeting soul problems, make her in many cases the only possible ministrant to the lapsed and lost. This book is indispensable to any who would understand the best methods of city mission work.

"The Dynamic of Christianity. A Study in the Vital and Permanent Element in the Christian Religion." by Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

This is an important contribution to the most vital and far-reaching movements of the twentieth century in the realm of constructive Christian thought. It is balanced and devout, moving freely through all the fields of modern scholarship involved in the questions discussed, and is clear-eyed for the divine immensities with which the human mind and heart may be increasingly enriched.

Two things characterize the beginning of the twentieth century which will become increasingly evident with the flow of the years. The one is the passing of the effervescence of unbelief consequent upon the intellectual revolution brought to the popular mind by Darwinism in its crude adolescence: the other is the rehabilitation and enlargement of faith, which harnesses the revolution into a divine force, giving it the value of a divine revelation, which, as is always the case with a true advance, preserves the essential of the old and gives it a larger field for operation. Manufactured theology is giving way to the conception of a living, growing kingdom of God, both within us and among us, in which all the elements of theology, worthy of God and man, are reset for wider effectiveness.

This book is a sane and scriptural contribution to the latter, the constructive movement, finding the Dynamic of Christianity where Christ left it, and the Apostles recognized it, in the Holy Spirit, and the final authority in religion in His operations recorded in the past or experienced in the present. The author gives modern and scientific statement to a great truth emphasized by the Quakers in their days of power, and in a larger sense by the early Methodists; in which modern Methodism has much to relearn and to develop if she is not to lose her crown. No earnest Methodist minister or lay-worker should lose the inspiration and education in the things of the Spirit afforded by this book, which, though it does not fully and consciously enter into the holy of holies of the Methodist "depositum," does open the way in a most intelligent and intelligible manner to the very portals, and lays down principles which, if sanely applied, will work out to splendid fruition in the divinest experience possible to man.

C. S. E.

"The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature." A Study in the History of Religion. By Irving F. Wood, Ph.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-280. Price, $1.25.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times, presaging glorious days of triumph for the Son of Man on this planet, is the scholarly, devout and practical study of the Holy Spirit and his work among men. The volume under review is a distinct contribution to this phase of modern scholarship, preparatory to a readjustment of the eternal truths of divine revelation in the appropriate intellectual garb of a larger age—an age capable of, and responsible for, larger things for God and man. While familiar with and using all the literature available on the subject, our author appears to be hampered by none, using all in an original investigation into the evolution of the conception of the Spirit of God in all the religious literatures of the world, in order to bring out clearly the Biblical and Christian idea. In Part I., "The Spirit of God in Hebrew Thought," he reviews in a most exhaustive manner the canonical writings before the exile, after the exile, the Palestinian and Alexandrian phases of Jewish thought in the Apocryphal books. We see the lines of development from the early crude emotional and charismatic conceptions to the ethical and cosmic. We see how Greek thought gave its contribution, both positive and negative, in preparation for subsequent Christian thought. In Part II., "The Spirit of God in New Testament Thought," we are guided skilfully through the conceptions of the gospels and the epistles

into an understanding of the influence of Paul and John on the thought of after ages. Every student of divine things who wants material to help him in doing his own thinking, should not only read this book, but study and slowly absorb the facts here brought out in the most scientific, up-to-date scholarship coupled with a devout and spiritually-minded atmosphere. For the man who wants only easy "pre-digested" food to season and dish up for a quick supply of sermons, this is not the thing. Not that it is so difficult: it is profound, but luminous as day. But it must be handled as a whole and not for its quotable nuggets. It is furnished with a good bibliography on the subject, and also a brief but very useful index. C. S. E.

"Poverty." By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Company. Pp. xi-382. Price, $1.50.

"The poor ye have always with you," said the Master, and we have them with us to-day. But "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." That is the purpose of this book, to diagnose the disease and seek its cure. The writer has been associated for a dozen years with social and economic reform. He writes out of a large experience. It is certainly a surprise to be told that no less than ten millions of persons in the United States are underfed, underclothed, poorly housed. In a series of incisive chapters he treats of the social wreckage in the abyss of the cities of the Union. He shows that the evils of poverty are reproductive, that degeneracy tends to deepen and widen. The vagrant and the tramp are in large degree the cause as well as the product of poverty. They prefer vagrancy to toil, they make mendicancy a profession; they are above working with the "dagoes" and "sheenies" and other foreign laborers.

Our author recognizes intemperance as one of the most prolific causes of poverty. Drunkenness and sickness are responsible for thirty-five to fifty per cent. of this evil. His remedy is treating inebriety as a disease, healing it in hospitals, or punishing it in prisons. But why not nip it in the bud by banishing the bar by which it is caused?

Our author makes the astounding statement, founded on insurance statistics, that 1,664,000 persons are annually killed, or more or less seriously injured, in the United States by accident; 150,000 more die every year of tuberculosis. Both of these evils might surely be largely prevented.

But admitting all that Mr. Hunter states, still we know little in either the United States or Canada of the depths of poverty that exist in the crowded centres of the Old World and among the parasite populations of the Far East. Our social development has created a standard of living to fall below which is counted poverty, although it would be deemed by many millions a supreme luxury. In Canada, especially, it may truly be said that we have no poverty for which the preventible evils of drink and vice are not responsible. Every man able and willing to work may earn a living, and often gain wealth.

"Tales Told in Palestine." Collected by J. E. Hanauer. Edited with Illustrations by H. G. Mitchell. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto. Wiliam Briggs. Pp. 221. Price, $1.25 net.

The folk-tales of primitive peoples throw remarkable light on their history and religion. To the present writer, while riding on his camel in the deepening twilight from Karnak to Luxor, Mohamet, his camel driver, told a long and rambling tale about a king, and a priest, and a cow and a calf; and we told him the story of the judgment of Solomon. He had never heard it, and thought it a very good one, indeed. The Orient abounds in tales of the marvellous djins and afrites, many of which are embodied in the Koran of Mohammed. In Egypt, if you ask who built the Pyramids or the ruined palaces or temples, the natives will often answer, Joseph--Yusef, they call him--and very many of them bear his name.

This book is a remarkable collection of such stories. It is only one who has lived with intimacy among these people who can so enter into their inner life and get a glimpse of things behind the scenes who could collect such tales as these. Sir Edwin Arnold has retold a century of them in charming verse. These are gathered from the natives while smoking around the camp-fire or wandering over the desert ways in lonely pilgrimage. Some of them throw much light on the narratives of Scripture, as the legends of saints and heroes, of Abraham, of Job, of Moses, of David; others describe modern superstitions; some are specimens of Oriental wit and

wisdom; others are anecdotes more or less historical. The book is sumptuously illustrated with forty-one fine full-page photos. It is of unique and fascinating interest.

"Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings." Being a Selection of the Poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 230.

In Florence the Brownings spent fifteen years of their wedded life. Many of their poems refer to this classic city. It was a happy idea to collect them in one volume with photos of the scenes described. The pictures and the poems thus serve to illustrate each other, and what a gallery it is! There are over sixty full-page illustrations. By their means we can walk the streets of the grand old city and study its architecture, statuary, pictures, and its gallery of immortal Florentines. Our first reading of Casa Guidi Windows was in the parliamentary library, Toronto. We soon unconsciously found ourself walking up and down the library reading with emphasis this stirring poem. It is here given in full and occupies nearly a hundred pages. Filipo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, The Statue and the Bust, and other poems on Florence are here included.

"Old Love Stories Retold." By Richard Le Gallienne. Author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," etc., etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 183. Price, $1.00.

No present is more appreciated by most persons than a beautiful book. It is of value, not merely for the holidays, but for all the days. This one is specially noteworthy. It tells the old immortal love stories of some of the world's great souls. That of Dante and Beatrice is the theme of his own Nuova Vita, and of many of the noblest passages in his Divine Comedy. The tale of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Devereux is one of chivalrous romance: that of Keats and Fanny Brawne touches the heart to tenderness and tears, as does also the sad story of Heine and Mathilde. After eight hundred years the memory of the deathless lovers, Abelard and Heloise, is still fresh in the heart of mankind, and upon their tomb in Père la Chaise offerings of fresh flowers bloom the year round. Other stories in this volume are of scarce less interest. The book is admirably illustrated with many full-page half-tones and decorative designs by distinguished artists. It is a remarkably cheap book for the price.

"Completed Proverbs." By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 100. Price, cloth, 80 cents net; by mail, 88 cents.

The clever books of "Brevities" and "Whimlets," by this publisher, will be remembered with pleasure. This is another with similar humorous text, and the same dainty and delicate illustrations. The spirit of the proverb and comment is seen in the following: "Women are the poetry of the world"—which without them would be prosy. "Eating maketh a full man"—while drinking maketh a man full. "Who knows most says least"—and the same applies to him who talks most. "Whatsoever man has done man can do"—better. "If you would be in good repute, let not the sun find you in bed"—nor the moon out. "Let a child have its will, and it will not cry"—but its parents will. "Wisdom is a defence"—lack of it an offence. The shrewd wisdom of these amended proverbs will be seen. The book is a small quarto, daintily printed.

"The Japanese Floral Calendar." By Ernest W. Clement, M.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 57.

A people who are so fond of flowers, of gardens, and of little children as are the Japanese have in them the elements of a very high civilization. They have a floral calendar assigning to each month in the year some special tree or flower, as, beginning with January, the Pine, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Wistaria, Iris, Morning-glory, Lotus, "Seven Grasses," Maple, Chrysanthemum, and Camellia.

This handsome book describes these monthly celebrations, with translations of Japanese poems. Some of these are eight hundred years old. The people go out by thousands into the country on these monthly festivities. Strange that these gentle lovers of flowers should be such fierce fighters. The many illustrations of Japanese gardens, picnic scenes and flowers are of exquisite beauty.

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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., EDITOR.

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EVAN ROBERTS, THE WELSH EVANGELIST.

See p. 32.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT STONE BRIDGE.

MAIN STREET IN BUSINESS QUARTER, MANILA.

ethodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1905.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS.

BY THE REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D.

SPANISH WAR VESSELS SUNK IN MANILA BAY.

II.

THE friars (of which there were four orders in the Philippines) were chosen in the first place because they made the cheapest missionaries, and that was an argument that outweighed all others with Philip II. Their vows bound them to a life of poverty and celibacy. Their name henceforth rder, while the individual r out of human reckoning. should such self-denying and unselfish men be so thoroughly hated? Let Dr. Stuntz, who has carefully examined the whole question at first hand, answer for us:

"1. Because the friars secured and held large tracts of the most valuable land and used these tracts as a means of enriching their orders." (See illustrations of costly churches and cathedrals.) The means used to secure this land was in multitudes of well-known cases most reprehensible. All such land, too, was free from taxation.

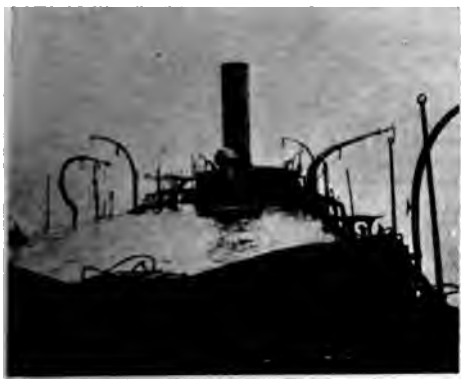
"2. Because they stifled all liberty of thought or freedom of speech in matters religious and political." Until

VOLCANO "MAYON," PROVINCE OF ALBAY, SOUTHERN LUZON, P.I., ONE OF THE CHIEF ACTIVE VOLCANOES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

1898 it meant imprisonment, banishment, or death to a dissident from the Catholic faith. It was a crime to own a Bible. Rizal's case is an instance of what it meant for a man to dare to think for himself. Paulino Zamora, done to death in a similar way, is another instance.

"3. Because of their insatiable greed for money." Besides their income from estates, they derived immense sums from sale of Papal Bulls, masses, pictures, bones of the saints, marriage, burial and baptism fees, raffles, etc. The ringing of a bell at a funeral cost from ten cents to one dollar a stroke. Images were rented at so much per hour. A funeral in a church cost according to how near the corpse was brought to the altar. Burial fees were so high that many bodies went unburied or were thrown into a common pit. Exorbitant marriage fees compelled many to live in a state of concubinage. Thousands of couples have been married since Protestant missionaries went there. Couples had lived together by personal contract for years, and their families were present to witness the ceremony.

"4. Because of the immorality of the majority of the friars who served as parish priests." The evidence for this could not be clearer or more unanimous. Friars with rare exceptions had their mistresses, who took pride in boasting about their relation. Dr. Stuntz was once introduced to six children of a friar, only two of whom were born of the same mother. Homes were broken up, daughters enticed



SPANISH WAR VESSEL SUNK IN MANILA BAY.

away, and husbands banished by these professed representatives of Christianity.

"5. Because of the despotism exercised over all classes of people." Civil and religious power was in the hands of these men. No man could move from one parish to another without a permit. No enterprise could be carried out unless they approved. They were "shepherds of Israel" that fed themselves.

So deep was the hatred against them that in the various insurrections one of the first things asked for was the removal of the friars, and when some of them fell into the hands of the insurgents they were literally hacked to pieces, a sad comment on that old law, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

It would be manifestly unfair to make the Roman Catholic Church, as a whole, responsible for all this, but at the same time no one was in a better position than herself to know the condition of things. When circumstances forced investigation, and the light of public opinion was thrown upon them, only then did even the Vatican acknowledge the venality of these men, and give orders for their removal.

But these friars after their own manner did some constructive work in the Philippines, and it is but just that credit should be given them for that work. In the first place they helped to Christianize the people. Although the type of Christianity given them was superficial and characterized by great sensuousness, yet the lowest type of Christianity is better than the highest type of Paganism. A veiled Christ is better than an unveiled Buddha or Confucius.

"For somehow
No one ever yet plucked a rag even
From the body of the Lord, to wear and mock withal,
But he looked the greater and he was the better."

They taught the one God and the

A PARISH PRIEST.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, WHERE ALL PROCESSIONS BEGIN AND END.

divinity of Christ. They made the people familiar with the language of Christianity, and taught the doctrine of rewards and punishments. That they obscured the pathway to the Cross by Mariolatry, penances, indulgences, and so on is true.

The friars Romanized the vernacular alphabets of the people. This becomes a great service to the advancement of the Gospel, because the Word of God may be given to many of the races at once in their own language; something, by the way, which the friars never did in the three hundred years of their rule.

The friars introduced and maintained schools, of which there were two thousand, with 200,000 pupils registered. Their system was, of course, fettered by the restrictions of their Church. Catechism, Church history, and a few Bible questions summed up the main part of the curriculum. The University of Santo Tomas was founded at Manila the year the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America, and has ever since been maintained, and was the only university work carried on in all Malaysia.

Schools for girls were founded in the middle of the eighteenth century. Those who testify to the impurity of the friars just as strongly bear testimony to the purity of the nuns, who through all the years "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

Further, the friars helped develop the resources and open up communication through the islands. Compared with American or European progress

A NATIVE PLOUGHING.

they were woefully behind. They were even behind Dutch and English colonies in other parts of Malaysia, although they had advantages over them. At the time of American occupation the public highways were scarcely worthy of the name, and there were few public works.

But now the friars have gone, nearly twelve hundred of them, "into space," as Carlyle would say. They were weighed in the balance and found wanting:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

In April, 1898, Admiral Dewey of the United States Navy, received orders to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the Pacific. The Philippine Islands had not the remotest connection with his orders. The enemy's fleet might have been in any other part of the Pacific. It happened, as we say, to be at Manila, and there it was signally defeated. The Filipinos were in the throes of a civil war. Dewey found himself most unexpectedly with something more than the Spanish fleet on his hands. He and others began to realize that they were "up against" the islands themselves.

The United States was suddenly confronted with a problem, the solution of which involved a departure from her cherished traditions. The right man was at the helm, and President McKinley fully realized the importance of the crisis. He paced his study floor, thought, and prayed for light. Then he saw clearly certain things, namely, that it was out of the question to give these islands back to Spain, whose government had been so hapless, and whose fleet was now destroyed; that independence of the Filipinos was an impossibility; that

INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT.

to give the islands over to European protection would involve still greater difficulties; and, hence the only course that remained was for the United States to take them over. He accordingly gave orders the next morning for the chief engineer of the War Department to put the Philippine archipelago on the map as a possession of the United States.

This course he well knew was contrary to the traditions of the Republic, and to the "Monroe doctrine" shibboleth. More than that, the United States had no colonial office or policy. McKinley believed it was a right course to take, and to him that was final. We are safe in saying that no nation ever before found itself in such peculiar relations to another people, and to their lasting honor be it said, they have on the whole most manfully taken up the White Man's Burden, though politically there were many reasons why they might have declined.

What has American occupation done for the islands? Their first duty was to pacify the people, and get the various contending factions reconciled. The spiritual *mis*rulers realizing that their game was up, and that a flag which meant freedom and enlightenment was raised over the islands, did much to stir up the opposition and prejudice of the people. At the cost of much blood and money the islands now enjoy peace almost universally. The United States had to frame a governing policy based upon the most experienced results of political science, and as far as possible consistent with the ruling ideas of their own history. There were innumerable difficulties "fore and aft." They were new at governing colonies, and they had possibly the hardest task in the history of colonization.

ıever plumb the Oriental mind,
you did it isn't worth the toil;
ɔf a sleek French Priest in Canada,
by twenty half-breeds, multiply
ɜe the sphinx's silence. There's your
East,
u're as wise as ever. So am I."

government of the islands had almost entirely reconstructed. ilippine Commission, of which nt Schurman was chairman, s work in charge. The Acts Civil Commission were legion. were the Municipal Code, the Act, Constabulary Act, Penal Public Health, etc. These had mended and revised as their ss or insufficiency was proved al testing. Auditors were ap- to examine all public accounts v thing indeed! Equal privi- were granted to all religions. nancipated slaves it was diffi- · them to understand the real g of this. A man one day showed a missionary a copy Bible. He was overjoyed old that no one would now in- with him. An Act known as Fifteen-Minute Law," because written and passed in that time. uilding privileges to other re- hitherto denied to all but the hurch.

w thing under the sun! Yes. in all the history of mankind e nation send a shipload of teachers to the Antipodes? thing happened in 1901, and ust 23rd of that year, five hun- d forty-two of them landed in lippine Islands, to share in the s burden. Those who went for elty of the thing, for pleasure, ncial reasons, or "for a trip," ir reward like Portia's suitors; hose who went to help to civil- l raise the people had their re- oo. Their work will last and rmanent asset to the Filipinos. e were tremendous difficulties

A MESTIZA FLOWER-GIRL.

in the way of these untried men and women. The pathway was often blocked by the opposition of the Roman Catholic authorities who feared the results of a free school system. The work has gone on, however. The American staff of teachers has been strengthened, and the results have been encouraging. The native child is quick to learn, and they are becoming in turn teachers to their own people. The Normal School at Manila would convince the most pessimistic mind that the Filipino youth are responsive to their teaching, and give promise of rapid advancement to a higher plane of life.

Since the American occupation, through better sanitary laws, the death rate in Manila has been cut in

AUTHOR IN SILKEN SUIT: KIND WORN BY HIGH-CLASS NATIVES

two. Seven miles of sewerage has been put in, thirty-six miles of electric railway built, six hundred miles of railway projected in Luzon, and seven million dollars spent on Manila harbor. There is a dark side to the American occupation. Under the protection of the "flag of the free" intoxicating liquors have been carried across the Pacific to prove the curse of the country and people. The American saloon is there doing an infinite damage. The United States government has cer
abused the power i
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"As 'tis ever c
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The most wonderful
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Scriptures lay in a b
Singapore till Septe
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visit, however, breac
cast upon the waters
returned not many
after.

Fifteen years ago F
Thoburn was appoint
oversee the work of
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immediate point of contact in tha
field was Singapore, but God
given Bishop Thoburn the P
gift for seeking other lands. H
that Malaysia meant dark an
graded Borneo and the Philip
Both countries were laid on his
He was in London when he hea
newsboys crying Dewey's vi
None realized better than he t
was God opening another door
wrote an appeal in The Christia
vocate, which met immediate res

from people who felt that God was leading them to help evangelize another land.

In February, 1899, Bishop Thoburn was in Manila. In a short time he had "discovered" Nicholas Zamora, who had once studied for the priesthood, but who had been led to Christ. The Bishop discerned that God had raised up this learned, eloquent and zealous young priest for a special work. He wished to ordain him, but there was no Conference meeting in any part of Asia. By referring to his schedule he found that the South Kansas Conference was in session. He cabled asking them to receive and ordain this man, and they, perceiving that the matter was of God, did so, and cabled the result to Manila. Thus the work was begun, and to this day it moves forward, attended by many signs of divine approval. Seven different Protestant bodies are now at work, beside two Bible Societies and the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s. The policy these societies have wisely adopted is not to overlap each other's work so that the whole country may be the more quickly reached.

A WEALTHY MESTIZA OF THE UPPER CLASS

The Roman Catholic religion, with all its form and ceremony, failed to reach the aborigines and many of the Spanish-speaking natives. In fact, it is stated on the best of authority that the Christianity the best of them received was but a veneer over their original paganism. The Filipinos repudiated the friars and their rule. A better and purer priesthood was sent them, but in face of that they started

an independent Filipino Church, known as the "Aglipoy Movement." They welcomed the Protestants, who have never been able to reach but few of the people. Men and women will walk for miles to attend a Protestant service in some plain hut, while the stately Catholic chapel is almost deserted. No Roman Catholic country in the world to-day is so ready to receive the Gospel as this one.

What of the future of these people? They are said to be untrustworthy and untruthful. What people do not become so under constant and powerful temptation? Duplicity and lying received the highest reward in Church and State. The Filipinos are said to be indolent, so are we in hot weather, and the climate favors indolence. Nature is lavish, shelter is cheap and easily obtained; a few hours' work supports a man perhaps for a week. The moral stability of the people is affected by this. Hence we have a country of vast wealth and resources, but almost entirely undeveloped. Enterprise is lacking, minerals abound. Its gold outrivals Alaska's. It will *produce the best* sugar-cane in the world. There are fifty-two million acres of woods. The native laborer won't work, the foreign laborer can't. The great exception to this is the Chinaman, and they do not want him there.

RIO PASIG, MANILA.

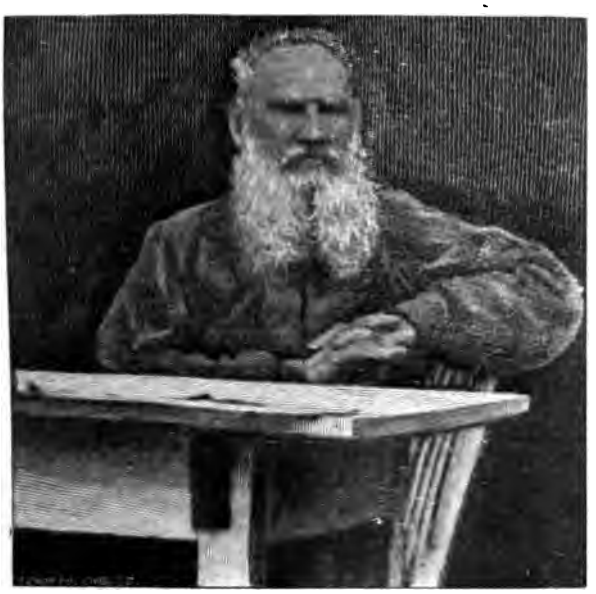
The Filipinos are noted for their hospitality. There are no hotels in Manila which cater to the native patronage. People do not need them. There are no poor-houses among them. A poor man's relations take care of him, and make no wry faces about it. They are exceedingly fond of music. Visitors at the St. Louis Exposition were astonished at the ability of the native Filipino band to render the most difficult music. They are fond of pleasure. They live for the present. Gambling is one of their chief pastimes.

So here we have eight million or more of our fellow-beings who by one of the most remarkable events of modern times have become the wards of the world's greatest Republic, both the State and Church of which are making magnanimous efforts to uplift them.

These people, already in advance of their Malay cousins, will soon be in a position to reach a helping hand to other islands where as yet cannibalism is maintained. The Philippines are within easy reach of nearly one-half of the world's population.

The supreme need of the people is character. There is no one can give them that except Jesus Christ. His followers must carry them the Evangel, and exemplify it by their lives. A great door and effectual has been opened, more particularly to our American kin, but "Christianus sum; Christiani nihil a me alienum puto."

TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR.*



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

DEAR BROTHER,—Such form of addressing you seems to me the most appropriate, because in this letter I appeal to you not so much as to a Czar as to a man—a brother; and also because I write to you as it were from the other world, expecting the approach of death. I do not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity and of what it might be, what great welfare it might bring to millions of people and to yourself, and what a great evil it may bring both to the people and to you, if it continues in the direction in which it is now going.

A third of Russia lies in the state of special control—*i.e.*, outside the law. The army of police, visible and secret, goes on continually increasing. Prisons, places of exile and of penal servitude are overflowing, "politicals" with whom working men are now classified being added to the hundreds of thousands of ordinary criminals. The censorship of literature extends to such absurd prohibitions which it did not reach even during the worst period of the forties. Religious persecution has never been so frequent and cruel as it is now, and becomes ever more cruel and frequent. Everywhere, both in the towns and industrial centres, troops are concentrated and sent out

* This letter, translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M., was written by Tolstoy about three years ago, when he himself and all around him thought that he was dying.—The Times.

with loaded cartridges against the people. In many places fratricidal conflicts have already taken place, and everywhere such are being prepared, and new and yet more cruel struggles will inevitably occur.

As the result of all this strenuous and cruel activity of the Government, the agricultural population—those one hundred millions upon whom rests the power of Russia—notwithstanding the disproportionately increasing budget, or rather, owing to this increase, is every year becoming poorer, so that famine has become a normal occurrence. And the universal dissatisfaction of all classes with the Government, and their inimical attitude towards it, has also increased in proportion.

The reason for all this, so palpably evident, is this: Your helpers assure you that, by the arrest of all progress of life in the nation, they will thereby ensure the welfare of this people and your own peace and safety.

But one can sooner arrest the flow of a river than that incessant progressive movement of mankind which is established by God.

One understands how those to whom such a state of things is advantageous, and who in the depths of their souls say, "*apres nous le deluge*," can and must assure you of this; but it is astonishing how you—a free man, needing nothing, and a rational and good man—can believe them, and, following their horrible advice, commit or allow to be committed so much evil for the sake of such an unattainable desire as the arrest of the eternal progress of mankind.

You cannot but know that ever since the life of man is known to us, the forms of this life, economical and social, as well as religious and political, have continually changed, passing from forms more coarse, cruel, and irrational to softer, more humane, and more rational ones. Your advisers tell you that this is not so; that as for the Russian people at some bygone time orthodoxy and autocracy were suitable, so they are suitable now and so they will remain until the end of time, and that, therefore, for the welfare of the Russian people, it is necessary at all costs to maintain these two combined forms of religious belief and political organization. But this is a double error.

First, it is impossible to assert that orthodoxy, which may once have been natural to the Russian people, is now natural to them. From the reports of the Procurator of the Synod you may see that the more developed amongst the people, notwithstanding all the disadvantages and dangers to which they are exposed when they secede from orthodoxy—every year join the so-called sects in increasing numbers. Secondly, if it were true that orthodoxy is natural to the people, then there would be no reason for the use of coercion to support this form of belief nor for the cruel persecution of those who repudiate it.

So, as to autocracy, if it were natural to the Russian people while this people still believed in the Czar as an infallible earthly deity who alone rules the people, it is far from natural to them now when they all know, or else find out as soon as they get a little education, first that a good Czar is only "*un heureux hasard*," and that Czars may be and have been monsters and maniacs—like John IV. and Paul; and, secondly, that however good and wise a man a Czar might be, he himself cannot possibly rule a nation of one hundred and thirty-six millions, but that the people are ruled by those who surround the Czar, and who are more concerned with their own position than with the people's welfare.

You will reply that the Czar can elect as helpers for himself disinterested and good people. Unfortunately, the Czar cannot do this, be-

cause he knows only a few score of individuals, who have approached him accidentally, or through various intrigues, and who carefully screen from him all those who might replace them. So that the Czar chooses not from those thousands of active, energetic, truly enlightened and honest men who are anxious for social work, but only from those concerning whom Beaumarchais used to say: "*Mediocre et rampant, et on parvient a tout.*" And if many Russian people might be ready to obey the Czar, they cannot, without feeling insulted, obey those of their own circle whom they despise, and who so often rule the nation in name of the Czar.

In regard to the devotion of the people to autocracy and its representative—the Czar—you are probably misled by the circumstance that when meeting you in Moscow and in other towns crowds of people shout "Hurrah!" and run after you. Do not believe that this is an expression of devotion to you—these are only crowds of the curious, who in the same way would run after any unusual spectacle. Moreover, these people, whom you take to be the demonstrators of popular devotion to you, are often nothing more than a crowd collected and instructed by the police for the purpose of representing a people devoted to you—as, for example, was the case with your grandfather at Kharkov when the cathedral was full of the "people," only they all consisted of disguised constables.

Autocracy is an outgrown form of government, which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa, apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which is growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world, and, therefore, it is possible to maintain this form of government and the orthodoxy connected with it—as, indeed, is now being done—only by every kind of violence, special control, arbitrary exilements, executions, religious persecutions, prohibitions of books and papers, distortion of education, and, in general, every kind of bad and cruel deeds.

Such have hitherto been the actions of your reign in all your measures concerning Finland, Chinese appropriations, your project of The Hague Conference accompanied by the increase of the army, your weakening of self-government and strengthening of administrative despotism, your support of persecution for faith, your consent to the institution of the spirit monopoly—*i.e.*, Government trading in that poison which is ruining the people—and, lastly, your insistence in maintaining corporal punishment notwithstanding all the petitions which are being addressed to you for the abolition of this senseless and utterly useless measure which disgraces the Russian people.

By measures of coercion one can oppress a people, but not rule them. The only means in our time to rule the people indeed is placing oneself at the head of the movement of the people from evil to good, from darkness to light, to lead them to the attainment of the objects nearest to this end. The desires which the Russian people would at present express, were it possible for them to do so, would, in my opinion, be the following:

First of all the working people would say that they wish to be delivered from those special laws which place them in the position of a pariah, deprived of the rights of all other citizens; then they would say that they desire freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education, and freedom to profess the religion which corresponds to their spiritual needs; and, above all, all the one hundred million people would say with one voice that they desire freedom of the land.

In every period of human development there is a proximate step to the realization of those better forms of life to which it (life) tends. Fifty years ago such a proximate step was the abolition of slavery. In our time such a step is that which is called the labor question—*i.e.*, the liberation of the working masses from the minority which oppresses them.

In Russia, where an enormous portion of the population lives on the land and is in complete dependence upon the large landlords, the liberation of the workers obviously cannot be achieved through the transference of factories and mines into common use. For the Russian people such a liberation can be attained only by the recognition of the land as a common possession.

I know that these suggestions will be regarded by your counsellors as being the height of light-mindedness, but I also know that in order not to be compelled to commit ever more and more cruel acts of violence on the people there is but one means—namely, to take as one's object such an aim as stands in front of the people's desires, and, without waiting till the descending cart knocks against one's legs, to draw it oneself.

Your advisers will tell you that the liberation of the land from the right of property is a fantastical and unrealizable idea. According to their opinion, to force one hundred million live people to cease to live, or to show signs of life, and to squeeze them back into a shell out of which they have long ago grown—that is not fantasy, and is not only realizable, but the wisest and most practical work.

At all events the first thing which now lies before the Government is the abolition of that oppression which prevents the people from expressing their desires and needs. One cannot do good to a man whose mouth has been gagged in order not to hear what he desires for his welfare. Only after having ascertained the desires and needs of your people, or of the majority of them, is it possible to rule the people and to do them good.

Dear brother, you have but one life in this world, and you can spend it painfully in futile efforts to arrest the God-ordained progress of mankind from evil to good, from darkness to light, or you may, entering into the needs and desires of the people and devoting your life to their satisfaction, peacefully and joyously pass it in the service of God and men.

However great is your responsibility for those years of your reign during which you may do much good or much evil, yet still greater is your responsibility before God for your life here, upon which depends your eternal life, and which God has given you not that you may order all kinds of evil deeds or even merely participate in them and permit them, but in order to fulfil His will. And His will is that good and not evil should be done unto men.

Think about this not before the face of men, but before God—*i.e.*, your own conscience. Do not be troubled by those obstacles which you will meet, if you will enter upon this new way of life. These obstacles will disappear of themselves, and you will not notice them if only that which you do you will do not for human glory, but for your own soul—*i.e.*, for God.

Pardon me if I have unintentionally grieved you by what I have written in this letter. I was guided solely by the desire of welfare for the Russian people and for you.

Whether I have attained this the future shall decide, which, according to all probability, I shall not see. I have done that which I considered my duty.

Truly desiring your true welfare,

Your brother, LEO TOLSTOY.

AN EXILED SIBERIAN OF TO-DAY.*

BY ERNEST POOLE.

"NOW, in a few months they will rise by millions." A deep, musical voice spoke in Russian quietly. "We shall sweep away the System of the Czar, and Russia shall be free. See"—she showed me bulletins that had followed her to New York. "Day and night they work. In place of sleep, eam of freedom; in place of ith and food and drink, the same n."

r hair, once cut in prison, has n again. A great wavy mass of frames a face broad, heavy, lined with suffering. Her eyes, under high-arched brows, now the fires of her dream, now beam the warm affections of one n hundreds call endearingly ushka"—little grandmother. Her , as she spoke through our inter- r, ran swiftly over her own suf- gs, but rose passionately describ- er country's degradation. Daugh- f a nobleman and earnest philan- ist; then revolutionist, hard-labor ct, and exile for twenty-three in Siberia; and now a heroic old n of sixty-one, she has plunged into the dangerous struggle for om. The Russian revolutionary ment is embodied in this one c figure.

lore than fifty years ago," she ı, "Russia lay asleep. The peas- starved, bowed low and stagger- oroke out only here and there to burn an estate or butcher a landlord, to be flogged back into submission or death. So deep was their subservience that when, a wee girl of ten, I used to tell how I hated the bad, flogging Government, my old peasant nurse would beg me to whisper.

"My mother was deeply religious. Ignoring the false pomps of the Greek Church, she tried only to impress on her children the ethical teachings of Christ. The incongruity between those teachings and our life soon bewildered me. My mother told me to treat the servants as brothers and sisters, but when she found me chatting in the great kitchen, she sternly told me that I must not forget my place as a nobleman's daughter. She taught me Christ's command to give away all that I had and follow Him, but when the next morning I went out and gave my handsome little cloak to a shivering peasant child, again she sharply reproved me. I had long spells of thinking.

"My father helped me think. He was a man of broad, liberal ideas. We read together many books of science and travel. Social science absorbed me. By sixteen I had read much of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and I knew by heart the French Revolution. I was not confined to Russian, for I spoke French from babyhood, my German governess soon taught me German, and at that time the world's best thought was not garbled by Russian censorship. So trained, I could hardly be called an ignorant fanatic.

"Fired by such ideals, I saw the poor, degraded slaves around me, and longed to see them free. At first I believed that freedom could be reached through the Government. No revolu-

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is thrilling story, reprinted from The Out- eveals the bitterness of Russian political ıtion, and shows the grounds for the ıd revolt of the long oppressed people.—

tionary spirit had yet been kindled. It was the first great era of the Liberalists. The abolition of serfdom was soon to be effected; trial by jury to be instituted; and these promised reforms sent a social impulse sweeping through Russia. I was thrilled by the glad news; I read of thousands going to the peasants as doctors, school-teachers, and nurses; I read of agricultural schools opened and of model farms laid out; all teaching the peasant to be free. Filled with young enthusiasm, I opened a little school near our estate.

"I found the peasant an abject creature, who grasped not even the meagre rights he already had. He could think only of his mud hut and his plot of ground. As for Government, he knew only that in peace he must pay money; in war, lives. The new rumors had kindled his old heart-deep hope of freedom. The twenty peasants in my school, like the fifty millions in Russia, suspected that the proclamation had been hidden, and often went to the landowners demanding their freedom. At last the manifesto arrived.

"The peasant was free! No longer bound to the land, his landlord ordered him off. He was shown a little strip of the poorest soil, there to be free, and starve. He was bewildered; he could not imagine himself without his old plot of land. For centuries past an estate had always been described as containing so many 'souls.' It was sold for so much per 'soul.' The 'soul' and the plot had always gone together. So the peasant had thought that his soul and his plot would be together freed. In dull but growing rage he refused to leave his plot for the wretched strip. 'Masters,' he cried, 'how can I nourish my little ones through a Russian winter? Such land means death.' This cry rose all over Russia.

"The Government appointed in every district an 'arbiter' to persuade the peasants. The arbiter failed. Then troops were quartered in their huts, homes were starved, old people were beaten by drunkards, daughters were violated. The peasants grew more wild, and then began the flogging. In a village like ours, where they refused to leave their plots, they were driven into line on the village street; every tenth man was called out and flogged with the knout; some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they thought their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in.

"I heard heart-rending stories in my little school-house, and many more through my father, the arbiter of our district. The peasants thronged to our house day and night. Many were carried in crippled by the knout; sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally wallowed, clasping my father's knees, begging him to read again the manifesto and find it was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region—the law court. From such interviews he came to me worn and haggard.

"I now saw how ineffectual were my attempts. I felt that tremendous economic and political changes must be made, but, still, a Liberalist, I naturally thought only of reform. To seek guidance, to find what older heads were thinking, I went, at nineteen, with my mother and sister, to St. Petersburg. Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young prince returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. Our excited voices rose steadily higher, until my mother

ne, as my nurse had done be-
speak low. The young prince
a old man in exile. His name
Kropotkin.

t. Petersburg I entered the
roup of Liberalists—men and
of noble birth and university
doctors, lawyers, journalists,
. poets, scientists, the most
educated people in Russia.
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or women in the natural and
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joined, constantly attending
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grew frightened, and at last
me home. During the next
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Liberal people all over Russia.
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use these rights they already had. They crowded to the local elections and began electing as judges, arbiters, and other officials the Liberals who honestly held the peasants' interests at heart. But when the more despotic landowners were ousted from the zemstvo and lost their source of (to use your language) 'graft,' their leader denounced us to the Minister of the Interior as a band of conspirators. Several of us were exiled to Siberia, my husband and I were put under police surveillance, and my father was deposed from office, without trial, as a 'dangerous man,' for allowing such criminals to be at large. Punished as criminals for teaching the peasants his legal rights, we saw the Government as it was, the System of Corruption, watching jealously through spies and secret police, that their peasant victim might not be taught anything that could make him think or act as a man.

"A startling event now occurred. A Liberalist named Netcharjev had already collected a revolutionary group. Discovered and arrested, their trial in 1871 was the first great event in the long struggle for freedom. Along the Great Siberian Road the procession of politicals began. Meanwhile their revolutionary documents had been published. Never again has the Government allowed this blunder. Those documents were read by thousands of Liberals like us. The spirit of revolution was kindled.

"I was at this time twenty-six years old. My husband, like me, had a whole life before him, and, therefore, I thought it only fair to speak frankly. I asked him if he were willing to suffer exile or death in this cause of freedom. He said that he was not. Then I left him.

"I went to Kief, joined a revolutionary group, and travelled from town to town, spreading our ideas among the liberals, both Jews and Russians.

As our numbers swelled we resolved to reach the peasants themselves. We divided into two groups—the Lavrists, who believed in slowly educating the peasants to revolution; the Bacuninites, who believed in calling on the peasants to rise for freedom at once. To the Bacuninites I belonged, as did most of those who had lived close to the peasants.

"We put on peasant dress, to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and drawers, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my face and hands; I worked and ate with the peasants; I learned their speech; I travelled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally.'

"By night I did my organizing. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. Rafters just over your head, and still higher, thatch. The room was packed with men, women, and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host—a brave peasant whom I picked out—and he in turn had chosen only those whom Siberia could not terrify. When I recalled their floggings; when I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands died under the lash—then men would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Then I told them they themselves were to blame. They had only the most wretched strips of land. To be free and live, the people must own the land! From my cloak I would bring a book of fables written to teach our principles and stir the love of freedom. And then far into the night the firelight showed a circle of great broad faces and dilated eyes, staring with all the reverence every peasant has for that mysterious thing —*a book.*

"Those books, twice as effective as oral work, were printed in secrecy at heavy expense. But many of us had libraries, jewels, costly gowns, and furs to sell; and new recruits kept adding to our fund. We had no personal expenses.

"Often, betrayed by some peasant spy, I left a village quickly, before completing my work. Then the hut group was left to meet under a peasant who could read aloud those wonderful fables. So they dreamed, until a few weeks later another leader in disguise came to them.

"In that year of 1874 over two thousand educated people travelled among the peasants. Weary work, you say. Yes, when the peasants were slow and dull and the spirit of freedom seemed an illusion. But when that spirit grew real, one felt far from weary. Then, too, we had occasional grippings of hands with comrades. We could always encourage each other, for all had found the peasants eager; to own the land had been the dream of the fathers; their eagerness rose, and stout words of cheer were sent from one group to another. An underground system was started, a correspondence cipher was invented, the movement spread through thirty-six great provinces of Russia and became steadily better organized. So the People's Party was established.

"The System, alarmed by their spies, made wholesale arrests. I was under a peasant's name in Podolia. In my wallet was our manifesto, also maps showing the places already reached and those next to be organized. A servant-girl spied them and told the servant of the local police agent. An hour later he came rushing in and jerked the manifesto from my wallet. His eyes popping with excitement, he read the paper in a loud, thick voice. As that simple but stirring proclamation of freedom,

ty, and love was read, the poor,
ınt people thought it the longed-
oclámation from the Czar. The
spread. Men, women, and chil-
ushed up. The District Attor-
ame, and he too read it aloud.
suddenly the chief of police ar-
glanced at the wild, joyous faces
l, and seized the document.
t is this?' he asked me, roughly.
aganda,' I replied, 'with which
torney, the gendarme, and the
are viciously inciting the people.'
jail I was led down to the
: Hole.' As I came down, two
:d wretches were stumbling up.
pushed in, the heavy door
ıed, and bolts rattled in total
:ss. At once I was sickened by
lor. I took a step forward and
l, for the floor was soft with
I stood still until, deadly sick,
: down on a pile of straw and
A minute later I was stung
y back to consciousness, and
; up covered with vermin. I
against the walls and found
damp. So I stood up all night
middle of the hole. And this
ıe beginning of Siberia.
awaited trial in a new St. Peters-
prison. My cell was nine feet
five feet wide, and seven feet
It was clean, and a hole above
plenty of air. My bed was an
racket, with mattress and pillow
aw, rough gray blanket, coarse
ınd pillow-case. I wore my own
s.
solitary confinement? No, I
a social club.
n that first evening I lay in the
elling myself that our struggle
go on in spite of this calamity,
:t fearful for it, as we fear for
we love. I lay motionless, and
y confinement began to work on
ind, as the System had planned
ıld. Suddenly I sat up quickly.
d hear nothing, but as I started
to lie down my ear approached again the iron pipe supporting my cot. Tick, tick, tickity, tick, tick. I felt along the pipe, and found that it went through to the next cell. Again I heard. Tick, tick, tick, tickity, tick. I had once heard a code planned at a meeting in Moscow, but I could not recall it. At last I had an idea. There are thirty-five letters in the Russian alphabet. I rapped. Once! Then twice! Then three times! So on until for the last letter I rapped thirty-five. No response. Again, slowly and distinctly.

"My heart was beating now. Steps came slowly down the corridor. The guard approached and passed my door. His steps died away. Suddenly — Tick! — Tick, tick! — Tick, tick, tick!—and through to thirty-five! Then slowly we spelled out words, and by this clumsy code the swifter code was taught me. After that, for three years, the pipe was almost always talking. How fast we talked! The pipe sounded so—" Her gray head bent over the table, her face was flushed, her eyes flashed back through forty years of danger and prison, and her strong, subtle fingers rolled out the ticks at lightning speed.

"Our club had over a hundred members in solitary confinement, some in cells on either side of mine, some below and some above. Did we tell stories? Yes, and good ones! Young students, keen wits, high spirits!" She laughed merrily, becoming Babushka. "How some of those youngsters made love! A mere boy, two cells to my right, vowed he adored the young girl of nineteen five cells to my left on the floor above, whom he had never laid eyes on. I helped tick his gallant speeches and her responses continually along. They passed to the cell below hers and were ticked up the heating-pipe to her by a sad little woman who grieved for her babies. Did they ever

meet? Ah, Siberia is large as your States and France and England and Germany all together.

"Our club was not all a club of pleasure. Some died of consumption; others killed themselves, and others went insane. The pipe raved sometimes. It spoke many sad good-byes to wives and children. But the pipe was not often so, for a Revolutionist must smile though the heart be torn. We older ones continually urged the young girls to be strong, for they told us how they were taken out and brutally treated to make them give evidence. A very few broke down, but there were many young girls who endured unshaken months of this brutality.

"From new prisoners we heard cheering news. The fire of our Idea had spread among workmen as well as peasants; in the factories many were arrested, some were imprisoned here and joined our club, but were soon condemned into exile. Still the Idea spread. In 1877 came that tremendous demonstration on the Kazan Square in St. Petersburg. Hundreds were imprisoned; again many joined our club and were condemned, sent us last words of cheer along the pipe, and so were rushed off to Siberia.

"In 1878 we were tried. One hundred had died or gone insane. We one hundred and ninety-three were packed into a little hall. Over half had belonged to our club, and I had a strange shock as I now looked at these clubmates with whom I had daily talked. White, thin, and crippled, but still the same stout hearts! We nerved each other to refuse to be tried, for the trial we knew was to be a farce; the jury allowed us by law was not given us; we had only a jury of seven, of whom but one was a peasant. Our judges had been appointed by the Czar. They divided us into groups of ten or fifteen; the trials lasted half a year. When my turn came, I protested against this farce; for this I was at once taken out and my prison term lengthened to five years as hard-labor convict in the mines. This is the punishment given to a murderer. My term served, I was a Siberian exile for life.

"Secretly at night, to avoid a demonstration, ten of us were led out. Other tens followed on successive nights. In the street below were eleven 'telegas'—heavy hooded vehicles with three horses each. Into one I was placed, a stout gendarme squeezed in on each side, to remain there two months. Just before my knees sat the driver. We went off at a gallop, and our five-thousand-mile journey began. The Great Siberian Road was feelingly described by Mr. Kennan. A succession of bumps of all sizes; our springless telegas jolted and bounced; my two big gendarmes lurched; our horses continually galloped, for they were changed every few hours; we bounced often a whole week without stopping over ten minutes day or night; we suffered agony from lack of sleep. Our officer ordered the gendarmes never to leave us.

"At times we women held shawls between the gendarmes and our friends. Three wives who had come to share their husbands' exile were treated the same. We were all dressed in convict clothes. The men had also heavy chains on feet and wrists; their heads were partly shaved. Our officer kept the money given him by our anxious friends at home, and gave us each the Government allowance of about five cents a day. For sleep we were placed in the etapes (wayside prisons). Mr. Kennan has well described the cells—reeking, crawling, infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. They had log walls roughly covered with plaster. The air was invariably noisome; the long bench on which we slept had no bed-

clothes. Through the walls we heard the endless jangling of fetters, the moaning of women, the cries of sick babies. On the walls were a mass of inscriptions, names of friends who had gone before us, news of death and insanity, and shrewd bits of advice for outwitting gendarmes. Some were freshly cut, but one worm-eaten love poem looked a century old. For along this Great Siberian Road over a million men, women, and children have dragged, two hundred and fifty thousand since 1875, people from every social class; murderers and degenerates side by side with tender girls who were exiled through the jealous wife of some petty town official.

"You keep asking me for scenes and stories. But you see we were thinking of our dream, and did not notice so much the life outside. Did any die? Yes, one by typhoid. Our officer rushed the sufferer on at full gallop, until his delirious cries from the jolting vehicle so roused our protests that he was left in the Irkutsk prison, where he died. Were there any children? Yes, one little wife had a baby ten months old, but the rest of us did all we could to help her, and the child survived the journey. Friends to say good-bye? Ah, let me think! Yes; as we passed through Krasnoyarsk, a student's old mother had come from a distance to see him. Our officer refused to allow the boy to kiss her. She caught but a glimpse, the gendarmes jerked him back into the vehicle, and they galloped on. As I came by I saw her white, haggard old face. Then she fell by the roadside.

"On reaching the Kara mines I found that the hard-labor year was but eight months, and that my forty months in prison had been taken from my forty-eight month sentence. So, having stayed ten months, I left Kara —as I then hoped—for ever. I was taken to Barguzin, a bleak little group of huts near the Arctic Circle. We arrived in February—forty-five degrees below zero. I began to look for work. Seeing a few forlorn little children, I proposed a school. The police agent forbade me, and showed his police rules from St. Petersburg, which forbid an exiled doctor to heal the sick, or an exiled minister to comfort the dying. No educated person may use his powers to improve his hamlet. Many politicals have hired out to the Cossacks at five cents a day.

"Here were three young students, 'administrative' exiles, exiled for life without a trial because suspected by some gendarme or spy. We decided to escape, and searched two years for a guide to lead us a thousand miles to the Pacific. We found a bent old peasant who had made the journey years before. With him we set out one night, leading four pack-horses. We soon found the old man useless. We had maps and a compass, but these did little good in the Taiga, that region of forest crags and steep ravines, where we walked now toward heaven and now to the region below.

"Often I watched my poor stupid beast go rolling and snorting down a ravine, hoping as he passed each tree that the next would stop his fall. Then for hours we would use all our arts and energies to drag him up. It was beautiful weather by day, but bitterly cold by night. We had hard-tack to eat, also pressed tea and a little tobacco. So we walked about six hundred miles; in a straight line, perhaps two hundred.

"Meanwhile the police had searched in vain. The Governor had telegraphed to St. Petersburg, and from there the command had come that we be found at any cost. The plan adopted was characteristic of the System. Fifty neighboring farmers were seized (in harvest time), and

were exiled from farms and families until they brought us back. After weeks of search they found us in the Apple Mountains. Their leader shouted across the ravine that unless we gave in they must keep on our trail, and escape was impossible. As we went back, around each of us rode ten armed men.

"The three students were sent in different directions up into the worst of the Arctic wilderness—Yakutsk. Here each slept in a little 'yurt' (mud hut) with wild Mongolians and their cattle, sealed in winter, stifling, lined thick with rotting straw rags, and animal filth. If the exile walked out to breathe, the watchful natives dragged him back. To such yurts two young girl friends of mine—Rosa Frank and Vera Sheftel, students from the medical college in St. Petersburg were sent, each alone, and spent years without a word from civilized people. In such places even men have gone insane. But I leave my story. Of the three students one is dead, another is dying of consumption, and the third escaped, returned to the old struggle in Russia, was caught, and given eight years as a hard-labor convict, and, having again escaped, is to-day renewing the struggle.

"As punishment for my attempt I was sentenced to four years' hard labor in Kara and to forty blows of the lash. Into my cell a physician came to see if I were strong enough to live through the agony. I saw at once that, afraid to flog a woman political without precedent, by this trick of declaring me too sick to be punished they wished to establish the precedent of the sentence, in order that others might be flogged in the future. I insisted that I was strong enough, and that the court had no right to record such a sentence unless they flogged me at once. The sentence was not carried out.

"Back in Kara I rejoiced to meet seventeen women politicals, with whom I lived in four low cells. Here we had books and writing materials, and were quite comfortable, discussing plans for the future struggle.

"A few weeks later eight of the men politicals escaped in pairs, leaving dummies in their places. As the guards never took more than a hasty look into that noisome cell, they did not discover the ruse for weeks. Then mounted Cossacks rode out. The man hunt spread. Some of the fugitives struggled through jungles, over mountains and through swamps a thousand miles to Vladivostok, saw the longed-for American vessels, and there on the docks were recaptured. All were brought back back to Kara.

"For this we were all punished. One morning the Cossack guards entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. That scene cannot be described. One of us attempted suicide. Taken to an old prison, we were thrown into the 'black holes' —foul little stalls off a low, grimy hall which contained two big stoves and two little windows. Each of us had a stall six feet by five. On winter nights the stall doors were left open for heat, but in summer each was locked at night in her own black hole. For three months we did not use our bunks, but fought with candles and pails of scalding water, until at last the vermin were all killed. We had been put on the 'black hole diet' of black bread and water. For three years we never breathed the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the warden. This 'hunger strike' was used repeatedly. To thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force food down our throats.

"Kara grew worse after I left. To hint at what happened, I tell briefly the story of my dear friend Maria, a woman of education and deep refinement. Shortly after my going Maria saw Madame Sigida strike an official who had repeatedly insulted the women. Two days later she watched Sigida die, bleeding from the lash; that night she saw three women commit suicide as a protest to the world; she knew that twenty men attempted suicide on the night following, and she determined to double the protest by assassinating the Governor of Trans-Baikal, who had ordered Sigida's flogging. At this time Maria was pregnant. Her prison term over, she left her husband and walked hundreds of miles to the Governor's house and shot him. She spent three months in a cold, dirty 'secret cell,' not long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in, wearing the cast-off suit of a convict, sleeping on the bare floor and tormented by vermin; she was then sentenced to be hanged. She hesitated now whether to save the life of her unborn child. She knew that if she revealed her condition her sentence would be changed to imprisonment. She decided to keep silent and sacrifice her child, that when the execution was over and her condition was discovered the effect on Russia might be still greater. Her condition, however, became apparent, and she was started off to the Irkutsk prison. It was midwinter, forty degrees below zero. She walked. She was given no overcoat and no boots, until some common criminals in the column gave her theirs. Her child was born dead in prison, and soon after she too died.

"Meanwhile I had been taken to Selenzensk, a little Buriat hamlet on the frontier of China, where Mr. Kennan met me."

Kennan speaks of her in these words:

"Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair, cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray. But not hardship nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely-tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor and duty. . . . There was not another educated woman within a hundred miles; she was separated for life from family and friends, and she had, it seemed to me, nothing to look forward to except a few years more or less of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga River. . . . The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they are heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were: 'Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!'"

"The seven years that followed," she continued, "were the hardest of the twenty-three, for I spoke to but three Russian politicals, who stopped three weeks. In winter—from twenty to fifty below zero—I used to put my chair upon the brick stove and sit with my head close to the thatch." Hence the severe rheumatism that now affects her. "The Government had allowed me six dollars a month. My hut rent was fifty cents, wood a dollar and a half, food four dollars. My friends at home? Yes, they sent money, too, but of course I sent this to my Kara friends. At long intervals one of their many letters reached me—sometimes sewed in the lining of a Buriat cap. I grew almost frantic with loneliness, and to keep my sanity I would run out on the snow shouting passionate orations, or even playing the prima donna and singing grand opera arias to the bleak landscape, which never applauded.

"The seven years over, I was allowed to travel all through Siberia. I lived three years in Irkutsk, the main Siberian city, and many years besides in Tobolsk, Tiumen, and other smaller towns. Here, as my hard-

ships ended, I saw the sufferings of others begin. By the increasing procession from Russia I knew that our work was spreading. With hundreds of comrades, I planned future work. In September, 1896, thoroughly reformed, I secured permission to return to Russia, and three hours later I was on the train.

"Our old 'People's Party' had become the 'Party of the Will of the People' and had died, as thousands of its leaders were sent to exile or prison. In 1887 the Social Democratic party was formed, working mainly in the factories and mills. Here they found ready listeners, for the laborers who had formed unions to mitigate their wretched existence were often lashed to death. It was against the law to strike. Once when a labor leader had been arrested and a committee from the workers came to the prison to ask his release, they were shot down by the prison officials. Several times men were shot for parading on the first of May. Among the workers the new party gained strength until about 1900. Then all its Jewish members seceded and formed the 'Bund'—which favors immediate revolution. Others, too, seceded, and its power has slowly declined.

"The Social Revolutionist party, of which I am a member, began only five years ago, but it is now the most promising in the growing struggle for freedom. Like the Social Democrats, we strive for the Socialist commonwealth. But, unlike them, we believe that to secure our freedom the first step is to throw off the System of the Czar. To this standard—Freedom by Revolution—members from all parties rally. The Liberalist Miloshevski served for years on the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Education in his city, striving to lift the people out of the dense ignorance which made them slaves. For years he struggled to make the school education of real value. Constantly thwarted by the Government, as I myself had been, he was at last driven to our party, became a valuable worker, was captured, and is to-night at the silver mines of Nertchinsk, to which the Kara prisoners have been transferred.

"To the peasant we teach the old lesson: To reach freedom—first, the land must be owned by the people; second the System of the Czar must be swept away. There is not a province in Russia where our literature does not go. The underground mails run smoothly now. Scores of presses work ceaselessly in Switzerland, safe from capture. Not to take useless risks, our central committee is scattered all through Russia; it rarely meets, but it constantly plans through cipher letters and directs the local committees, which in turn guide the small local committees, and so down to the little peasant and laborer groups that meet to-night by thousands in huts and city tenements.

"These thousands of groups draw swiftly closer. Proclamations, open letters, and announcements pour through the underground mail. Our leaders constantly travel from group to group. As a leader, my story is typical. When, on reaching Russia eight years ago, I began again to travel, I noticed at once a vast difference. I no longer walked, but had money for the railroads, and so covered ten times the ground; for six years the railway compartment was my home. I had meetings on river boats by night, in city tenement rooms, in peasant huts, and in the forests, but now, unlike the old days, the way had always been prepared by some one before me. I was constantly protected. Once, in Odessa, the police came into the house where I was staying. Their suspicions had been aroused, and they

made a search. I at once became an old peasant woman."

In a twinkling she had changed. Her shawl had come up over her head, her hands were clasped in her lap, her head nodded. A bent, decrepit old peasant looked from under the shawl with a vacant grin.

"My ruse succeeded. The next month, far down in the south, I was living as a Frenchwoman. On some rumor the police came along, examining passports in every house on the block. I slipped out while they searched the next house, and entered it just as they came to the house where I had stayed. Again, only eighteen months ago, I was in Kief with a young girl of seventeen, an active worker, who had been suspected, and was under police surveillance. We slept together in her tiny tenement room. I had been there a week when the spies watching her window observed me with her. The next night suddenly a gendarme knocked and said, 'There is some one sleeping with you; why have you not reported to the police?' Fortunately, I was out at the time. She, being so young, was very frightened, but managed to reply, 'Only my grandmother, who has come to see me.' The moment he had gone she slipped out into the rain and found me at a secret meeting. There they dressed me in silks as a grand lady, and I drove to the railway station in style. I doubt if the police can ever arrest me again.

"Besides these constant communications from group to group by leaders and by printed words, we believe at times in demonstrations; for the excitement that comes with the sudden burst of speeches and enthusiasm, the arrests that follow, and the new victims started to Siberia—these help further to rouse the dull peasants.

"Some believe in the effectuality of 'terror.' In 1901 the Fighting League was organized. Its only business is so-called 'terror.' It has few active members, all strictly secret; none of us know their names. A long list of candidates eagerly wait to carry on the work. They have killed a dozen officials in the last three years. De Plehve, when Chief of Police in 1881, started riots against the Jews, and recently as Minister of the Interior he caused the Kishinev massacre, wishing to let the peasants at each other's throats, and so keep them down. For the same purpose he revived the use of the knout to lash men and women. It is men like him who are picked out to be assassinated.

"Few believe in assassination. Revolution by the whole people is our one object, and for this the time is near. The Japanese war has caused the deepest bitterness ever felt in Russia; to the six hundred and sixty-four thousand lives lost in a century of useless wars, now over a hundred thousand will be added; and every hamlet will mourn its dead. Then will our four hundred thousand workers call on the millions around them to rise for freedom. Arms? There are plenty. Why in recent riots have soldiers refused to fire on the crowd? Because all through the army are soldiers and even officers working secretly for the cause. Arms—yes, and brains—for in the universities and in every profession are wise, resolute men to guide the wild passions of revolt. In the zemstvos are hundreds of officials straining to hasten our struggle. So in this last year the movement has suddenly swelled. Already four hundred thousand strong! Day and night they work. In place of sleep and food and drink—the dream of freedom. Freedom to think and speak! Freedom to work! Justice to all! For this cause I shall travel three months in your free country. For this cause I have the honor of making to free Americans our appeal."

WHICH IS THE CIVILIZED POWER?*

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

APAN, as a power, is civilized and modern, while Russia, as a power, is semi-barbarous and mediæval. It is my purpose in the present article to set forth some of the facts that seem to me to support and justify this conclusion.

1. Mental and moral culture. One of the first things that strike the attentive newcomer in Japan is the great number of external evidences of widely diffused education. In Tokio, for example, there is a bookstore on almost every block, not only in the parts of the city inhabited by the higher social classes, but in the quarters and districts tenanted almost exclusively by poor shopkeepers, artisans, and day laborers. Since I took up my residence in the capital, I have ridden hundreds of miles through its universally clean streets, from Ueno Park to Shinagawa, and from the Botanical Garden to the River, and I think I am well within the limit of moderation when I say that there are ten bookstores in Tokio for every one that can be found in St. Petersburg.

School-children, of both sexes, are quite as much in evidence as bookstores; and at certain hours of the day one cannot ride or walk three blocks in any part of the city without meeting boys in the visored caps and girls in the maroon-colored Occidental skirts of the Japanese student world; while on holidays long processions of younger children from the primary schools march through the streets, singing as they go, on their way to some excursion suburb or picnic ground. If one had no other material for the formation of a judgment than that afforded by the bookstores and school-children of Tokio and St. Petersburg, one would naturally and inevitably conclude that, in educational facilities at least, Japan is far in advance of Russia.

But there is other and more conclusive material for a comparison of the two countries in the matter of culture. Official statistics show that Russia has at school only 4,484,594 pupils, or about 25 per cent. of her children of school age, while Japan has under instruction 5,351,502 pupils, or 92 per cent. of her children of school age. Russia, with a yearly national revenue of about $1,000,000,000, spends for primary education something less than $12,000,000, or 8 cents per capita of her whole population; while Japan, with only one-eighth of Russia's revenue, spends for the same purpose nearly $16,000,000, or 34 cents per capita of her whole population. Russia's military expenditure bears to her primary school expenditure the ratio of nearly 18 to 1, while Japan's disbursements for military purposes bear to her primary school expenditure the ratio of less than 4 to 1.

In Russian schools the teaching is largely based on mediæval bigotry and superstition, while in Japan it is founded on reason, and is outlined in the Imperial rescript to students which says: "Be filial to your parents and affectionate to your brothers; be loving husbands and wives and true to your friends; conduct yourselves with

* The recent massacre, by brutal Cossacks, of unarmed men, women and children petitioning for mercy, but emphasizes Mr. Kennan's argument derived from intimate knowledge of both Russia and Japan.

modesty, and be benevolent to all. Develop your intellectual faculties and perfect your moral powers by gaining knowledge and acquiring a profession. Promote public interests and advance public affairs. Ever respect the national constitution and obey the laws of the country, and, in case of necessity, courageously sacrifice yourselves to the public good."

There may not be as much "religion" in this as in the teaching that trains Russian children to repeat a mediæval catechism, cross themselves before icons, rely on the intercession of the saints, worship old Byzantine pictures, and kiss the half-decayed bones of dead priests; but the Japanese teaching strikes, at least, a modern note; while the instruction given by the Holy Synod is an echo from the gloomy ecclesiastical walls of the Dark Ages.

2. Enlightenment and toleration in religious faith. In almost every country that claims to be civilized, a man is free, not only to worship God in accordance with the promptings of his own mind and conscience, but to recommend his own particular faith to others whom he regards as less enlightened. In Russia, however, withdrawal from the Established Church is strictly forbidden, and every attempt to enlighten the minds and quicken the consciences of orthodox Russians, even although it be based on the words and example of Christ alone, is punished by the State with barbarous severity. Missionaries are not tolerated in Russia. Attempts to proselyte are punished with penal servitude; and harmless Bible Christians, like the Stundists and the Doukhobors, are either driven out of the country by ecclesiastical persecution or exiled to remote parts of Siberia and the Caucasus.

If you are able to show a Japanese a purer faith or a better way to worship God, you are perfectly at liberty to do so, whether you are a Protestant, a Jew, a Roman Catholic, or a captain of the Salvation Army. The whole empire is dotted with Christian missions, and religious thought, belief, and instruction have long been as free here as in Great Britain or the United States. Even now, in time of war, the Orthodox Russian Church, established in Tokio by the Czar's Holy Synod, is tolerated and protected, and Father Nikolai, the Russian priest, is ministering to Japanese converts and carrying on his services as usual.

Which nation, in this particular case, is the civilized and Christian power—Japan, who tolerates and protects the Church of her enemy in her own capital, or Russia, who calls the Mikado "Antichrist," and urges her people, in the name of God, to exterminate the Japanese Canaanites of the twentieth century?

A large part of Russia has been in a "minor state of siege"—that is, under a modified form of martial law—for fifteen or twenty years, and ministers and governors-general have exercised the power of life and death by virtue of their authority to send a civil offender before a military court for trial. Russian society, moreover, is divided into "privileged" and "non-privileged" classes, and the protection that the law gives to one is denied to the other. A "privileged" citizen—unless he happens to be a disorderly student—may not be struck with a whip; but a peasant citizen, up to the date of Czar's recent amnesty proclamation, might be legally flogged by sentence of a cantonal court, and, in practice, was often illegally flogged by order of a provincial governor. The right of public assembly, without official preknowledge and permission, does not exist, and the signing of a collective petition to the Czar or to a minister is a penal offence. The pass-

port system is still in force, and a man may not change his residence, or even his boarding-place, without notifying the police.

The citizens of Japan are not hampered by a passport system, and are at liberty to go where they like, read what they choose, think and talk as they please, and act freely within the widest possible limits of law.

3. Individual and national integrity. Every war in which Russia has been engaged, since her struggle with the Allies in the Crimea, has shown the dishonesty of her officials, and the general corruption of her civil service. The frauds that were brought to light during the Crimean War filled the Russian patriot Aksakoff with disgust and despair, and one of the prominent nobles of the court of Nicholas I. invited the latter to his house in order to show him a life-size picture of the Crucifixion, in which the Emperor himself appeared as the central figure, hanging on a cross between two thieves. At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War, thousands of bags, supposed to contain black rye-flour, were transported beyond the Danube, and upon being opened there were found to contain sawdust mixed with earth.

In Siberia I had personal knowledge of many corrupt agreements made with contractors by Russian officials of high rank, and in one case the person involved was the governor of a province. Everybody in the Far East who had commercial dealings with Dalny and Port Arthur before the war knows how Russian army and navy officers were accustomed to defraud their own Government by means of false bills. So general is the dishonesty in Russian bureaucratic circles that one is almost ready to give credence to the report from Berlin that eight million rubles have been stolen from the treasury of the Russian Red Cross.

Turning now to the Oriental empire, I am very well aware that there is fraud in Japan. At the same time, business upon an immense scale is being carried on honestly, and there are no public scandals, at least in connection with the Government service.

When it comes to a comparison between Russia and Japan in the matter of political truthfulness, sincerity, and honor, the Asiatic power stands far higher than the European. Japan has never resorted to the deliberate falsification and mistranslation of documents, as Russia has done many times before in political trials at home. The Mikado has never broken his promise and violated sacredly pledged honor, as the Czar did in the case of Finland; and the Japanese Foreign Office has never dealt with a diplomatic question as dishonestly as Admiral Alexieff and his supporters dealt with the question of the evacuation of Manchuria.

4. Modesty, morality, and humanity. The comparison that I purpose to make under this head is not intended to comprise the peoples of the two countries *en bloc*, but merely the officials, on each side, who compose or represent the State, the subordinates whom they have trained, and the newspapers that reflect, more or less accurately, the opinions and feelings of the ruling class. The world does not hold a more ardent lover and admirer of the Russian people than I; and I wish to make the sharpest possible distinction between that people and the Church and State by which it has been oppressed, misled, kept in ignorance, and, in part, corrupted. The Russian bureaucracy is not Russia; on the contrary, it is Russia's greatest enemy.

To an observer who has had an opportunity to compare the official statements and the newspaper comments of the two combatants in this

war, nothing is more striking than the modesty and self-restraint of the one and the arrogance and boastfulness of the other.

The Moscow Gazette, the able but unscrupulous journal edited for so many years by M. Katkoff, boldly advocated the indiscriminate slaughter of Japanese wounded. "In our war with Japan we are like a man attacked by a viper. It is not enough to frighten it and leave it to hide in a bush, it must be destroyed; and we must do this without considering whether England and the cosmopolitan plutocracy object or not. To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus, and cholera among the Russian people, would perhaps be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. No quarter and no prisoners should be our motto."

The reply of the Japanese "viper" to the Moscow Gazette's cry of "no quarter" finds expression in action as follows. In the first place, the Japanese newspaper press treats its enemy with what seems to me extraordinary fairness and generosity. Every exploit or achievement of the Russian armies that deserves commendation is either recognized or praised. In the second place, Japan treats the wounded soldiers of her enemy better, in some respects, than her own. They are humanely dealt with on the battlefield and skilfully cared for in hospitals; their daily ration is more generous than that of wounded Japanese; their mail goes without postage, and packages for them pay neither customs duty nor freight; and detailed statements of their condition in respect to health are made at short intervals to the French Legation for transmission to Russia. In the third place, the squadron of Admiral Kamimura rescued from the sinking cruiser "Rurik" the very same Russian sailors who torpedoed the Japanese transport "Hitachi-maru," and who afterwards fired on her survivors as they were swimming in the water.—The Outlook.

IN HIS FOOTPRINTS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Weary? Oh, yes! for the road is so rugged,
And long seems the time till earth's shadows shall flee;
But what is my weariness, when I remember
How wayworn and footsore my Lord was for me?

Down from His kingdom of gladness and glory
Came He to earth, with its grief and its gloom;
And bore such sad burthens as mortals can know not,
O'er a rough pathway from cradle to tomb—

All for my sake: for He knew I could enter
The mansions of light through His guidance alone,
And in His great love He had long since prepared me
A dwelling of joy near His radiant throne;

So He counted it nothing to toil and to anguish,
And gave not one thought to the griefs He must bear:
But hasted to make a plain path for my treading,
That I in His glory might fail not to share.

Then what though the road is uneven and dreary?—
It is marked by His footprints Who loved me so well;
And I follow it thankfully, sure that its ending
Will bring me safe Home, in His presence to dwell.

Toronto.

THREE POEMS.

BY MUTSUHITO—EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

I.

MY heart's at peace with all, and fain would I
Live, as I love, in life-long amity;
And yet the storm-clouds lower, the rising wind
Stirs up the waves; the elemental strife
Rages around. I do not understand
Why this should be.

II.

'Tis surely not our fault,
We've sought to be sincere in deed and word;
We have exhausted every means to press
A clear and truthful case, but all in vain.
Now may the God that sees the hearts of men
Approve of what we do!

III.

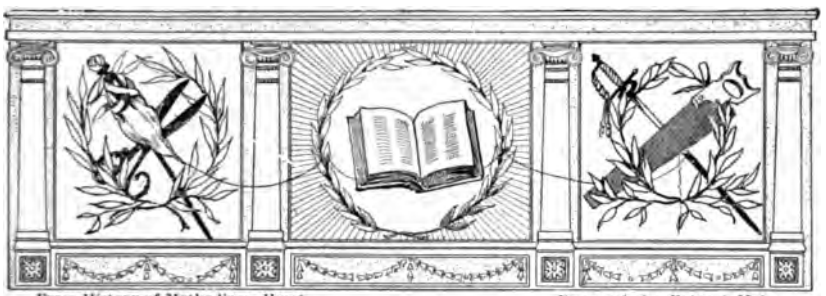
They're at the front,
Our brave young men; and now the middle-aged
Are shouldering their arms; and in the fields
The old men gather in the abundant rice,
Low stooping o'er the sheaves: all ages vie
In cheerful self-devotion to the Land.

Kyoto, Japan.

[The above translations of poems by His Majesty, the originals of which appeared in the Kokumin Shimbun for November 7th, 1904, seem to have been composed at different periods. No. I. evidently was written before the war, when the Emperor saw himself surrounded by ominous signs of a coming conflict. No. II. dates from the actual commencement of the war, when all peaceable means had been exhausted and the declaration of war had become inevitable. No. III. is what we see in Japan to-day. Only this afternoon I passed a gang of women taking their husbands' and brothers' places in the building of a bridge. His Majesty has every reason to be proud of the ready self-sacrificing spirit of his people.—Arthur Lloyd, in the New York Independent.]

THE EPIC OF METHODISM.*

BY THE EDITOR.

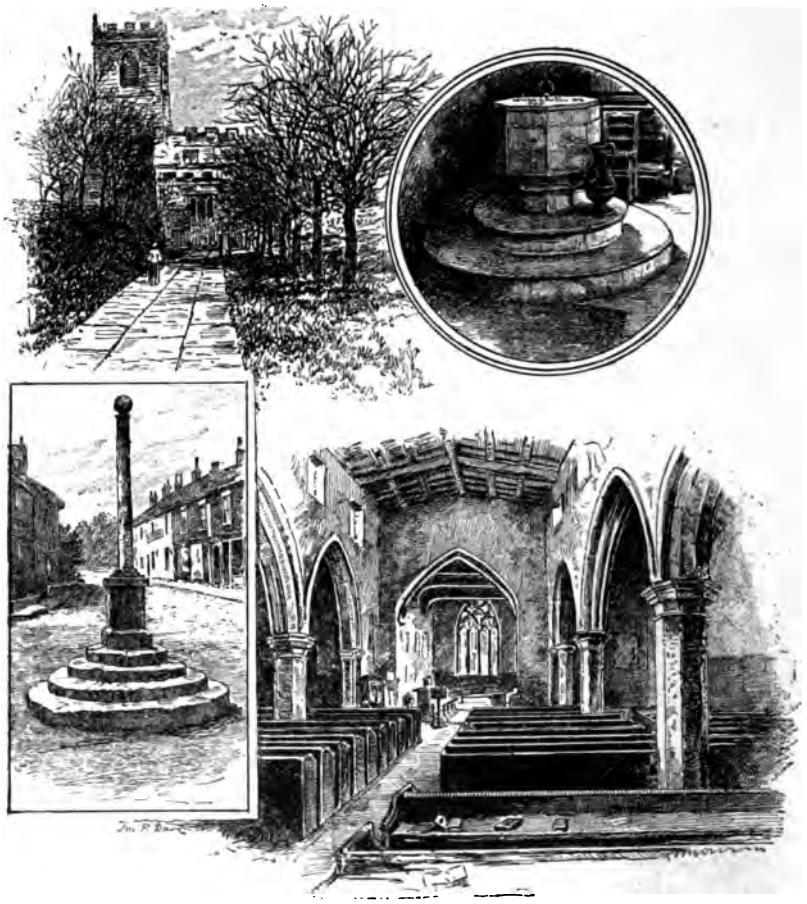


From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

THE history of Methodism is a sequel to the Acts of the Apostles. Seldom, if ever, has there been a closer parallel than between the spread of Christianity in the first century and its revival in England in the eighteenth. Judaism of the time of our Lord found its counterpart in the dead or dying type of Christianity in England in the days of the Wesleys. There was the same torpid condition of a truth grown false by the accretions of error. In each case there was a man sent from God whose name was John. The great burden of their mission was: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Each ministry was accompanied by a great demonstration of the Divine Spirit; multitudes were pricked to the heart and cried, "What must we do to be saved?" Each was followed by bitter denunciations and fierce persecutions; each had its martyrs and confessors of the faith; each was the precursor of a great missionary revival. The first century gave earnest heed to the Saviour's words, "Preach the gospel to every creature," the eighteenth century echoed the command. John Wesley replied, "The world is my parish," and a Whitefield, a Coke, a Hunt took up the glorious traditions of Paul and Barnabas, of Philip and Thomas. Each had its ministry of holy women; the three Marys of olden time had their analogues and successors in Susanna Wesley, Mary Fletcher, and Barbara Heck.

The history which records such a great world movement must fulfil high requirements. It must have high scholarship, wide outlook, spiritual insight, philosophic treatment, and picturesque style; and it should be presented in a garb worthy of the theme, with mechanical accuracy and elegance and with suitable artistic illustration. All these conditions the great work of Bishop Hurst fulfils. At last we have an adequate history of world-wide Methodism, one worthy of the majestic theme, and worthy of the great scholar by whom it was written and edited. Bishop Hurst's accurate and

* "The History of Methodism." By John Fletcher Hurst, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Seven volumes. Pp. 3,521. Price, $15.00.



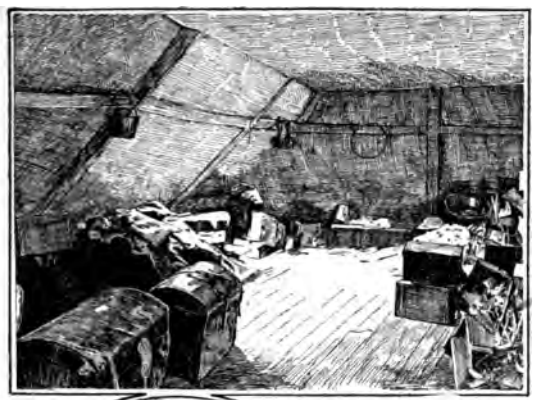
From History of Methodism. First. By permission Eaton & Mains.

GLIMPSES OF EPWORTH.

comprehensive learning particularly fitted him for the treatment of this august subject. This is the crowning work of his life. It is at once a monument of his consecrated labor and of the triumphs of the Church he loved. It is a strong, terse, ample presentation of that great movement which has encompassed the world. It glows with life, yet we feel that it is based on thorough research.

The treatment divides itself naturally into three parts, first, three *volumes on British* Methodism, England before the revival, the Wesleys and their helpers, Wesleyans after Wesley, the Scions and Secessions, and the recent Forward Movement of Methodism in the Old Land. Three volumes more treat American Methodism, its picturesque and romantic beginnings, the ministry of Barbara and Paul Heck in both the United States and Canada, the development of the Young Church and the Young Republic, its Expansion, its Progress and Diffusion, its Affiliations, and the Southern Phalanx.

A large and fascinating volume of over six hundred pages describes "World-wide Methodism." Of special interest to ourselves will be the story of Methodism in Canada, with portraits and pictures of persons and places connected with its development. Then follow the Wesleyan Churches and missions in Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica; then missions in Mexico, West Indies, and South America; Methodism in Norway and Sweden, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria; Methodist conquest in India and Malaysia; Chinese and Korean missions; Methodism in Japan; and



History of Methodism—Hurst.

THE "JEFFREY" HAUNTED CHAMBER.

MAIN STAIRCASE AND HALLWAY.

STAIRCASE AND THE HAUNTED CHAMBER, EPWORTH RECTORY.

light in the Dark Continent, Liberia, Congo, Angola, and South America.

Such is the outline, but it gives no more idea of the book than a skeleton does of a man. It is not an articulation of dry bones, but a living thing.

"The history of Methodism has never before received the artistic illumination which it deserves. The whole chain of heroisms and sacrifices by which Wesley and his noble helpers and followers came into close and loving touch with the millions whom they have led from vice and ignorance

From History of Methodism Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

BALLINGRAN CHAPEL.

A MEMORIAL OF THE PALATINE METHODISTS.

into the joy and light of God's peace form most fitting themes for the pencil and the brush. To present in pictorial form the actors and scenes in this series of events, the keen scent of the antiquary and the taste and skill of the artist have been summoned."

In this particular this work surpasses every history of Methodism yet written. The hundreds of illustrations are gathered from authentic sources. The caricatures of Gilray and Hogarth have been drawn upon to illustrate the condition of England before Methodism, the horrors of Gin Lane, and the prisons of the period, and the fashionable follies and vices of Tunbridge and Bath, and of the gaming table. A striking series of symbolical vignettes head the chapters, that, for instance, of the beginnings of Methodism in New York showing the saw and sword of Embury and Colonel Webb, and the distaff and shears of Dame Barbara Heck. The splendid protogravures of historic portraits and scenes, among them the unique Wesley group of our own J. W. L. Forster, are admirably printed. We follow the footprints of the Wesleys from their Epworth parish throughout their far wanderings and adventures at home and abroad. The quaint old churches, the historic places and scenes are faithfully reproduced.

The pronounced religious character of the book is, as it ought to be, one of its most marked features.

"What eye, save the All-seeing One, shall follow the impulse given to souls in other communions, on both

sides of the sea, by the vitalizing touch of John Wesley, by the flaming zeal of George Whitefield, or by the seraphic fire in the stanzas of Charles Wesley? Who shall trace into the texture of the national structure of the United States the elements of strength and endurance, brought to their permanent place and office in the giant Republic of the West by Francis Asbury and William McKendree? The going to and fro of

From History of Methodism—Hurst.

BARBARA HECK AND THE CARD PLAYERS.

By permission Eaton & Mains.

these leaders and their itinerant comrades were the veritable movements of God's own loom and shuttle as He wove the fabric of American

life and civilization. What statistician shall tabulate the civic, the social, the commercial, the political results of Methodism in its rapid march across the continent, leavening each new community with industry and righteousness, and planting its strongholds of piety in every village? These subtle, but no less real, results largely elude the grasp of the historian, but form a part of the imperishable records kept by a Hand that wearies not and guarded by an Eye that never sleeps."

History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

BARBARA HECK EXHORTING PHILIP EMBURY TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

The beginnings of Methodism in the dear old land which is the mother of us all are admirably set forth. In the humble rectory of Epworth was fulfilled the ideal of Christian family life, as in no other household of that age. The more light there is thrown upon the subject reveals the character of that "mother in Isreal, Susanna Wesley, as the true mother of Methodism. In spiritual insight, in breadth of vision, in rare common sense, she was far the superior of her opinionated, pedantic, and rhyme-writing husband. To her training of her nineteen children in piety, and subsequent influence, Methodism owes its use of household worship, its revived lay preaching, and other of its strongest features.

The old rectory life is finely depicted. The following is the story of the Epworth ghost:

"'Old Jeffrey,' as they called him, did not begin his antics until John had left Epworth for the Charterhouse School. Strange noises were heard at night and during family prayers—knocks and groans and rattling doors and pans; trenchers danced and dogs howled. Clergymen and others would come and urge Wesley to leave the 'haunted' parsonage, but he replied, 'No; let the devil flee from *me*, I will not flee from *him*.'

"On the general question of apparitions Mrs. Wesley guardedly wrote to 'Dear Jacky,' in 1719: 'I do not doubt the fact, but I cannot

From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING IN NEW YORK

understand why these apparitions are permitted. If they were allowed to speak to us, and we had strength to bear such converse—if they had commission to inform us of anything relating to their invisible world, that would be of any use to us in this—if they would instruct us how to avoid danger, or put us in a way of being wiser and better, there would be sense

in it; but to appear for no end that we know of, unless to frighten people almost out of their wits, seems altogether unreasonable.' There is much of Susanna Wesley's characteristic common sense in these words.

"The latest biographer of Mrs. Wesley—Eliza Clarke, 1886—states that about a hundred years after the Wesleys had left Epworth strange noises were heard in the rectory, and the incumbent, not being able to trace or account for them, went away with his family and resided abroad for some time. The present rector is of the opinion that '"Old Jeffrey" is, to some extent, answerable for a marked feature in Wesley's character—his love of the marvellous and his intense belief in the reality of the apparitions and of witchcraft.'"

Bishop Hurst thus recounts his courteous treatment by John Wesley's successor on the occasion of his visit to Epworth:

"You may be interested to know how I became rector of this venerable church. A vacancy having occurred, I was nominated for the position to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone asked of his adviser:

"'Where was Mr. Overton educated?'

"'At Oxford,' was the reply.

"'At which college?'

"'At Lincoln College,' was answered. 'And not only that, but Mr. Overton was the occupant of the same room in which John Wesley lived when he was a fellow of Lincoln College.'

"'Then,' said Gladstone, quickly, 'let Mr. Overton follow on in the footsteps of John Wesley, and continue the work of Samuel Wesley in the Epworth Church, and live in the old rectory.'"

"To the inquiry how the noises came about, the rector answered that the story beneath the roof, which was one long, great rambling room, was floored with a kind of concrete, on being trodden, made a metallic sound throughout the part of the house. He attribu entire fancy to the fact of tl friendliness of the townspeopl might throw missiles and make to which by a vivid imaginatio be attributed a preternatural c

This book has for us in (very special significance and i Bishop Hurst, in his admirabl word, says:

"Two strikingly beautiful in of the blending of the British a American currents will be foun in the romantic story of Ca Methodism, marked by its varieties and sharp frictions earlier day, but now more s characterized by its singular soli and, second, in the more recen ing of the forces of the Americ English Methodists in their e labors to kindle to a new flame Fatherland the fires that once on German altars, and to give glow and power to the peop work of Luther and Zwingli. unity and grandeur of the c progress of the whole family of odists, rather than the diver the district branches, have bee well to the front, with sufficient tion to the minor issues and which relate to the origin and d ment of the various and s bodies. The broad and catholi of John Wesley is finding its w new, or perhaps a continuous, ship, and bids fair during the tieth century to bring into harm and federated activity, if, inde into compact and organic uni severed and, therefore, we ranks of the Methodist host."

It is especially the beginni Methodism in the New World, the United States and Canad appeal most strongly to our Ca patriotism. The first chapter o

From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

CAPTAIN WEBB PREACHING IN THE SAIL-LOFT.

IV., which takes up this story, is headed, "A Woman, a Carpenter, and a Red Coat." Its opening sentence reads: "The beginnings of Methodism in America belong to the high realms of religious romance," and that romantic story is retold with dramatic skill. By a strange providence of God the persecuting armies of Louis XIV. drove the Protestant Palatines

from the Rhine valley into exile. They found refuge in England and Ireland, became incorporated with the people, received the congenial germs of Methodism, and developed a noble type of piety. The rack rents and pressures of population upon means of living led the more adventurous spirits to seek a new home in a new world. Among the very first of these were Dame Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada; Philip Embury, and others of that godly band of Palatines.

Amid the disappointments of hope deferred, and the novel temptations by which they were surrounded, deprived, too, of the spiritual ministrations with which they had been favored in the old home, these humble Palatines appear to have sunk into religious apathy and despondency. Like the exiles of Babylon they seemed to say, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury, for a time, lost his zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, shrank from the responsibility of religious leadership. While he justly ranks as the founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck may even take precedence over him as its foundress. She nourished, during all this time, her religious life by communion with God and by the devout reading of her old German Bible.

Five years later other Palatines, some of them relatives or old friends of the Emburys and Hecks, arrived at New York. Few of these were Wesleyans, and some made no profession of religion whatever. In the renewal of social intercourse between the old and new arrivals a game of cards was introduced. There is no evidence that any of the Wesleyans took part in this worldly amusement. But Barbara Heck felt that the time had come to speak out in earnest remonstrance against the spiritual declension of which she regarded this occupation as the evidence. In the spirit of an ancient prophetess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly warned the players of their danger and their duty.

Under a divine impulse she went straightway to her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him to be no longer silent, "entreating him with tears." With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she exclaimed, "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand." "I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation," he replied. Nevertheless, at her earnest adjuration, he consented to preach in "his own hired house," and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience. Its composition was typical of the diverse classes which the vast organization of which it was the germ was to embrace.

Small as it was, it included white and black, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his "hired man," and by her side an African servant called "Betty." Thus Methodism began its ministration among the poor and lowly, destined within a century to cover with its agencies a vast continent, and to establish its missions in every quarter of the globe.

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to in-

From History of Methodism—Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.

BARBARA HECK'S BIBLE.

crease, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. No small excitement began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the Bread of Life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived. In the good and brave Captain Webb they found a firm

friend and fellow-laborer in the Lord. He was one of Wesley's local preachers who, sent with his regiment to America, found out the New York Methodists and gladly cast in his lot with them. He soon took his stand at Embury's preaching desk, "with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible," and declared to the people the Word of Life. The preaching of the soldier-saint roused the whole city, and promoted at once the social prestige and religious prosperity of the humble Church. For the ten years that he continued in America he was the chief founder of Methodism on the continent, preaching everywhere among the seaboard towns and villages.

In 1767 the famous "Rigging Loft," in William Street, was hired for the growing New York congregation; but "it could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the Word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative, but where could this humble community obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to *avoid the* penalties of the law, it was provided with a fireplace an Its interior, though long was described as "very clean, and the floor sprin with sand as white as snow bury, being a skilful wrought diligently upon its and Barbara Heck, rejoici work of her hands, helped wash its walls."

Within two years we r least a thousand hearers cro chapel and the space in fro been more than once rec since then, but a portion o building is still visible. clock, brought from Ireland Embury, still marks the hou ship.

On the outbreak of th tionary War, many of the l tines maintained their all the old flag by removing Canada. Here they remain years, chiefly in Montreal. a number of them removed Canada, then newly organi colony, and settled in the to Augusta, on the River St. Among these were John and Catharine his wife, wh widow of Philip Embury; Barbara Heck, and other Methodists. True to their pr mission, they became the fou pioneers of Methodism in C they had been in the Unit A "class" was forthwith org which Samuel Embury, walk footsteps of his sainted fa the first leader. Thus, six fore the advent into Canad liam Losee, the first regular ist preacher who entered th Methodism was already through the energies of thos lay agents.

Barbara Heck died at the of her son, Samuel Heck, aged seventy years. Her befitting her life; her old

From History of Methodism Hurst. By permission Eaton & Mains.
PAUL HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. Thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure.

The admirable illustrations which, through the courtesy of the publishers, accompany this article, are examples of hundreds which illustrate this noble work.

Of special interest will be the photograph of the Bible of Barbara Heck, the companion of her sojourn in Ireland, the United States, in Canada, the source of her high faith and heroic courage, the book which she held in her hand when her spirit fled from earth, the book out of which has grown the great and goodly Methodism of this broad continent. The companion photo is that of Paul Heck's German Bible, with an autograph inscription.

It is a gratification to the present writer that he discovered these venerable relics of Methodism in the old Heck household near Maitland, Ont., and at his suggestion they were procured and deposited in the library of our own Victoria University, Toronto.

This book takes rank as the standard history of Methodism, and not for many long years, if ever, to be superseded. The price of this great work, $15 for the set of seven volumes, is exceedingly cheap.

THE TALBOT REGIME.*

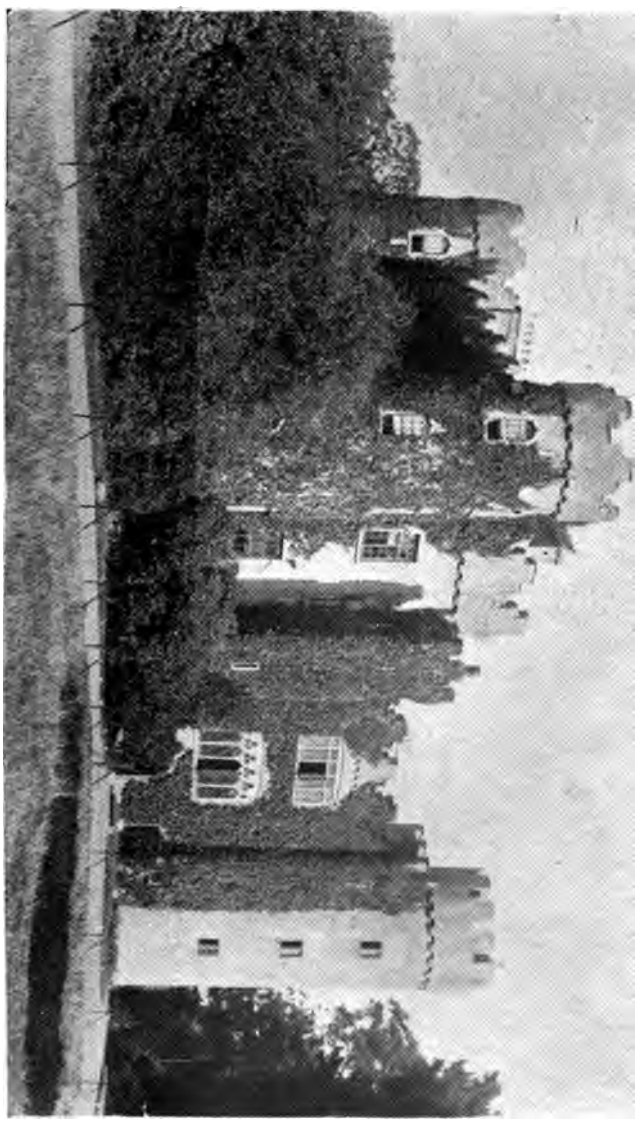
COLONEL THOMAS TALBOT.

THE early settlement of Upper Canada possesses some striking associations with the chivalry and high estate of the Old Land. This is true not only of the ancient seigneuries of Lower Canada, bu less degree also of some of the c settlements of Upper Canada as · A notable instance is that of the Ta Regime, to which this hands volume is devoted.

The Talbots of Malahide v among the oldest families in Irel Richard Talbot, founder of the hc

* "The Talbot Regime; or, the First Half-Century of the Talbot Settlement." By C. O. Ermatinger, K.C. Special edition. St. Thomas: The Municipal World, Ltd. Pp. ix 393.

crossed the Irish Channel in 1172, in the suite of Henry II. The family name is recorded in the Doomsday Book, and a copy of the patent to



MALAHIDE CASTLE, COLONEL TALBOT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Thomas Talbot from King Edward IV. was found among the papers of the late Colonel Thomas Talbot in Canada.

Malahide Castle, of which we give a picture, "built on an eminence commanding a view of the bay, is a stately building, whose vine-clad walls and towers present a most picturesque effect, while its hall of purest Norman architecture, and oak room lined with antique carving of scriptural subjects, are justly celebrated, and its numerous art treasures both old and precious.

"The nobly-wooded grounds con-

VIEW OF PORT TALBOT, LOOKING TOWARD LAKE ERIE.

tain ancient oaks, chestnuts, and sycamores, whose lives extend back to Tudor days. Beneath two of the latter, and close to the castle, are the ruins of the ancient chapel and burying-ground, within which, among other interesting monuments, is the sixteenth-century tomb of Maud Talbot, of whom was sung:

"The joy-bells are pealing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is sighing along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers
And the harpstrings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

. . . . . .

Before the high altar young Maud stands array'd,
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother for ever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart."

"But the wedding feast being interrupted by tidings of the approach of foemen, the bridegroom has perforce to leave his bride and lead the wedding guests to battle. Toward evening, when news of victory comes, Maud joyously sets forth to welcome her valiant bridegroom, whose corpse, borne home on a shield, she, alas, meets. Broken-hearted, she

"Sinks on the meadow, in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride."

Here was born in 1771 Thomas Talbot, one of a family of seven sons and five daughters. Two of the brothers became peers of the realm, one an admiral of the Royal Navy, one a lieutenant-colonel, who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo in 1810. One of the daughters became a countess of the Austrian Empire, another became the wife of Sir William Young, the Governor of Tobago. The rollicking young Tom Talbot and Arthur Wellesley were aides to the Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. They both entered the army, but one attained to name and fame as the Iron Duke, the other plunged into the then wilderness of Canada from which he seldom emerged. It is said that as octogenarians these two met and conversed at

VIEW OF ST. THOMAS, FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

Apsley House, calling each other by their familiar names, "Arthur" and "Tom." To quote from our author: "Over what divergent vistas of intervening years of war and statecraft, of sanguinary battlefields and splendor of courts, on the one hand—on the other, of lonely sombre solitude, of battles with the giants of the forest and its wild denizens, of lake and river travel, of ice and snowstorms and blazing log fires—until, the long intervals spanned, their minds focussed and tongues wagged over happy youthful days in Dublin—in 'dear, dirty Dublin,' as it was once called."

At the age of twenty Tom Talbot—we quote a recent reviewer—"came to Upper Canada as private and confidential secretary of Governor Simcoe, with whom he travelled much over the country, and by whom his services were so much appreciated that after his return to England the Governor interested himself successfully in securing for his young friend a grant of five thousand acres on the shore of Lake Erie, in the township of Dunwich. The settlement which he began subsequently included within its area a large proportion of the present county of Elgin. For over half a century he was personally identified with its development, and was involved in all its vicissitudes."

In the spring of 1803 young Talbot landed at the little port which subsequently took his name. "He set to work with a will and energy characteristic of him, and soon had erected a log house on the hill facing the lake to the south, and overlooking the valley of Talbot Creek to the north and north-east. Here with a few men-servants he lived in his embryo Canadian 'Castle Malahide,' a humble log abode of three rooms—a store-room, sitting-room, and kitchen—which was afterwards enlarged into a rambling

collection of one-storied buildings, not inconsiderable in extent, but with no pretensions to architectural beauty."

This book is well called the Talbot Regime, because the colonel kept a sort of vice-regal state in his little domain. Judge Ermatinger's interesting volume gives a graphic account of those early days in Canada, the privations of which few of us can now understand. The primitive mode of preparing flour is thus described:

"A stump hollowed at the top by fire, and a rough wooden pestle, formed the ordinary means for grinding the grain into coarse but not unwholesome flour or meal, from which bran and shorts were not extracted. Sometimes a hollowed pair of stones in the hollowed stump, the upper one fitted with a handle, produced a superior brand of home-made flour, in the neighborhood where a hand-mill was owned, it did duty for all its owner's neighbors."

Colonel Talbot erected the first water-mill in the settlement in 1808, but it was burned by the American invaders in the War of 1812.

"To obtain flour, however ground, grain was required. Seed, usually supplied by Colonel Talbot at first, was sown—wheat, barley, peas, oats. While the land was virgin, it was not worked, the grain being hand-sown, raked or harrowed (sometimes a tree-top or branch doing duty for harrow) and covered with leaves, roots, and loose earth—Indian corn being planted with an axe or hoe. The crops were reaped with sickles—in some cases with only knives or scissors.

"In this laborious work the setlers' wives were at times forced by circumstances to participate—nor did they shrink from the task."

The wife of Finlay McDiarmid, without even a sickle, not only cut the entire crop of wheat on an acre and a half with a butcher-knife, but threshed the grain and ground it with a hand-mill to feed her young children and sick husband. This heroic woman lived to within a month of a full century of years, passing away in September, 1878. The wife of George McGregor, while her husband was ill, split rails enough to fence a four-acre field, and carried them on her back and erected the necessary fence.

During the War of 1812 Colonel Talbot saw active military service, but was unable to prevent the ravaging of the Erie frontier and destruction of the lake settlements.

While Lower Canada abounds in places bearing the names of the saints we have very few in Upper Canada. One of these, St. Thomas, takes its name, not from St. Thomas the apostle, but from the jolly Tom Talbot, who has never been otherwise held up as either saint or doubter.

"Colonel Talbot had himself gone through all the hardships of a backwoods settler during the first years after his arrival. He did not shirk from the most menial occupations. A he told Mrs. Jamieson, the authoress, he assumed the blanket-coat and axe, slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodmen, cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread. In this latter branch of household economy he became very expert, and still prides himself on it.

The following lines describe his mode of life:

"No contiguous palace rears its head
To shame the meanness of their humble shed.
At night returning, every labor sped,
They sit them down—the monarchs of the shed."

Colonel Talbot was an eccentric old gentleman, was very popular among those who knew him best, and well deserved the name of Pater Patriae

given him by William Lyon Mackenzie, who afterwards became his pronounced enemy. The temperance sentiments of later times were not in vogue in those early days, and Colonel Talbot does not fail to pronounce his anathemas upon "those blank cold-water-drinking societies," in guise of which, he says, the rebels organized their conspiracy. Had the gallant colonel become a member of one of these societies and adhered to its principles, it would have been better for him in his old age. His habit of dining "not wisely but too well" grew upon him till he became its unfortunate victim.

We quote a recent reviewer: "The Talbot settlement was typical of other pioneer plantations in many respects, but in many others it was unique. Its settlement was small in area compared with that of the Canada Company, which extended from its northern border through Middlesex and Huron. The constant presence of a proprietor in one was both a benefit and a drawback. His regime was, on the whole, not unkindly, and it was fairly efficient and thoroughly honest. The Canada Company's settlers were not so fortunate in some respects as those located by Colonel Talbot."

A graphic account is given of many incidents of the rebellion. This was the country of Dr. Duncombe, Dr. Rolph, and other leading spirits in that revolt.

Judge Ermatinger has done his part well. His work is founded upon a previous volume by his father, Mr. Edward Ermatinger, but greatly expanded and fortified by a copious array of authorities. Their family history is as romantic as that of the Talbots themselves.

"I SHALL GO SOFTLY."

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

Adown the corridor of years,
To melody of falling tears,
And harsher chords of strife and care,
I still the fragile life must bear.
As toward the palace of the King,
I softly bear this precious thing.

As ocean-spirit fills his days,
Who loves its freedom, sings its lays,
Anear the soundless, shoreless Deep,
I find a faultless grace to keep,—
A quiet faith to quell my fears,
And measure softly passing years.

I yet the bitterness shall meet,
And night-long marches tire my feet:
Oh, sweeter Presence, gentler touch,
Uphold me, lest I falter much!
For through the stresses I would bring
This treasure safely to the King.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS OF CANADA.*

BY THE REV. JOHN M'DOUGALL, D.D.,

Superintendent of Indian Missions.

AS the future of any race or people may reasonably be discussed by knowing in a measure something of their past and present, then let us retroject our thought to recent times when the Indians owned and roamed in what is now known as the Dominion of Canada. Four million square miles of territory was their camping-ground, and in order to better understand this question let me state that in so far as we have learned no individual or tribe claimed any particular portion of this immense land. The whole country was held in common by all these multiple tribes speaking many diverse tongues.

Where they came from is a matter of speculation. My own experience would lead me to think that they have come from the north and west. Within the last few hundred years the Blackfeet tribes and the Stonies and Crees have moved south. It is not so long since the Blackfeet were on the Peace River Plains and around the Great and Lesser Slave Lakes, and if one in studying types is travelling westward in Canada he will find that the Mongolian type intensifies as he approaches the Pacific coast. Out of northern Asia into northern America seems to have been this trend of human movement.

How long have they been here? Who knows? However, there has been sufficient time to create language, and reconstruct form and feature, and implant varying degrees of courage, and to allow the topography and geography and climate of this wonderfully diverse land to impress themselves upon these nomad peoples. For so crude and limited were the means of transport of these Indians that each, while constantly roaming, yet did not travel far from the land of his birth. If we can measure the time needed to determine the sound of a language, or the strength of a limb, or the shape or color of an eye, or the erect stature and symmetrical form of the man of the mountains and plains; could we know how long it takes to make men eloquent, to impart the genius of poetry, to perfect a language, to create many dialects of the same, then we might answer approximately as to the period of these Indians dwelling in this part of God's fair earth.

Barbarians without law or order or government, without literature, without any part of what is termed "civilization," nomads owning a mighty dominion, but having no home therein—thus the man "sailing across the ocean" found them; that is, the altogether barbarous man was now visited by the semi-barbarous man—the eighty or ninety per cent. barbarian had discovered the one hundred per cent. barbarian.

The small percentage of civilization in the former had in the process of centuries made him the exploiter. The fulness and denseness of the latter's barbarism made him the easily exploited. Semi-civilization had, in the case of the white man, made him to be full of the greed of conquest and the greed of domination and of

* A paper read before the Missionary Convention at Edmonton.

commerce, and had it not occurred that into this masterful being there had come some of the principle of Christianity, there would be no Indian question to discuss at this time. "This God-sent principle conserved in some degree the honor of the white man, and also in some measure has saved from destruction the Indian."

If the present were the only life, if present contentment and abject inertia were ideal for humanity, then the Indian surely had a glorious past. He built no cities, he cleared no farms, he tilled no plains, he hewed out no great highways, he made no hay, he fed no stock, he branded no cattle, nay, the cattle upon a thousand hills were his and God's. Millions of cattle, millions of deer, and countless millions of fowl; the trout in the streams and lakes, the whitefish and sturgeon filling great inland oceans, and myriad lakes and streams were his, all his. The bracing winters made him strong, and the warm, fruitful summers made him glad.

For him the storm winds blew and the mild zephyrs played. For his ear there was music in the lowlands, and loud-toned anthems in the mountains. He listened, and the birds singing and the rapids calling were as hymns and psalms of praise to Him who had created them all—for the Indian did believe in a great Creator. He offered sacrifice and worshipped in his own way; worrying as to creeds and business, and time and life, and all things that some men do so mightily concern themselves with, did not concern him. He gratefully accepted things as they were, and did not look for more and better.

In the slow progress of evolution he was unconscious of the process. If he had ever thought of it he could honestly and consistently have intoned "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." Unto him as yet had not come the voice of revelation, saying unto man, "Arise and subdue this world which I have made for you to dwell in." Unto him the voice of the Spirit had spoken. He knew the distinction between evil and good, but not as yet had the clear voice of the great Resurrector rung into his inmost being—"Lazarus, come forth."

No, the Indian's past was dead to progress; dead to the destiny of our race, and there had to come a wonderful change, and now that the small beginnings of this necessary change have come, let us consider the present of the Indians.

His contact with the new life has, as doubtless was the case with that of all men, been fruitful of both blessing and bane. This strange new man, who came to him with the Bible in one hand and absolute domination and rum and whiskey and many foul diseases in the other, has been, indeed, as a living paradox to the docile, passive Indian; and hundreds of thousands have fallen victims to war and pestilence, and rum and vice. This civilization with its permanent home life and dwelling in houses and fixed habitations and its multiple insanitation, has been cruel and full of disease-breeding to the Indian peoples. While their former life gave pure air and constant change of camp and scene, the steadily demanded need of a permanent residence on the reserve has thrust the Indian into crude cabins full of foul atmosphere and surcharged with the germs of terrible disease. Then the change of diet from meat and fowl and fish to cereals and vegetables and salt and sugar and syrup, etc., has come so suddenly, especially with all our western Indians, that nature herself has been taken by surprise and is unable thus hurriedly to adapt herself to these sudden and radical changes.

Then on top of all this are his limitations. If he is a treaty Indian he

cannot visit a friend on a neighboring reserve without a permit. He cannot go to the nearest market town without a permit. In what was his own country, and on his own land, to which he was born out of the centuries, he cannot travel in peace without a permit. He cannot buy and sell without a permit. He may raise cattle, but he cannot sell them unless the Government official allows. He may cultivate the soil, but is not the owner of his own produce. He cannot sell firewood or hay from the land that is his by divine and citizen right, and thus reap the result of his own industry, unless subject to the caprice or whim of one who often becomes an autocrat.

Said an Indian to me a few days since: "I raise cattle, but they are not mine; my own wood I cannot sell; my own hay I cannot do what I would with. I cannot even do as I like with the fish I may catch; how can I become a man?"

This was the cry of one who was bred in absolute liberty. Another said, "The farm instructor on this reserve owns more than half of every Indian who lives here. We are not men, we are slaves." In this case paternalism has been carried to a criminal extreme. Independence and manhood have been most awfully discounted.

Again, the white man has his own ideas on the question of education, and early in his contact with the Indians missionary societies began the work of establishing schools for the enlightenment of the Indian. When treaties were made by our Government, provision was given by treaty for the education of the children of the Indians, and within the last twenty-five years in the North-West both Government and Christian Churches have been in co-operation in the carrying on of day and boarding and industrial schools work amongst the native population. The older mission day-school, and later the Government and mission day-school was, and still is, most seriously hindered by the unsettled and nomadic life of the people, and this was reasonable, for were not they the perennial pilgrims of all the ages—hunters and fishermen by long heredity and life-long habit? Hence to keep up a regular attendance at the day-school on the reserve, or previously at the mission, was the continuous effort, but not the accomplishment in any large degree, of all concerned.

Then came the large industrial school, and an illustration of how our missionaries had worked, and how ready the Indian was to learn, is the case of the Red Deer and Brandon Industrial Schools. Red Deer was over-full in a month, and Brandon within one year of being ready to accept pupils. These pupils came from fifty to seven hundred miles to these schools, and came from camps and homes from which there had not been any separation of the child from the parent in all their previous history. This new life demanded the immediate tearing asunder of these, the most holy and sacred of ties.

As was natural with the children, some died; some ran away, and the major portion looked upon the school as a sort of prison.

Then came the boarding-school on or contiguous to the reserves or homes of the people. This in the minds of those most truly interested seems to be the best plan, being, as it is, a compromise between the day-school and the industrial, having most of the advantages of the latter, and all the benefits and much more than those of the former. The boarding-school is a wide bridging of the great chasm between the very recent old life and the now suddenly appearing and absolutely new life.

In the matter of faith the Indian was always reverent. He believed in

the Great Good Spirit, and also in the Evil Spirit, and as the latter had only jurisdiction within the limit of this life, and as the Great Good Spirit was all-merciful and for ever gracious, the Indian made sacrifice and oblation to him who in his belief could affect and influence this present time. The Evil Spirit propitated would help in hunting, war, love, etc.; in short, the untutored savage was acting just as even now the more enlightened white man is practising, namely, on the principle, not of ultimate righteousness, but that which is now feasible and profitable to ourselves, never caring as to its effects on posterity or the rest of humanity. The Indian, perhaps, did not think that far, yet nevertheless he was logically in the same line of thought and action.

Then came the exponent of a stronger, greater light, and the missionaries of the Roman Catholic and Anglican and Methodist, and later of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches came to him, and all were welcomed generally. It was if he was waiting, and everywhere the missionaries of this new faith were listened to with solemn attention, and pagan peoples gave up war and strife, and in due time many turned to this great new Gospel and became Christians.

The greatest difficulty to the acceptance of this Gospel has always been the conduct of the white man, who antedated, and who has been contemporaneous with, the missionary. That two such distinct characters of men should come out of the land of people who believed in such a Gospel has always caused great wonderment to all Indian peoples—the drunkard, the libertine, the blasphemous, the commercially fraudulent — these in such large number among the white men. Often the lone missionary and the crowd of this kind coming out of the same country, and from the preaching of the same faith, yet how distinct their life and conduct.

Nevertheless, despite the drunkenness and vice and Sabbath-breaking and blasphemy of many traders, and many travellers, and many Government officials, and many settlers, the Indian generally has stood by the missionary. Even when there came an ultra bad white man, who dared to say there was no God, the Indian pitied the white man's mental aberration and still believed.

A short time since, when assisting the principal of one of our industrial schools to secure pupils, I made use of all current arguments in support of the need of education—beside me on the bench was a genuine old pagan, one of the few extreme conservatives of his race. This old philosopher had listened to our arguments and persuasion, and then spoke as follows:

"I want to believe you, John; I have every reason to believe you; I have known you for many years and watched you closely. I have heard you tell about England and Canada and other lands, where you said Jesus and His Gospel was awakening the people, and making them better and stronger. I have heard you tell about the school, and the stirring of mind. Oh, yes, John, I listened and thought 'This is good,' but so many white men I meet act contrary to what you preach. Only the other day I came through a settlement of people from England, where, as you have told us, for hundreds of years the Gospel has been preached, and they had just come out straight from that land—in one big ship had they come—and, John, I saw them do many bad things, and heard awful stories about their life and acts of wickedness which even my people in the past did not know of; so you will not wonder, John, that I am still in a quandary. When I hear you I want to believe what you say,

then I see so much among your own white people that are different, and I am saddened and puzzled as to what is best."

Thus spoke the old heathen philosopher. Then as I tried to answer him he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Never mind, John, your faith produced you, my friend, and it must be good."

Yes, to-day we are thankful that of our Indians and nominal Christians many are really so in heart and in deed and in life. Moreover, education is leavening the mass, and they as a whole are growing into an appreciation of its benefits.

Civilization is also gaining ground, and the Indian is rapidly taking our agriculture and husbandry and stock-raising, and is learning our modes of industry, and is assimilating the new condition almost with miraculous haste; yesterday a nomad and an absolute barbarian, and to-day very much civilized in the essentials, learning English fast, already subscribing to our literature.

To me the Indian is a marvel—no men in all history have changed and are changing so quickly. I saw him as a savage, a nomad, a barbarian; I have watched him as against the centuries he manfully strove into the new life. I have watched him as against the tide of misunderstanding and mistaken guardianship, and often under the heel of petty despotism, he has patiently struggled, and to-day I say he is wonderful in capacity, marvellous in adaptation, and altogether worthy of our profound respect and help in every way.

And now as to his future. In the matter of education, that is his legal right by solemn treaty with our Government. As to the methods and manner of imparting this education, we as citizens are responsible to God and the Indian to continue to seek the best plan in this work. The best school in my opinion with the light I now have is the boarding-school on the reserve. This, if conducted as it should be, will stand as an object lesson to all the people, will conserve the home life of the Indian, will obviate the many heart-breakings and sad separations of necessity connected with the industrial school, remote as these are from the majority of the people.

Coming to our civilization, I would say again, Give the Indian full liberty in all matters, except the disposition of his lands and the trafficking in intoxicants. Let Christian sentiment and public feeling demand that all agents and other Government officials and missionaries be absolutely free from the taint of the liquor poison. There must be consistency on this question—it is absurd to ask other men to obey law and yourself constantly disobey the same. There can be no successful carrying out of law under such conditions. Every true citizen, every Christian man and woman must stand by the Indian on this question. We boast of our civilization, then let us as a country send civilized men to act as Indian agents and instructors and teachers and missionaries to these Indian people. Surely there are some big-souled and high-minded men and women we can give to this work. We are tired of the brutish man; we are sick of the drunkard and libertine and blasphemer in his role of agent and farm instructor, etc. We are awfully tired with the would-be missionary or teacher who thinks and acts as if he and his are made of different clay from the men and people to whom he is sent.

The man with the pull of a political party, or a beautiful little sermon and nothing else, is no good for such work. We want souls and hearts, and brains, and large business ability, and practical industrial capacity, and with these we can help the Indian, even as

God has bidden us. Let the Churches renew their splendid efforts; let our Government revolutionize its service and secure, as surely it can, out of the citizenhood of Canada, good men and true for these important positions. Let the Indian Department of our country remove its limitations and strictures, as these cramp and annoy and discourage the Indian. I say, let these be removed, and the Indian set free to obey the general laws of this good land, and soon he will take on strength and grow up into this new life we have been instrumental in bringing to him.

You ask about the future of the Indian? Why not ask me about the future of all Canadians, about the future of this glorious Dominion? I say to you, the one is part of the other; mighty Canada, wealthy Canada, beautiful Canada, to fulfil her true destiny must be controlled and developed and occupied by a godly and righteous people, and we cannot be a godly and righteous people if we in any wise neglect or discount the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada.

If we, as patriots and Christian citizens, hope for and look forward to a great future for our country, then as a matter of course even the Indian, as God will permit him, must have a great and glorious future.

Let us be noble and true and pure and good, then the remnant of the peoples who lived here before we came, and also those who are coming, and will come to it from all lands, will with us become noble and true.

Our future will be made or marred, even as we under God make and mar the future of the Indian. In the last half-century the Methodist Church in Canada has had a glorious part in the work of the redemption of the Indian. The fathers in the Church felt the weight of this responsibility and freely gave of their best blood and means thereunto. We share in common with our brethren of other Churches engaged in this same work in the knowledge of the fact that through these instrumentalities we Canadians have never had an Indian war. No bloody massacres stain our history. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives have been saved to our young country through the missioning of its red men. To-day thousands of these Indians are walking in the light before God and man, as the direct results of a generation of such work.

Surely when there is so much in the past to encourage us, surely when the unlimited resources of the great North-West and of the wonderful Province of British Columbia are startling the vision and thought of all the civilized world; when we know beyond any discount that these rich portions of God's fair earth are indeed glorious and far beyond present-day calculations in their tremendous possibilities; when we recognize that all this territory belonged by the divine right of centuries to these Indians, I ask, Will we as a young and vigorous people, taking on strength hourly in wealth and state and national position, begrudge a few hundred thousand dollars and the expenditure of some of our best life to this work of civilizing and Christanizing these Indians?

Shall the great Methodist Church in this country cry out and groan and strain under the burden of less than fifty thousand dollars per annum in such God-commissioned duty. Nay, rather let us say we are privileged indeed, and rejoice and be glad because of being thus honored.

It is humiliating to my Christian manhood that for the last few years there have come mutterings and calls for retrenchment in this work from the North-West and British Columbia Conferences, the very Conferences that should be the most missionary in spirit and action.

The virtue of a perennial gratitude to God and the Indian, whose wealthy domain we are beginning to exploit; the dignity of Christian manhood; all that which is meant by the vows of the Christian ministry and profession of faith in Jesus Christ, should have constrained us to larger and more liberal views. But, alas! I am afraid there has been a sad error in the minds of some of the brethren in their estimate of values.

"You are wasting money and time on the Indian," they have said. "Place your dollar where it will make ten," has been their motto. "Let us multiply churches, let us build modern and comfortable parsonages, let us increase the salary of the preacher." While all this may be legitimate and worthy in its place, yet verily it is not missionary. Everything we do for ourselves is not missionary, it is what we do for the other man who needs our help, that is God-like, that is Christ-like, that is the mission of the Christian Church always and everywhere.

We believe God sent us into Canada. We believe God gave us the Indian to take care of and to minister unto, and the Divine Being sent us the stronger, having been made thus by centuries of Christian teaching. He sent us to these our weaker brethren, and if we would measure up to our high calling in citizenhood, in true patriotism, in vital Christianity, we must do nobly and generously by our Indian brethren. They must share with us in all our present and eternal blessings.

THE VINES.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Tell us once again, dear Master,
Of the Vine,
How the helpless, struggling branches
Cling and twine,
How the husbandman will clean it,
Prune it, water it, and screen it,
Care for it from branch to root,
Till it beareth fruit.

Tell us once again, dear Master,
Of Thy care:
How above Thy vines Thou watchest
Everywhere;
How Thou sendest rains upon them,
How Thy sunshine oft has won them,
How with love Thou standest near
All the weary year.

For to-day Thy vineyards languish.
Master, hear!
Branches, withered, black and fruitless,
Do appear.
Oh! come near to prune and tend them,
Yet a little while defend them,
Till at last, through strong, brave root,
Also they bear fruit.

We are like these vines, dear Master,
Pity us!
Useless, fruitless, bare and worthless,
See us thus,
Yet because Thou carest for us,
Lovest, even prayest for us,
Let us still Thy summer see,
Bearing fruit for Thee.

THE WELSH REVIVAL AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.,

Westminster Chapel, London.

IT was my holy privilege to come into the centre of this wonderful work and movement, at a meeting characterized by a perpetual series of interruptions and disorderliness. It was a meeting characterized by a great continuity and an absolute order. You say, "How do you reconcile these things?" I do not reconcile them. They are both there. If you put a man into the midst of one of these meetings who knows nothing of the language of the Spirit, and nothing of the life of the Spirit, one of two things will happen to him. He will either pass out saying, "These men are drunk," or he himself will be swept up by the fire into the kingdom of God. If you put a man down who knows the language of the Spirit, he will be struck by this most peculiar thing. I have never seen anything like it in my life; while a man praying is disturbed by the breaking out of song, there is no sense of disorder, and the prayer merges into song, and back into testimony, and back again into song for hour after hour, without guidance. These are the three occupations—singing, prayer, testimony.

In the evening I stood for three solid hours wedged so that I could not lift my hands at all. That which impressed me most was the congregation. I stood wedged, and I looked along the gallery of the chapel on my right, and there were three women, and the rest were men packed solidly in. If you could but for once have seen the men, evidently colliers, with the blue seam that told of their work on their faces, clean and beautiful. Beautiful, did I say? Many of them lit with heaven's own light, radiant with the light that never was on sea and land. Great rough, magnificent, poetic men by nature, but the nature had slumbered long. To-day it is awakened, and I looked on many a face, and I knew that men did not see me, did not see Evan Roberts, but they saw the face of God and the eternities.

Evan Roberts is hardly more than a boy, simple and natural, no orator, no leader of men; nothing of the masterfulness that characterized such men as Wesley and Whitefield and Dwight Lyman Moody; no leader of men. One of the most brilliant writers in one of our papers said of Evan Roberts, in a tone of sorrow, that he lacked the qualities of leadership, and the writer said if but some prophet did now arise he could sweep everything before him. God has not chosen that a prophet shall arise. It is quite true. Evan Roberts is no orator, no leader. What is he? I mean now with regard to this movement. He is the mouthpiece of the fact that there is no human guidance as to man or organization. The burden of what he says to the people is this: It is not man; do not wait for me; depend on God; obey the Spirit. But whenever moved to do so, he speaks under the guidance of the Spirit. His work is not that of appealing to men so much as that of creating an atmosphere by calling men to follow the guidance of the Spirit in whatever the Spirit shall say to them.

God has set His hand upon the lad,

beautiful in simplicity, ordained in his devotion, lacking all the qualities that we have looked for in preachers and prophets and leaders. He has put him in the forefront of this movement that the world may see that He does choose the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are, the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; a man who lacks all the essential qualities which we say make for greatness, in order that through him in simplicity and power He may move to victory.

There is no preaching, no order, no hymn-books, no choirs, no organs, no collections, and, finally, no advertising. I am not saying these things are wrong. I simply want you to see what God is doing. There were the organs, but silent; the ministers, but among the rest of the people, rejoicing and prophesying with the rest, only there was no preaching. Everybody is preaching. No order, and yet it moves from day to day, week to week, county to county, with matchless precision, with the order of an attacking force. Mr. Stead was asked if he thought the revival would spread to London, and he said, "It depends upon whether the people can sing." He was not so wide of the mark. When these Welshmen sing, they sing the words like men who believe them. No choir did I say? It was all choir. And hymns! I stood and listened in wonder and amazement as that congregation on that night sang hymn after hymn, long hymns, sung through without hymn-books.

The Sunday-school is having its harvest now. The family altar is having its harvest now. The teaching of hymns and the Bible among those Welsh hills and valleys is having its harvest now. You tell me the press is advertising it. They did not begin advertising until the thing caught fire and spread. One of the most remarkable things is the attitude of the Welsh press. I come across instance after instance of men converted by reading the story of the revival in The Western Mail and The South Wales Daily News.

Within five weeks twenty thousand have joined the Churches. I think more than that have been converted, but the Churches in Wales have enrolled during the last five weeks twenty thousand new members. It is a movement in the Church and of the Church, a movement in which the true functions and forces of the Church are being exercised and filled.

What effect is this work producing upon men? First of all, it is turning Christians everywhere into evangelists. There is nothing more remarkable about it than that, I think. People you never expected to see doing this kind of thing are becoming definite, personal workers. A deacon said: "I have eighteen young men in an athletic class of which I am president. I hope some of them will be in the meeting to-night." There was a new manifestation. This man had had that athletic class for years, and he had never hoped that any one of them would be in any meeting to be saved. Within fifteen minutes he left his seat and was talking to a young man down in front of him. Before that meeting closed that deacon had led every one of those eighteen young men to Jesus Christ, who never before thought of speaking to men about their souls.

My friend, with whom I stayed, who has always been reticent of speaking to men, told me how, sitting in his office, there surged upon him the great conviction that he ought to go and speak to another man with whom he had done business for long years. My friend suddenly put down his pen and left his office and went on 'Change, and there he saw the very man; and going up to him, passing the time of day to him, the man said to him, "What do you think of this revival?"

And my friend looked him squarely in the eye and said, "How is it with your own soul?" The man looked back at him and said, "Last night at twelve, from some unknown reason, I had to get out of bed and give myself to Jesus Christ, and I was hungering for some one to come and talk to me." Here is a man turned into an evangelist by supernatural means. If this is emotional, then God send us more of it! Here is a cool, calculating, business shipowner, that I have known all my life, leaving his office to go on 'Change and ask a man about his soul.

Down in one of the mines a collier was walking along, and he came, to his great surprise, to where one of the principal officials in the mine was standing. The official said, "Jim, I have been waiting two hours here for you." "Have you, sir?" said Jim. "What do you want?" "I want to be saved, Jim." The man said, "Let us get right down here"; and there in the mine the colliery official, instructed by the collier, passed into the kingdom of God. When he got up he said, "Tell all the men, tell everybody you meet, I am converted."

This whole thing is of God; it is a visitation in which He is making men conscious of Himself, without any human agency. The revival is far more widespread than the fire zone. In this sense you may understand that the fire zone is where the meetings are actually held, and where you feel the flame that burns. But even when you come out of it, and go into railway trains, or into a shop, a bank, anywhere, men everywhere are talking of God. Whether they obey or not is another matter. There are thousands not yielded to the constraint of God, but God has given Wales in these days a new conviction and consciousness of Himself. That is the profound thing, the underlying truth.—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

HIS WOUNDED FEET.

BY C. E.

With love and pity all aflame,
The story of the cross I heard,
And straight a pilgrim I became,
Through all the world to seek my Lord;
To bind for Him with loving bands
His wounded feet and bleeding hands.

I found Him not on land or sea,
Not in Jerusalem or Rome,
And wrinkled age had come to me,
When worn and sad I sought my home.
I had not bound with loving bands
His wounded feet and bleeding hands.

Then in a quiet hour I heard,
Plain as a whisper in the ear,
"I am thy ever-present Lord,
Why seek for Me?—Lo, I am here.
Who doeth what My word commands.
Hath kissed My feet and touched My hands.

"Who giveth to the starving—bread,
Who stays the steps of wayward youth,
Who raises up the sorrowing head,
And, best of all, who spreads the truth,
He binds for Me, with loving bands,
My wounded feet and bleeding hands."

FAMOUS WELSH PREACHERS.

BY JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.*

TAINE, the French writer upon English literature, speaks of the passion of the English for hearing sermons. If the people of England have a strong sermonic taste, what shall be said of the Welsh? Wales has long been a country famous for pulpit eloquence; the people of the rural districts respond to preaching as gunpowder to a spark. I shall not speak in this article of Christmas Evans, who stands out in the history of the Welsh pulpit like some tall mountain peak against the clear blue sky, for that would require a separate article, but rather of several of his contemporaries. The life of Christmas Evans spanned the greater part of the eighteenth century, and while he was the central luminary of that epoch, there was a considerable number of lesser but bright and shining lights.

One of these was Williams, of Pantycelyn, so-called to distinguish him from several others of the same name, and sometimes called the Watts of Wales. "His hymns have been sung over the face of the whole earth." He was the author of "O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness," and "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Born in 1717 and dying in 1791, he led a long and useful life. "He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius." It was his rule never to attempt the composition of a hymn until he felt his soul near to heaven. Like his hymns, his sermons were often sublime. He preached forty-three years, and travelled in that time 95,890 miles. A handsome edition of his works in the Welsh language is still read and prized.

Then there was Peter Williams, who did more than any man of his time to cultivate religious literature in Wales, a great preacher and a very godly man.

Evan Williams, another of the Williams' family of preachers, is spoken of as a seraphic man. He died at the early age of twenty-nine.

Daniel Williams was another contemporary of Christmas Evans, and seems to have been blessed with a much larger share of this world's goods than falls to the lot of most preachers, as he founded the Williams library, and left considerable money to various religious and benevolent objects. He was a prolific writer, and his works are contained in six octavo volumes.

There was still another famous preacher by the name of Williams, of this period—Williams of Wern. He was a preacher of great power, and profoundly moved the people with his realistic descriptions. Upon one occasion, when preaching upon the resurrection of the dead, the audience moved together in terror, imagining that the graves under their feet were bursting open and the dead rising.

William Williams was a thorough Welshman, and never could learn to speak English with much fluency. He used to say: "When I violate English, I am like a child that breaks a window. I do not go back to mend it, but I run away, hoping that I shall not be seen."

Such was his intense zeal that he left school before his studies were completed, saying: "The harvest will be over while I am sharpening my sickle."

* The great revival now in progress in Wales *will lend additional interest* to this paper.—ED.

inistry was very successful, services were in great demand. on was his forte, but of a very kind from that of Christmas

Speaking of the dove as a of the Holy Spirit, and of the of grieving the Spirit, he said ll birds the dove was the most armed. Of prayer he said: ayers often resemble tricks of ildren who knock at their s' houses, and then run

ed in holy triumph. The ac- himself and his daughter, about the same time in differ- is of the same house, is most

he said to her, in the last ill- oth:

l, Eliza, how are you this ?"

y weak, father."

' said he, " we are both on the se. Which of us do you think to the end of it first?"

I shall, father. I think you ve more work to do yet."

' he said, " I think my work r over."

ıay be so, father, but, still I shall be the first to go."

ıaps," he said, " it is best that l be so, for I am more able to blow. But," he continued, ı long to see the end of the ?"

from my heart," she replied.

why?"

ıuse I shall see so many of my ıds, and my mother, and, above all see Jesus."

well, then," he said, " tell ım coming."

ied first, her last words being, peace." He followed soon the fifty-ninth year of his age.

would fail to tell of John ho, like the rest, disclaimed all ı the pulpit, whose preaching top to the hideous custom of burning the raven's nest, and who was a veritable pulpit Demosthenes. He was a power in his day, and his record is on high. His funeral was attended by about ten thousand persons.

David Davies, of Swansea, although almost unknown to English readers, was a man of note in his day. He has been pronounced by competent authority to have been one of the foremost pulpit orators of his own or any other age. Old people, when asked the secret of his power, said that " It was in his voice—he could not help himself. Without any effort, five minutes after he began to speak, the whole congregation would be bathed in tears."

As a minister, while tender and loving, he was a terror to evil-doers. At Swansea, the scene of a great part of his ministry, Sabbath-breakers fled at his approach, and a man notorious for profanity would say to his comrades, when he saw him approaching, " Don't swear, Mr. Davies is coming!"

A company of drunken young men, who attempted to stone his dwelling, were quieted by him, and a number of them subsequently led to Christ.

Under his preaching a wicked old sea-captain, who had previously declared that not a preacher in the world could make him weep, was so broken up that he cried like a child. Great throngs of people greeted him wherever he went. He possessed a voice of wonderful compass, and could be heard with ease by ten thousand persons. He was a great hymn-writer, and eighty of his productions are said to be among the best in the Welsh language. He liberally wore himself out in the service, and died before reaching his fiftieth year.

Mention should also be made of Rees Pritchard, the vicar of Llandovery, whose book, " The Welshman's Candle," has been more widely circulated than any other work published in Wales. He became vicar of the

parish in which he was born, but his early career was marked by dissipation of every kind, so that his parishioners, even the worst of them, were shocked by his example, and would often say:

"Bad as we may be, we are not half so bad as the parson." The story of his conversion is known to many, who are not familiar with his life and work, and the eminence to which he attained.

An account of the famous preachers of Wales would not be complete without mention of Howell Harris, of Trevecca, and Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho.

They were born within a year of each other. Harris at Trevecca, in 1714, and Rowlands at Panty-beidy, in 1713.

Howell Harris is said to have been the most successful preacher that ever ascended a pulpit or platform in Wales, yet he did not aim to preach, and his sermons, so far as any knowledge may be obtained of them, will not stand the test of any sort of criticism. Yet it is said that "His words fell like balls of fire upon the careless and impenitent multitudes."

Daniel Rowlands was perpetual curate and incumbent of the united parishes of Nante-wille, at a salary of ten pounds a year, and never received any higher preferment. Like Harris he served in the ministry for some time before knowing the power of true religion. He seems to have been converted under a sermon of Rev. Griffith Jones. He was, at first, a tremendous alarmist, and dwelt much and often upon the terrors of the law, but a venerable clergyman, named Philip Pugh, kindly pointed out his defect.

"My dear sir," said he, "preach the Gospel—preach the Gospel to the people. Give them the balm of Gilead; show the blood of Christ; apply it to their spiritual wounds; show the necessity of faith in a crucified Redeemer."

The young man followed his advice, and "unnumbered thousands in Wales had occasion, through long, following years, to bless God for it." Rowlands had the power of the thunder and the dew.

He was such an impressive reader that upon one occasion, when in reading the church service, he pronounced the words, "By thine agony and bloody sweat," the service was almost stopped, and the entire congregation broke down under a passion of feeling. Christmas Evans testifies that when Rowlands was preaching the fashion of his face became altered, and the people felt that eternity with its realities rushed upon them.

His monthly communions were sometimes attended by as many as three thousand persons, and upwards of a hundred clergymen looked to him as their spiritual father.

Another star in the galaxy of Welsh preachers is Charles of Bala. He has been called "The gift of God to North Wales." He took a deep interest in the cause of education, and filled the country with schools, Sabbath and night-schools. Truly could he say toward the close of his life, "The desert blossoms as the rose, and the dry land has become pools of water."

Thomas Charles was more than a preacher; he was a bishop, an overseer—"travelling far and wide, preaching, catechising, administrating, placing, and removing laborers.

Wales lost him at the age of sixty. "A short life if we number it by years, a long life if we consider all that he accomplished in it."

The pungent sayings of Thomas Rhys Davies, are still worthy of being quoted, but a few specimens must suffice:

"Ignorance is the devil's college."

"Pharaoh fought ten great battles with God and did not gain one."

"Let the oldest believer remember that Satan is older."

"Many have a brother's face, but Christ has a brother's heart."

This remarkable man was taken ill in the same house in which Christmas Evans died. He begged that he might die in the same bed, but that was not possible. He was, however, buried in the same grave.

Ebenezer Morris was a fine, free, and cheerful spirit, "A man of rare gifts and grace."

His influence over the whole country was immense. A magistrate once said to him publicly, "You are worth more than a dozen of us." His voice was loved, his appearance commanding, and it is said that a word from him would roll over an audience like a great wave.

David Morris, the father of Ebenezer, was also a preacher, and it is said rarely preached a sermon that did not result in the conversion of some one.

One who should not go unmentioned in this enumeration is Samuel Breeze, of whom it was said that if you heard one of his sermons you heard three preachers. Christmas Evans said of him that "His eyes were like a flame of fire, and his voice like a martial strain, calling men to arms."

Another Welsh preacher has been made famous by the verses of Pope, John Kyrle, "the man of Ross."

Rev. William Richards, LL.D., unlike quite a number of those to whom we have alluded, was a man of great learning, but with little imagination or emotion. He disliked the great religious gatherings of his countrymen, and called them fairs, and often spoke of the preachers upon these occasions in anything but complimentary terms.

Davies, of Castell Hywel, a man of a many-sided reputation, was a great classical scholar, and many of the Welsh clergy received from him their education. He was a poet withal, and some pronounced his translation of Gray's Elegy superior in force and pathos to the original. He was Christmas Evans' first "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Others might be named, but I forbear. Wales has always been famous for its preaching. The language itself, the emotional character of the people, combined with their simplicity of heart and fervent piety, form a soil in which great preachers grow up as naturally as grass in some rich meadow.

Good hearers make good preachers, and the Welsh people love the pure and simple Gospel with a fervor and fidelity that knows no bounds.

Rutherford, New Jersey.

"NOT AS MAN SEETH."

BY R. V. CLEMENT.

Oh! Father, *this* is not the gift—
  This jumbled mass so crude,
This thing of stubble, hay and wood,
  So shapeless, bare and rude.

This, Father, this is *not* the gift
  Which I have brought to Thee,
An offering meet to speak my love,
  My fear and fealty.

Ah, no!—the temple I had planned
  And feebly striven to build,
Splendid in marble, ivory, gold,
  With art's rare treasures filled—

The temple, pictured in my soul,
  Which I would fain have wrought
With lofty tower and sculptured column,
  That is the gift I've brought.

Midway, B.C.

THE GATEWAYS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY GEORGE A. DICKINSON, M.D.

"As everything that enters the mind finds its way through the senses, the first reason a human being is a reason of sensations; this it is which forms the basis of the intellect reason; our first masters in philosophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. Substituting bo for all this is not teaching us reason, it is simply to use the reason of other people; it teac us to take a great deal on trust and never to know anything."—Rousseau.

IF a child is giving attention to any subject under discussion we know that he is thinking about it, but for his reasoning to be accurate, and his conclusions to be correct he must be supplied with accurate information.

With a multitude of books and magazines it becomes an easy matter to get information on any subject, but to separate the true from the false the mind must not only be trained thoroughly in powers of discrimination and judgment, but, what is of greater importance, the faculties must be trained so as to obtain correct data at first hand. Our knowledge of things varies according to our powers of observation, and the perfection of our senses.

Each sense has a field particularly its own by which is revealed to us the distinguishing properties of things. Through that sense called general sensation, we get a knowledge of the general condition of the various parts of our body, and it is through this sense that fatigue, faintness, comfort, discomfort, well being, satiety, hunger or thirst is made manifest to us.

Through our special sense organs, sight, touch, smell, taste and hearing, we get a knowledge of the external world.

It is of much interest to study the functions of the different sense organs as in addition to our learn so can in great measure our e tions, our feelings, and our reasoni both in the concrete and the abstr be traced to the activities of our s organs. (See table.)

Sight and Touch.

(A) The optic apparatus and sense of touch, either alone or c bined, give us a knowledge of—

1st. The divisibility of matte things. Through these senses we cognizance of individual things isolated existences. This is neces or we never could appreciate that perty of matter called divisibi wherein we know of the existenc separate things.

2nd. The shape of things, the l of persons, and the configuratio things in general is another prop of objects which we learn thr these two senses. Everything some shape, be it the tiny molecul matter or a larger body seen by eye unaided or appreciated by tc

3rd. The magnitude of b shown in the bulk and dimension length, breadth, height, depth, giving the quantity, proportions, of figures, and things in general. is a necessary condition of everytl without it no physical substance c possibly exist.

4th. The situation of things, location of objects seen. Two ob cannot occupy the same space a same time, so that we are able t

TABLE COMPARING THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SENSES.

SMELL.	TASTE.	TOUCH.	SIGHT.	HEARING.
G. Smell gives us a knowledge of odors, which are usually classified as sweet, acid, aromatic, pungent, agreeable, pleasant, disagreeable, etc.	**I.** Taste makes us acquainted with the flavor and taste of things, classified usually as sweet, acid, bitter, salt, etc.	**A.** Through touch and sight we get a knowledge of, *First*, the divisibility of matter, the separate existence of things. *Second*, the shape of things, the looks of persons. *Third*, the magnitude or bulk of objects. *Fourth*, their situation or arrangement. *Fifth*, their numbers. Thus we get a knowledge of roughness, smoothness, dryness, softness, moisture, toughness, elasticity, hardness, mucilaginous condition, etc.		**F.** By hearing we learn of the quality, pitch, time and tune of sounds, serving for the communication of knowledge through speech, and enabling us to enjoy music.
J. The aromatic properties peculiar to many fruits, candies and some spices is produced by the association of pleasant odors with tastes and sensations of touch.				
H. The sensations caused in the nose by the pungent vapors of ammonia, mustard, and horse-radish, etc., are combined sensations of smell and touch.		**B.** Ideas, feelings and emotions may be communicated through either touch, sight, or hearing, but more particularly by hearing through speech, or by sight through print.		
	K. The cooling tastes of some acids and aromatic herbs, as mints, the mucilaginous taste of gums, the hot taste of some spices and the puckery taste of astringents, caused by these substances on the tongue and mouth are association of taste and touch sensations.		**E.** Through sight we appreciate color and variations of color, darkness, light, and intensity of light.	
		C. The weight of bodies is usually estimated by touch and muscle sense combined.		
		D. Through temperature sense, which is closely allied		

preciate that property of matter called impenetrability. We recognize and recollect the looks of places, things, bodies, scenery, etc., and when the things are within the reach of our sense of touch we gain the same knowledge as by our sight.

5th. The arrangement, system or order of bodies or atoms and things in general. We know that uniformity and method are constantly found throughout the works and things of nature.

6th. By these sense organs we can count the number of objects seen or felt. All the things of this earth are numbered.

(B) Through the sense of touch we are able to communicate thoughts, ideas, feelings and emotions, but it is chiefly through the hearing which makes possible speech, and through the sense of sight by seeing print and symbols that we can so readily gain knowledge from others.

(C) The weight of bodies is usually estimated by two sensations, that of pressure (touch) on the skin, and the muscular sense.

(D) We gain a knowledge of the temperature of objects through what is called the temperature sense. This sense is very closely allied to that of touch. Our knowledge of the heat of things is not accurate, because it, to a very great extent, depends upon temperature of skin, and all we can say is that the object is warmer or colder than the skin.

(E) By the visual sense alone we are able to perceive and compare the color, shades and tints of objects. The optic apparatus also enables us to become cognizant of light and the variations of the intensity of light. This knowledge of the color of things is somewhat confused, for the reason that there is not as yet any way of making various shades of coloring permanent, and furthermore the standard and names of colors adopted by different authors vary greatly.

Hearing.

(F) The sense of hearing gives us a knowledge of sounds, their quality, pitch, time, tune, making possible the appreciation of music, both vocal and instrumental, and serving as a means to communicate knowledge through the faculty of speech.

Smell.

(G) Through the sense of smell we are made cognizant of odors which are variously classed as sweet, acid, aromatic, pungent, pleasant, disagreeable, faint, strong, fragrant, etc.; words which have a relative meaning only, from the fact that there is no means of measuring the intensity or quality of odors, and also that a very great difference exists among persons as to the appreciation of the quality of odors. What is pleasant to one person may be disagreeable to another, etc. The great delicacy of this sense is remarkable; it can discern the presence of chlorophenol when diluted one thousand million times; so can 3-100000000 of a grain of musk be distinctly smelt. (Valentine.)

(H) The sensations caused in the nose by the pungent vapors, as of mustard, horse-radish, ammonia, are combined sensations of touch and smell.

Taste.

(I) The taste of substances is made manifest through contact of the substance with the gustatory nerve endings in the tongue. Tastes are usually classified as sweet, acid, salt, bitter, etc.

(J) The aromatic properties peculiar to many fruits, candies, spices are produced by the association of pleas-

with tastes and sensations
ınd can thus be fully appre-
' by the exercise of the three
ell, taste and touch.

ıe cooling taste of some
aromatic herbs, as mint,
ky" taste of gums, the
ıste of some spices, and the
" taste of astringents, as
ıin, etc., caused by these
on the tongue and mouth,
sociation of taste and touch

nse organ is excited by cer-
ular stimuli; these cause a
· create an impression on
ıs structure of the sense
l from the sense organ the
is conveyed by nerves to
s centres of the brain which
l seat of knowledge, and
'e made acquainted with the
of things, the sense organs
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ıt to our mind by this out-
part that each sense organ
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: doubt each individual
in the brain has a certain
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and cells which perform
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nerve centres. Thus we

hat similar brain cells may
ıted through several sense
d so also the same kind of
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enses. For instance, almost
nowledge that is gained
he visual apparatus might
ıuired through the sense of
he sense of hearing.

The properties of many
are fully appreciated only
ıultaneous action of two or
e senses.

Many things are recognized or differentiated only by the exercise of two or more senses. To our sight saleratus and cream of tartar look very much the same, but are easily distinguished through taste. Chloroform and sweet spirits of nitre are similar in appearance, but their odor is very different.

Fourth. We say of a substance that it has certain qualities; it is hard, soft, light, heavy, bitter, sweet, white, black, etc., and of another substance, that it is similar, redder, lighter, heavier, etc., so that our knowledge of things is really expressed in terms of comparison. The relative importance to the individual of the different senses is apparent.

Obviously a person could not be deprived of the sense of touch and still exist as a conscious entity; it is the most vital and closer connected with general sensibility than the other senses. It is said that the sense of touch in the evolution of the individual is the first special sense to be developed, clearly showing that it is of very great importance to life. If a person were deprived of all the other special senses he could still exist and enjoy life to a limited extent.

Miss Helen Keller has been entirely blind and deaf from infancy; yet to such an extent have her other senses become developed that she enjoys life to the full. Through her sense of touch she has gained an amount of knowledge sufficient to pass the examination, and become a B. A. of Radcliffe College. She not only freely expresses her thoughts, feelings and emotions, but originates ideas as cannot one person in five thousand. Her sense of smell is developed to a wonderful degree, and it is said she knew that a train was passing three-quarters of a mile distant from her, having smelled the smoke when it was not seen nor heard by her companion. She is so sensitive to the currents of

vibration in the air that she perceives the motion caused by the entrance of a person into the room, and if it is a familiar acquaintance is often able to recognize him by the peculiarity of approach. Although not able to hear a sound, yet the measured notes caused by a musical instrument vibrate through her whole body, and make music one of her delights. It gives her great pleasure, and so acute and well developed is her sense of touch that she appreciates the music of different composers, Schumann, it is said, being her favorite. She speaks in a deep, rich voice, and entirely through the sense of touch has accomplished more in the acquirement of knowledge in the way of languages, science, mathematics, etc., than thousands of girls do with all their senses, and more than any other person in the world so handicapped.

As a means of gaining knowledge the sense of sight is no doubt the most important. A great part of the knowledge that may be gained through the sense of touch may also be obtained through sight, and we are able to gain so much more in quantity by sight than by any other sense, that it becomes, or should be made, the main channel of education in the young.

Through these two means, the sense of sight which is exercised and trained by nature study, or, as it is often called, object lessons, and the sense of touch which is exercised and trained through work with the hands, we gain the greater part of the knowledge which we possess. From this outline the great benefit of manual training, the very great educational value of hand work in the training of children, is apparent. Through such work are exercised very much the same faculties of the mind as in object lessons. The scope and extent of the field is probably not so great, but where thoroughness and accuracy alone is considered, manual training forms one of the best, if not the best, means, of training and developing the faculties, both mental and motor.

The folly of the elevation of the sense of hearing to the second place as a means of education is clearly shown. Through the sense of hearing (speech), and by sight through print, children are crammed with a lot of second-hand knowledge, the relative importance of which they do not appreciate. If we sacrifice quantity of knowledge to quality, the sense of hearing takes second place in importance. Their relative importance from the educational standpoint, I believe, should be, first, sight, touch, hearing, odor, and lastly, taste; while their relative vital importance to the individual apparently is shown in the order of their evolution, thus: touch, sight, taste, smell and hearing.

Port Hope, Ont.

LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer:
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—*Henry Van Dyke, in The Outlook.*

HOW TCHOMO YUKOKA FOLLOWED CHRIST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR, M.A.

NAGASAKI harbor is a long frith of deep water, curving in a very serpentine fashion, two miles back among the hills of western Kyushiu. At its entrance an island rock rises abruptly, called by foreigners, Pappenberg, and by the Japanese, Takaboko. It was from the summit of this rock that thousands of men and women were thrown, three hundred years ago, because, suspected of being Christians, they had admitted the charge by refusing to trample on the Cross.

Now, on that morning of May, 1904, the "Kasai Maru," with the Cross gleaming scarlet on her white sides, and on the flag fluttering at her masthead, steamed past the martyrs' rock, and up the long harbor. She was a battleship that never carried a gun, and always tried to make herself as conspicuous as possible—a gleaming white and scarlet thing against a blue sea and sky—for to be seen plainly always was her salvation as she sailed those seas, where the sailors of the Mikado kept guard, and the sailors of the Czar rushed out from Vladivostock to raid, when they thought their enemy was looking somewhere else. And among them all the "Kasai Maru" passed, the sight of the Cross she carried holding back the leaping death in the mouth of a hundred guns. For love *is* mightier than hate, and because it is, Christ shall yet be crowned Lord of all.

Two young white men were standing in the bows of the "Kasai Maru," watching the beauty of Nagasaki unfolding before them. One was Frank Worth, who had just joined the Red Cross, and the other was Rab Gordon, a Scotchman, in the service of the Mikado, who had been wounded when the transport "Kinshiu Maru" went down before Admiral Yeszen's guns.

"And this is Japan," said Frank at last. It was his first sight of the Islands of the Rising Sun.

"Yes, this is Dai Nippon," said Rab. "She's bonnie to look at, isn't she?"

Frank was looking at the garden-girt bungalows all along the shore, and the hills, overlapping folds of softest green, with gorges aflame with blossoms, wisteria and iris, luridly red japonica, and the blazing scarlet of camellias and azaleas.

"It is the materialization of a whole set of willow pattern plates," he exclaimed. "There are the bamboo groves, the tea gardens, the queer cloud shaped hills in the background, the temples, and humpbacked bridges."

They passed the last curve of the harbor as he spoke, and came in sight of Nagasaki, a little city tilted up against the side of a hill, with streets so steep that they were almost steps up from the water's edge, and quaint overhanging houses whose upper stories almost met across the roadway. And in front was the harbor, crowded with shipping, and the swift sanpans darting to and fro.

"Look, you Canadian," said Rab, as the "Kasai Maru" steamed slowly to her anchorage, passing a low hill on which was a tea-house entirely hidden among trees and flowers. "There's your national tree up there, all mixed up with bamboos, and camphor trees, and camellias fifty feet high. I don't suppose you ever saw a maple in such company before."

Frank laughed, but his eyes were very homesick for a moment, though he only said, "Good for Nippon, as you call her, that the old tree grows in her. I want to get on shore and look about me. I suppose the people are as war-crazy as we should be if Canada was fighting for her very life against such tremendous odds."

"You can't judge the East by the West," said Rab, "Nippon takes things very calmly. The troops are often embarked at night, and the papers just remark that such and such regiments have left for the front, never giving the name of their destination. Nippon says nothing, she only 'saws the wood.'"

"The timber being Russia, I suppose. Really, though, it is hard to believe that Asia can have asserted herself after four centuries of ebb. For the first time since Turk and Tartar began their retreat from the Danube and the Vistula, an Asiatic power has taken the initiative in a war

with a European power, and forced the fighting."

"Yes, I think it marked the beginning of a new epoch in the world's history, that night attack on Port Arthur."

"And what is it going to mean to us? You, of course, don't believe in any 'yellow peril,' seeing you are fighting for the Mikado."

"I think there's other perils bigger and nearer. Did you ever think, Frank, that three centuries ago liberty was represented by a few Dutch burghers fighting behind their walls, and a little island kingdom which was cheerfully defying everybody, trusting in her 'wooden walls,' in her virgin queen, and in God. Now every nation in Europe and America has recognized more or less, that the people have the

> 'Right of voice in framing laws,
> Right of peers to judge each cause,'

except Russia; and we see now the only Western country who denies the divine right of the people to rule, in arms against the only Eastern country who admits it."

"I agree with you, and though I think there is only one word to describe war, and that is—hell, I trust Japan will be able to win her way to peace. I am no more afraid of her heathenism (?) perilling our Christianity, than I am of her might threatening our liberties. Rather, I think she may help us to a clearer understanding of all our east-born Christians' faith means, for though till a week ago, I had met but two Japanese, I know how one of them, Tchomo Yukoka, heathen by birth and education, and soldier by profession, tried to follow Christ."

"You met Colonel Yukoka?" said Rab quickly.

"Yes, at Harbin. You know, I came out to Manchuria a year ago, and until last month I was a clerk in the Harbin Russo-Chinese Bank."

"Then you must be the Frank Ivanovitch Yukoka mentioned in his letter to his wife," exclaimed Rab. "How did you come by such a Russian name?"

"Well, you see, when I was undergoing my passport examination, I wrote out my full name—Frank Johnson Worth—and the fussy old fellow who was superintending the job promptly demanded, 'What is that?' as his forefinger pounced on 'Johnson.' I meekly replied that it was my mother's maiden name. He *didn't pay* much attention to me. 'John's son,' he said, frowning. 'John is no woman's name. You must mean that it is your father's maiden name—no, Christian name, that is it. Yes, of course, I see, it is your patronymic.' He didn't ask me to contradict him, and I didn't do it. so I passed in Russian society as Frank Ivanovitch, being generally called, as is their fashion, by my father's supposed Christian name, instead of my own surname."

"Russian society in Harbin must be entirely military," remarked Rab; "yet you liked your life there."

"Yes, in spite of all I know against Russia, I certainly like all the Russians I have met. Their government may hate and distrust England, but a lonesome subject of King Edward was never made more thoroughly at home than I was by those Russian officers at Harbin."

"Keep a Russian away from war and vodka and he will make a good Christian," said Rab, quietly. "But he cannot control his passion when inflamed by either. Now, will you tell me, please, all you know of Yukoka—he was my friend."

Thus urged, the young Canadian began his narration as follows:

It was early on Wednesday morning, April 20th; I had gone out for a gallop before banking hours with Captain Lobenko—Serge Julievitch, we called him—and as we walked our horses up a little hill, he began to talk about the war; Harbin hadn't talked about much else since that eighth of February.

"They will never dare face us on land," he cried, waving his hands. "They would never have attacked us at sea, if it had not been for the blackest treason somewhere. We have traitors everywhere, and spies. In the guise of Chinese merchants, beggars, rag-pickers, or lackeys, Japanese officers are sniffing round our fortresses. The wretched insects! And as soon as they get any information, they cross to Chinese territory, where the telegraph is at their service. Certainly we have taken some, but the majority are still wandering up and down among our troops, and nothing can be done to prevent it. My dearest Frank, I could tear my hair out when I think of it."

"I think it would be better to tear out your military system," I said. "A standing army is an awful temptation to a country, they feel like a boy with something new—he is just aching to see how it works."

"You have no standing army in Canada," said Serge thoughtfully.

"No, and our traitors always write their treason to the newspapers, and we would rather like some spy to find out our naval and military secrets, because at present we don't know them ourselves."

"Still," said Serge, "I am afraid what would do for Canada would hardly do for our vast empire."

"I don't believe you are much vaster than us. Canada has 3,330,000 square miles of territory—nearly as large as the whole of Europe!"

"But nobody wants any of it."

"Serge Julievitch! do you know what you are saying?"

"A thousand pardons, dear Frank. What I should have said was, that protected as you are, by the might of England, Canada cannot seriously be compared with Russia."

We were at the top of the hill now, and as I couldn't think of an answer, I didn't make one, and we raced across the country together. Serge rode like a Cossack, over everything in sight, and as I would have rather broken my neck than hesitated to follow his lead, we had some wild rides there, outside the walls of Harbin.

Then coming along by the railway track, I saw a small troop of Cossacks riding at a slow trot. I turned to watch them pass, for as horsemen they are hard to beat anywhere, and among them I saw two men dressed as Chinese peasants, with their hands tied behind them, and being driven along so brutally that I called to Serge—

"Those are some of your men, aren't they? They seem to be handling those two poor beggars pretty roughly."

Serge appeared to see his men for the first time, and he rode directly up to them, I following.

"Spies, sir," said the leader in answer to his question. "They were arrested by the patrols thirty versts south-west of the station of Tur-Chi-Khi, with dynamite cartridges and maps of the Eastern Chinese railway in their possession, and they have admitted they are Japanese officers wearing Mongolian dress to disguise their nationality."

I looked at the prisoners as Serge questioned them; they were the first of those Asiatics who were turning our old world over that I had seen.

Two little men—they looked like boys among their giant captors—yet, though both were visibly trembling with exhaustion, their calm, impassive faces showed no sign of pain nor anger, *nor* even gratitude for the relief our coming brought them. The older man—who afterwards I knew was Tchomo Yukoka—certainly smiled at us, but it was a condescending smile, and as his black eyes met mine, they twinkled with unmistakable amusement. He seemed to find something very funny in my appearance.

The other, Teisko Oki, did not smile. A slim, handsome boy, he stood up straight in his bonds, answering Serge's questions for himself and his companion, for Yukoka knew neither French nor Russian. The Cossacks seemed to think him the most dangerous of their prisoners, for one of them had dismounted now and stood beside him, one great hand gripping his shoulder, while in the other he held suggestively his heavy lashed whip. But Teisko Oki answered Serge promptly and respectfully, though there was a triumphant disdain in his eyes that made me think that no matter how I hated an enemy I would never let him think I was really afraid of him and believed him to be possessed of superhuman strength and courage.

Since the war began the Russians seemed to have passed from a boundless contempt for their foes to an almost crazy hate and fear of them.

Then Serge excused himself to me, and while he stayed to conduct his prisoners to the city, I rode back alone, and found it very hard to fix my attention on ledgers that morning.

It was nearly noon when I heard Serge's voice in the outer office inquiring if I was in. And when I hurried out to him he told me that the two spies were to be tried that afternoon. They had given their names as Colonel Tchomo Yukoka, and Captain Teisko Oki, both attached to the general staff. Serge was assigned to defend them, and he had come to get me to act as interpreter to Yukoka, who knew no western language but English; Oki spoke French.

We found the two prisoners sitting on the floor of a little room in the Chinese court-house, where the court-martial was to be held. Both still wore their Mongolian dress, but they had evidently been able to change their garments, for they were scrupulously neat and clean. Serge told me that before food they had asked for water that they might wash. I think that was the only time that the disdainful Oki bent his pride to ask anything of his enemies. They still kept their pigtails, these being real, and not merely fastened on, showing with what careful preparation

and determination Japan had entered into this struggle to preserve her liberties.

The prisoners rose as we entered, and as Serge briefly introduced me to them I had a better opportunity to note their personality.

Tchomo Yukoka was a little plump man, with a round, very Japanese face, yet, in spite of its placid good humor and twinkling eyes, with an alert strength in its lines.

Teisko Oki had given his age as thirty, though he certainly did not look it. And his oval, aristocratic face was as delicately featured as a girl's. He was a trifle taller than his companion, but slender, and strong as a panther. Serge spoke to him first, and Yukoka turned to me smiling.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Frank Ivanovitch," he said. "You are English—a subject of the Emperor Edward, I knew it when I saw that you saw us this morning, and I have to thank you for Captain Oki and myself—we are most deeply obliged to you."

"Whatever obligations you are under are certainly due to Captain Lobenko," I answered.

"We have certainly received every courtesy from the honorable Captain Lobenko," said Yukoka. "It was amusing; you were so shocked, so very much shocked, that he thought he ought to be a little shocked too."

"I am delighted to have given you so much amusement, Colonel Yukoka," I said, feeling rather huffed. "But I am only a working man, not a soldier, so you must excuse my inability to appreciate all the little ways in which you carry on your art of war."

Yukoka looked at me gently. "You should qualify your inferred condemnation of all soldiers, by adding Russian to it," he said, with a careful glance at Serge, who certainly did not understand a word of English. "I hope that we are a civilized people, and I am sure that not even the soul-debasing and reason-dethroning influence of war could make an Englishman lose his self-control so far that he could ever outrage a woman or torture a defenceless prisoner."

Here Serge, having finished his catechism of Oki, called my attention.

"Tchomo Yukoka," he read, "forty-four years of age, Colonel of the General Staff, graduated with honors from the Military High School of Yeddo. Is this correct?"

I repeated the declaration to Yukoka, *who assented to it.*

"And your religion, Colonel, is Buddhist, doubtless—the same as that of your fellow-prisoner?" continued Serge, with his pencil poised to write. Oki had said that he did not know what the Colonel's belief was.

I again repeated Serge's words again, and Yukoka answered gently, "No, Captain Lobenko, I am a Christian."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Serge, dropping his pencil. "Look at his eyes, Frank, and the color of his skin; why he has heathen stamped on him. Ask him if he means to say he is not a Japanese? and if it is because he thinks it may save his life that he is pretending to adopt our faith and deny his own?"

I saw Oki smile, sardonically, and I said, hurriedly, "Colonel, I beg your pardon, but Captain Lobenko does not understand you. He did not think any one could be a Christian, and still a Japanese; also he wishes to know what reason you have for saying that you are one."

Yukoka drew himself up, proudly. I fancy Serge's manner and Oki's smile had told him more than my careful translation—then he said: "Certainly I am what you call a Japanese. As far back as I can tell, there was not a drop of blood in the veins of all my ancestors that did not belong to Nippon—her honor has ever been more to us than our own, and death for her sweeter than life. A year ago I volunteered for this service, of watching your railroad. Some months back I came to Manchuria, knowing that the end of my work here was certain death." He checked himself, and I translated his passionate words. Then he continued, quietly:

"You wish to know why I call myself a Christian. It is because for eleven years my name has been on the roll of the First Presbyterian Church of Nagasaki. It is because, by education a man of no God, I heard from Christian lips the gentle teachings of Christ, and my heart was taken captive, and I became His for ever."

Serge scribbled down "Christian," impatiently, as I repeated Yukoka's words, and Oki smiled. I felt annoyed to think he seemed not to believe in his comrade's confession of faith.

Then we were called, and Serge and I stood with the prisoners before the court-martial.

The room was packed with an audience of Russian officers, and there was a murmur of surprise, not unmixed with admiration, as the Japanese entered. Yukoka looking round him with his air

of lofty condescension and Oki, who eyed his judges with a serene, ineffable disdain worthy of Milton's Satan.

The prisoners were required to give their names and titles, and again there was a little murmur of incredulity, when Yukoka added, "Christian." Then they were formally charged with being Japanese spies.

The prosecution then produced three cases of Bickford fuse, a French wrench, dynamite cartridges, tools for railway wrecking, cylinders containing a pound and a half of pyroxilin, and some carefully made maps of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Northern Corea, and a number of notes.

The prisoners both frankly admitted the ownership of these incriminating articles, Yukoka saying quietly: "Certainly I do not intend to deny the charge you have made. I was resolved to make use of any means to assure victory to Nippon, and as a soldier I obeyed the orders that sent me to certain death. And now I await your sentence very gladly."

Oki's statement was practically the same, though he spoke at greater length, and in more flowery language.

Then the prosecutor addressed the court, declaring the guilt of the prisoners, and asking that they be sentenced to death by hanging.

The horrible reality of the whole thing forced itself on me then, and it was a hard half-hour that I spent as we waited for the decision of the council. The prisoners seemed to be the least impressed persons in the court, for Oki looked bored, and Yukoka was secretly amused at me.

Serge made an impassioned, but I thought under the circumstances, illogical, plea for mercy. He did not say on what grounds he thought his clients might expect it. Still, he spoke very well, breaking down at last in the excess of his own emotion, and the prisoners were the only ones in the court entirely unmoved by his eloquence.

Yet, in spite of it all, the sentence gave the maximum penalty, the scaffold, the execution to take place in twenty-four hours—at six the following day.

Neither of the prisoners seemed to take any interest in the matter, but all that night I was haunted by the brutal, unrelieved horror of it all. Here were two men, true and honest as myself, yet they could see no sin in planning for months to wreck a railroad. Their very enemies praised them for their "devotion to duty," and at *the same time* gave them to the death set apart for our vilest criminals.

It made me think of the old fairy tales, where by some spell everything took another shape. War made wrong right; it covered with its own laws that were most unlawful. It broke every one of the Commandments, and flung them in the face of Christ. Yet I knew that if the future freedom of my country had been threatened, I should have been as ready as Oki to go out and murder and destroy, or as his judges to punish another man who was trying to do the same for his side.

If a man is a man, he must defend himself, and I do not think the guilt of war rests with the weaker people who take up arms to obtain or preserve their liberty, nor altogether with the strong, half-savage nations who oppress them. We whose strength has put us above all fear of man, and who hold our manhood in too high honor to be able to do the things which have made Cossack a by-word for brutality, have, I think, equal guilt in the sight of the All-Father, if we do not use all our influence, first on ourselves, and then on others, to make appeals to arms impossible.

Serge came to me in the morning. Yukoka had asked permission to write to his wife, and also that a Japanese Bible among the papers taken from him might be returned. And Serge, who distrusted the official Chinese interpreters, had brought the Bible to me to discover the meaning of certain marks on its margins.

My knowledge of Japanese was very limited, but I was able to assure him that the marks were only to call attention to certain verses in the Sermon on the Mount. He made me read the marked passages to him in French, and declared himself satisfied.

Oki had asked for nothing but more water. Serge concluded that this mania of his for always washing himself was probably connected with his religion, and remarked that it showed how superficial Yukoka's Christianity was when he was as eager about this washing as his companion. I said nothing, because I knew that even among the upper classes of Russians baths are an unusual luxury.

Then Serge began to talk of the prisoners' souls. The Greek Church priest had visited Yukoka, but as he had to use Oki as an interpreter, Serge doubted that he had been understood by the Colonel. Now he wished me to visit them with religious consolation.

"But I am not even a member of your

Church," I objected. "And don't you consider Protestant heretics about as bad as heathen. Besides, your prisoners don't want me."

"But I do, dear Frank," insisted Serge. "You are preparing to join the Red Cross, and I don't think little things like creeds matter then. And you are so what you call religious, you live as strictly as if you were bound by vows you feared to break. And you must not refuse to see these unhappy men."

"I'll go, if I must," I said, "but I'll be hanged if I say a word on religion unless they ask me to."

And he conveyed me at once to the prison, and left me with the two Japanese, alone except for the stolid guards, who watched our every movement, but did not understand a word we said.

The prisoners were sitting placidly on their heels, Yukoka turning over the pages of his recovered Bible with his fingers, and looking graver and more troubled than I had seen him before.

Oki had laughed softly as the door closed behind Serge, and his face changed as he turned towards me with smiling eyes, looking now like a mild, very good boy; evidently he reserved his disdain and defiance for those he considered his enemies.

"So the excellent captain has gone," he said; "doubtless thinking that many of his peccadilloes will be pardoned, because he has forced an unwilling missionary upon a poor, benighted heathen."

"Who does not want him," I added. "Be assured, Captain Oki, that I shall not trouble you with my conversation."

"But, really, I am most delighted to see you," exclaimed Oki. "Captain Lobenko's interest in my soul was making me begin to fear that he would try to compel my conversion by methods as dishonoring to him as disagreeable to me. And now you have come to my rescue a second time."

"I am certain," I said, "that you misunderstood and are now misjudging Captain Lobenko."

"Perhaps I am, but certainly it is pleasanter to have the pleasure of your conversation upon your honorable religion than to sit here wondering if I was to have a repetition of my yesterday's acquaintance with Cossack whips, as a prelude to being hanged."

I said nothing, and handed Yukoka some of his private papers which were returned for him to dispose of as he chose. Also writing materials for his letter to his wife. And out of my pad as I gave it to him, a photograph fell on to the floor. Oki looked at it with quick eyes, and I put it in his hand, saying:

"That is Rosie, my little sister, Captain Oki; she was seven last January."

"Seven," repeated Oki, looking at the picture with very gentle eyes. "My little daughter, O Tora San, kept her seventh Feast of Dolls this March.

"O Tora San," I said; "what is that in English?"

"Honorable Miss Tiger," replied Oki. "You think Tiger (Tora), a strange name for a woman, but our philosophers tell us that we have in us the shadow of the animal we lived as before. And my Tora will be a woman like a tigress; like Lord Buddhu's bride—'to be fiercely wooed, and follow her lord with proud steps even unto death.'"

"She is evidently her father's daughter," I thought.

"Her mother condescended to die," continued Oki, "and I have no other child. I remember the last time I saw her. It was a year ago, and the cherry trees were all in bloom,

> 'Long leagues of fragrant blossoms gleamed,
> Like sheets of living snow.'

I had reviewed my company in the village by my father's house. And then, though it is not the custom for our women ever to ride on horseback, I did as I had seen a soldier do in America, and sat her in my saddle while I walked beside her holding her lest she should fall. And so she went down through the valley at the head of my men. And that night Colonel Yukoka came to tell me I was chosen for his companion; and I never saw Tora again. Ah, but she was brave, my little one. I told her I would probably never come back, but, though, as I embraced her, I could feel her small heart beating fiercely under her kimona, there was never a tear in her eyes, nor a tremor in her voice as she bade me farewell."

Oki told all this in a brisk, cheerful voice, looking at me with smiling eyes, but I looked down. The picture of the young soldier holding the tiny girl on his horse, with the cherry trees in bloom behind, was vividly before me, and I could not look at him there, with his shaven head and disguise, waiting to die at the hangman's hands.

Then Yukoka, who was writing his letter carefully, said: "O Tora San will some day make a good mother for the soldiers of Nippon yet to be."

"That may be, my Colonel," answered Oki, "or it may not. I gave her my sword to keep for me, and she told me then that she would never have a lover but me. And when she knew that I was not coming back, she would come after me. And she may; for babe though she is, she has no fear of the shadow we call death."

Oki paused, and then, perhaps he felt the conversation was getting too much for even his strength, he changed the subject, saying abruptly: "Mr. Ivanovitch, what is a Christian ?"

"One who believes on Christ," I said.

"Which Christ ?"

"I do not understand you."

"Pardon me, I should have said Christ under which aspect. There is the supernatural Christ, God, and yet man. Born, but of a maiden. Eating and drinking, yet master of the natural forces. Dying, yet by His own power re-entering His body. This is the Christ whom thousands of Christians, including Russia and the Inquisition, believe has saved them from their sins by their faith in the atonement of His death."

"And the other aspect of Christ ?"

"Is the one described by your honorable poet Whittier and others, who leaving the supernatural Christ in the background, see Him in His Sermon on the Mount, and believe they should follow His teaching there. Now, believing in which makes a Christian ?"

"The last, certainly. The faith that saves is that which sees 'Christ in our suffering brother as well as in clouds descending.'"

"And you call yourself a follower of this Christ ?"

"I do."

"Mr. Ivanovitch, can you think of Christ skulking round with a cylinder of pyroxilin, watching for a chance to wreck His enemy's train ? You look as if your feelings were insulted, but, listen, would not you be ready to do even that, if your country was threatened by an enemy, who meant in the end to trample on your sacred flag, defy your exalted Emperor, and let her soldiers insult and abuse your honorable parents and little Miss Rosie ?"

"My dear fellow, I'd wreck every train in creation—or try to—in such a case."

"And still call yourself a follower of Him who had no enemies ?"

"I should be sure I wasn't if I hesitated to defend my people."

"Mr. Ivanovitch, you are illogical. Personally, I am a man of no religion, for I consider the Divine Essence too infinite to be comprehended by any finite mind. I call myself Buddhist, because it is our custom in Nippon to profess that faith, when we are about to condescend to die. And as for Christianity, in its supernatural aspect it seems to me absurd, and in its nature impossible. You and Colonel Yukoka call yourselves followers of Christ, yet are ready to do what you admit He would not, therefore I do not think you are Christians—I do not think there are any."

"Captain Oki, I expect shortly to go to the front under the Red Cross. Do you think that I follow Christ then ?"

"Most certainly, for you will carry no arms, and see no difference in the flags of Russia or Nippon."

"Yet I shall carry splints and bandages, which certainly my Lord never did, yet I believe I shall be following Him, in spirit if not in letter—the last is not always possible, seeing He was God, and I am only a man."

"Your reasoning is far-fetched. God or prophet, Christ loved the world, not only His native land. He said, 'love your enemies'; and looking at that command from a soldier's standpoint, I fail to see how you can shoot them, and obey it."

"I cannot argue the question, Captain Oki. I must leave it to your reason and judgment. I know that if a man believes in the Divinity of Christ, and does not try to live like Him, he commits the sin of all sins—the sin of Judas, who betrayed his Master, while he gave Him the kiss of homage. But if he tries to see the whole of the truth in even so beautiful a portion of the Gospel as the Sermon on the Mount, he may follow Christ in very truth, but he will be constantly perplexed by questions such as yours."

Then Yukoka, who had finished his letter, gave it and the writing materials to me, smiling rather sadly, as he said :

"I have talked with my comrade on this matter, and I could never explain it to him. I am troubled to explain it to myself sometimes."

"Pardon me, my Colonel," said Oki. "if by my words or my silence I have troubled your mind, but, indeed, it was your wish that we should talk freely on the matter."

"I know," said Yukoka. "But it is deeds, not words, that are needed to convince men of Christ's truth. Many of my people may count the belief in His divinity absurd, as you do, but when we put the sign of the Cross on our hospital ships and service, we virtually admitted

that that Man crucified on Golgotha two thousand years ago, was more than man —He was God."

Yukoka paused, then continued briskly: "Among these papers returned to us by the courtesy of the commandant, are notes to the value of a thousand roubles, about two hundred and fifty dollars. Now, my comrade, how shall we dispose of this money, our common property?"

"It is yours entirely, my Colonel," said Oki, "my family are possessed of those contemptible things we call wealth and position, while the farm is small on which your honorable father pursues his exalted occupation. Also your brothers and yourself have been deservedly blessed with many children. Consider, I beg of you, this money all yours to dispose of."

Yukoka answered very quietly: "In your words to Mr. Ivanovitch, you virtually challenged me to show how I, a soldier of Nippon, could obey my Lord's command to love my enemies. And now I ask you to join with me in giving this money to the Russian Red Cross fund. Perhaps through this gift those Cossacks we met yesterday, may find, when helpless and suffering, the relief they denied to us."

Oki bowed. "I am yours to command, Colonel Yukoka," he said, stiffly. "If you require me to consent to this gift to our enemy's wounded, I am ready to obey."

"Nay," said Yukoka very gently, "our common doom has made us equals. If you are not ready to join with me in this, half of the money I will give in Christ's name, to be used for the Russian wounded, and the rest shall go as your gift to madam, my wife."

Oki looked down, and for a little while there was silence. Then he said very slowly:

"Colonel Yukoka, not so much for what you have said to me, as for the life I have seen you live; not because of Mr. Ivanovitch's words, so much as for his quick pity for those in whom he saw only two half-dead Chinese coolies, I do consent that this money be given as you wish, for His sake whose name you mentioned. But more than this I will not say, lest these Russians should boast that I, Teisko Oki, whose fathers were lords in Kyushiu, when theirs ran naked with the beasts—whose manners they are evidently aping—that I acknowledged their Christ because I feared they might add torture to the spy's death I had earned. And I beg that they may be let think that this money is given by you alone."

Yukoka bowed in assent, as Serge entered.

"General Kuropatkin has telegraphed, confirming your sentences," he said, gravely. "But yet I bring you good news, for though he refused my prayer to spare your lives, he has granted in consideration of your rank, that you die a soldier's death, being shot instead of hung."

Oki looked disdainful, but he repeated Yukoka's carefully arranged words of thanks; then as Serge left us, he laughed—

"As if it mattered in the least how a man died," he said scornfully.

"They mean well," said Yukoka.

So I left them philosophizing placidly, as if their execution was a matter in which they had not the least personal interest.

I did not see them die. Serge told me all the details. Yukoka was quiet and submissive, meeting death as he had met life, with good-humored condescension; while Oki, defiant to the last, faced the firing party with unbandaged eyes, and died as he had lived, for Nippon.

. . . . . .

Frank paused, and the two on the "Kasai Maru" looked across Nagasaki harbor, though neither saw the bright water. Then Rab said gravely:

"O Tora San will never keep another Feast of Dolls, for when we heard what you have told me, she coaxed her little playmates to tie her hands behind her, and then with her father's sword fastened to her neck with her favorite doll's sash, she jumped into the harbor, leaving this message for her grandparents:

"It is not fitting that a soldier die without his sword. Over there they may be asking him 'Where is it?' And I can hear him saying: 'Will you condescend to wait a little? I left it with my little daughter, and she will bring it to me very soon.'"

"And that is Japan," said Frank.

"Yes, and that is war. The bullets we fire do not stop at wounding only the men who go out to face them, and no one knows what Nippon is suffering now, for her people always smile. Yet at Port Arthur she is hurling her men at the mouths of the cannon, as remorselessly as I would shovel coal into a furnace. And she can do nothing else while her very babies wish to die for Nippon. But God grant her peace with honor very soon."

"Amen," said Frank.

Toronto, Ont.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CLASS-MEETING.*

BY L'INCONNU.

"JUST set right down by the Franklin, Mary Ann. I'll put your things in the spare room. You know for all John's big city house an' furnace an' fine things, I wuz just glad to get back where I could see the flames leapin' up in that old Franklin stove again. Them furnaces 's stupid things, never a bit o' fire in sight all day. It warms you some just to set an' see the fire, to my thinkin'.

"Then you can't see much out o' them city houses either. From the front windows you can just see acrost the street, an' from the back windows you can just see the row of houses behind. Now what I like is settin' by the stove an' lookin' out the parlor window clean across the fields and down into the cedar swamp with the trees all dressed up in ice an' snow like ladies for a party. It does one's old eyes good to look acrost a long reach o' God's country. I tell you, though young John has everything so fine, it seems to me for downright homey comfort old John an' me's got the best of it.

"But you was askin', Mary Ann, about the city churches an' if class-meetin's had got out o' style in 'em. Well, now, I tell you that wuz just one thing I wuz real satisfied with. There was the class-meetin' where John's wife took me. It 'ud done your heart good to 've heard the testimonies. No pride, no cold-shoulder. Everybody shook hands with everybody, an' everybody wuz brother and sister even if it wuz in a big church that made you feel as if you wuz in Westminster Abbey.

"Margaret, that's John wife, hed told me about the leader before. She said his writin' an' his books wuz known as fur as English is known. They all seemed real proud uv him. An' yet do you know for all his bein' such a great scholard he took my hand an' give it just as warm a shake as one o' the brethren down at Jacob's Corners. He wuz that gentle an' modest I wuz all took aback wi' him, havin' heard about 'im ever since I wuz a little girl. An' Margaret told me that with all the work he did, he wuz always takin' time to do little kindnesses that other folks never had time to do.

"An' when he took up the Bible an' read, it wuz all so simple like, just like a child talking about its father. Then he began an' went right around the class callin' on each one for his testimony, just like they used to years ago.

"There wuz a great judge among 'em like the pictures you see in books. You'd 'a' known he wuz a great man just by his looks. He spoke kind o' easy an' quiet like, how he was trustin' in God an' all wuz well.

"An' just after him spoke the dearest little old father. He seemed very old, the hymn-book shook a little in his hand. He sat back in the corner. An' he looked kind o' like a picture, too, with his long grey beard. But you should just 'a' heard him speak. I don't suppose he hed much o' this world's goods. But his words wuz all thanksgivin'. He thanked God for the sunny sky, an' because it wuzn't too slippery to get along to church. The dear, sweet childlike spirit uv him. You just wanted to say uv him as our Lord said o' Nathanael, 'Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile.'

"An' there wuz another, a great big majestic looking man. He wrote poetry, Margaret said. He got up and spoke most beautiful. You could tell he wus a scholard an' a learned man by his language. But he told us all, an' you could see the feelin' in his eyes, about the dear old country home where he grew up an' how he found God there after long seekin'.

"Then there wuz an' old sailor. He hed a face as if he'd looked on the storms of our great lakes for years an' knew that God always brought you through 'em. The meetin' wuz most uv 'em men, only two or three women present.

"But there wuz one woman I noticed partickler. She wuz real handsome; big dark eyes, cheeks red as your Susan's, and very curly grey hair. She wuz a fine singer, both she an' her hus-

* The characters are all drawn from those in real Canadian class-meeting.

band. But she hed the gift o' speakin' almost like a preacher. She stood up an' her face just seemed to beam with light. If ever woman praised the Lord with shinin' face she did. Her husband, too, seemed a reg'lar earnest worker.

"I tell you, Mary Ann, it was grand to see them two united and so earnest in the work. They'd been takin' meetin's in factories an' places, an' I tell you they come out strong on the temperance side. In fact everybody in the class did. They wuz what some 'ud call temperance cranks. An' there wuz no waitin' for somebody to speak either. Everybody had his word ready an' in fact the class-meetin' run over time to give every one a chance. There were two or three that didn't say much, but you could tell by the look on their faces that they hed good hearts.

"But I ain't told you the best part of it yet. Do you believe me, Mary Ann, settin' right there in that there meetin' was four converted drunkards, all converted within the past year, and three within the past few weeks. An' every-one o' 'em got up an' give a ringin' testimony that 'ud done your heart good. to hear. Tell me Christians ain't doin' anything after that. There wuz one uv 'em, a splendid lookin' man, a fine singer, too, he sung some of his own pe to the tunes of old hymns. He on his way to Niagara to throw over the Falls after bein' on a But he'd dropped into a mission way an' been converted, an' I he was a royal worker.

"There was another, a young man, that 'd give up drink, an' how his companions took it. A wuz another, a little English bigger 'n your Joe. He'd come this country as a stowaway, a overcome by drink. He gave h mony, too, an' it wuz a strang Three of the men reformed h converted in the Working Men' I tell you, settin' there, listenin converts like that, I knew th tians hadn't all gone asleep yet.

"That's the way a class should be to my mind, new Cl comin' in among the old, an their word. For what's the us our meetin's an' goin' to meetin don't keep bringin' others in just done your heart good to there, Mary Ann. I tell you need tell me the city church pride an' no religion. The cla in's no more out o' date with th 'tis wi' country folk like us."

BATUSCHKA.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, ærial midnight chime,
"God save the Czar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Czar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Czar!"

In his red palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the pra
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Czar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batuschka!—how his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then
"God save the Czar!"

THE LAST TREK.

BY F. EDMUND GARRETT.

WHO comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veldt he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the karoo.

"Pass, friend!" who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate!
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate
Salutes you, and as once three years ago
The crowd moves hushed and slow,
And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills
Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
The war of these two wills
Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one?
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget
The true Republic, nor, till sands had run,
Gripped close as Bible and gun
The keys of power, like some fond amulet?

He called to God for storm; and on his head—
Alas! not his alone—the thunders fell.
But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,
Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man
He towered the great chief of a little folk;
Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,
And by the blue Mediterranean
Pined for some brackish pan
Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips
Our password. Home, then! by the northward way,
He trod with heroes of the trek, when they
On seas of desert launched their waggon-ships.
The dream new worlds eclipse
Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead; nor from our wreaths recoil,
Sad Boers; like some rough foster-sire shall he
Be honored by our sons, co-heirs made free
Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
And proud that British soil,
Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

Current Topics and Events.

THE CZAR!

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Peace on his lying lips, and on his hands
Blood, smiled and cowered the tyrant, seeing afar
His bondslaves perish and acclaim their Czar.
Now, sheltered scarce by Murder's loyal bands,
Clothed on with slaughter, naked else he stands—
He flies and stands not now, the blood-red star
That marks the face of midnight as a scar.
Tyranny trembles on the brow it brands,
And shudders toward the pit where deathless death
Leaves no life more for liars and slayers to live.
Fly, coward, and cower while there is time to fly.
Cherish awhile thy terror-shortened breath.
Not as thy grandsire died, if Justice give
Judgment, but slain by judgment thou shalt die.

—*From Pall Mall Gazette.*

The attention of Christendom has been called from the tragic events in Manchuria to the deeper tragedy at the heart of the Russian empire and throughout its industrial towns. It would seem as if Russia, by her oppression of her subject peoples, had filled up the cup of her iniquity, and caused an outburst of rage and hate that may shock and shiver the commonweal. The masses of Russia, says the iron-handed Archduke Vladimir, are not fit for constitutional liberty. And whose fault is that? Is not that the deepest condemnation of the bureaucratic despotism that for centuries has been crushing out every aspiration of the people?

Thirty years ago Japan was a feudal despotism, the Emperor worshipped as a god, no toleration of speech or opinion allowed. To-day it is one of the freest countries in the world, with a free press and free speech, with many Christians in its Parliament, and absolute toleration of Christian missions, and even co-operation in distributing to the troops the Christian Scriptures. In Russia, on the contrary, the press and tongue alike are gagged, and all forms of religion, except the superstition of the Greek Church, are bitterly persecuted. What makes the difference? Japan has given the people schools and *education*, employing everywhere the best teachers of Christian lands. Now about ninety per cent. of its people can read, while about the same proportion of Russians cannot. That tells the story.

The articles we present in this number show how the country is being under-

PEACE ON EARTH.

"If I only knew the countersign!"—Punch, London.

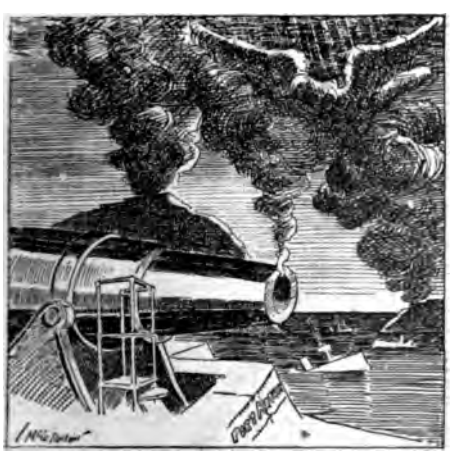
mined everywhere by preachers of revolt, and the simultaneous outbreaks in Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Libau, and many other places show the imminent peril of the state.

Our cartoons give in brief the consensus of the press as to the recent situation in the Far East and in Russia. Port Arthur is regarded as the grave of Japanese prestige, but over its ruins dawns the sunrise of Japan, which means the sunrise of civilization for Manchuria. By a strange irony of fate the nation which emerged from feudalism only thirty years ago, and which is still largely pagan, in all the elements of education, science, of civilization, is far ahead of the European colossus, which assumes the special name of Orthodox. And as a result of this victory the dun clouds of war seem to have the silver lining of the promise of peace. But these Japanese victories have been won at fearful cost. But how much greater the cost to the unhappy empire of Russia, whose violation of its pledges has brought on this frightful retribution! The pathos of the figure of the peace angel, in Punch's cartoon, wandering with her dove upon the field of battle bewildered and distraught because she cannot find a clue from the dreadful entanglements of war!

The poor Czar received little sympathy at the hands of the cartoonist, even before the late upheaval and massacre of his subjects by his ruthless Cossacks, at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Riga,

UPHEAVAL.

—Harper's Weekly.



THE WAR CLOUD NOW SEEMS TO HAVE A SILVER LINING.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.

where they were driven by hundreds into the sea, and many other places. Unhappy man—he sees indeed the sands of his prestige running out. As one cartoon shows, he is chained to the mast of a sinking wreck, with the tide, a flood of bankruptcy, rising higher and higher, but too proud and stubborn to accept the peace that could be had on honorable terms for the asking.

Another picture contrasts the luxury of his life in his many palaces, of which it is said he has seventy-two, with the tragical death amid the snows of Manchuria of his helpless subjects and serfs, dragged from their homes and forced to fight to gratify an ambition which they repudiate and hate. Even his promised reforms of Christmas are regarded as a delusion and a snare, a sort of April Fool Day joke. His more recent ones of February will convey still less assurance of good faith.

The story of pursuit by wolves, familiar to the Russian mind, is illus-

A SLENDER CHANCE.
—Morgan in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

trated by the cut of the howling wolves of war on the track of the Czar, only to be placated by the surrender of the stolen domain of Manchuria.

A strong cartoon in Harper's Weekly strikingly sets forth the relations of civilization to the proletariat—the great working class through whose often ill-requited toil the foundations of its goodly structure are laid and its towers and palaces are built. In civilized communities this class finds representatives. It is the glory of British institutions that a working mason like Broadhurst can become a Cabinet Minister; that a John Burns, a Joseph Arch, may sit cheek by jowl on Parliamentary benches with the merchant princes of the realm or the lords of ancestral acres. Hence there are no underground rumblings and mutterings of some dumb Enceladus, but a sturdy patriotism to crown and country obtain alike in peasant and peer. Not so in Russia. For hundreds of years the serf has been a sullen slave, but now becomes a deadly foe. Sixty years ago Longfellow uttered this warning to his countrymen:

There is a poor, blind Sampson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim level, raise his hand,
  And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

Through years of agony and rivers of blood was that temple rebuilt, to be again menaced by the greed and graft of trusts and syndicates; but the people cannot for ever be oppressed.

In another cartoon the Russian people are shown as a huge bear, out of whose nose the ring and rope, by which he has been led captive, have been torn, and he is menacing his master. In another this man-bear for the first time sees himself in the Mirror of Truth, and exclaims of the pigmy bureaucrat who holds him in leash, "Well, to think I have allowed him to lead me about like this. Why, I could eat him." In a third the two bearded figures labelled "Labor" and "Revolutionist," are so rocking an open boat in which the autocracy rides as to threaten its overturn, and quite destroy the aim of the armed autocrat at the Japanese boat that is bearing down. An Italian cartoon shows the winsome figure of Peace saying to fighting Russ and Jap, "Will you do me honor now?" "No," say the foes, "we are going to slaughter each other elsewhere first."

The cause of civilization and liberty suffers more from the excesses of the Anarchist—the fight with deadly bomb and dagger—than by the attacks with knout and sabre, with cannon and grape-shot, the dungeon and Siberian exile, of the bureaucrats. But "oppression makes the wise man mad," much more the half-crazed Nihilist, goaded into desperation by years of wrong. He at least risks

THE SUN FLAG OF JAPAN.
It has risen over more than Port Arthur.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

ınd pays without flinching the The bureaucrats in their gilded nd cordoned by Cossacks and ke precious good care of their

artoons, and many others which t print, show the bitterness of entertained toward Russian . The Russian cartoons, cir- y stealth, are still more bitter e of foreign origin. The once Little Father" of his people is a monster of oppression, as a hangman and murderer. He is e men most to be pitied of any Infirm of purpose and of will, et of this dark tragedy, instead the Washington of his people, e remembered, notwithstanding nal amiabilities, as their Nero. tent have he and his bureau- n to maintain their prestige in East that its last sands are run- in the hour-glass of time. The ieanwhile, are groaning beneath n of military oppression, of pro- ours of labor beyond those of zed community, and the less pay- their toil.

Far East a spasmodic effort be made to snatch some sort y from the jaws of defeat as an the revolt at home. Surely the ever saw anything more grue- ın this fighting amid the snows e ground is frozen into iron, so s impossible to dig trenches for or graves for burial, and the

'S WITH A LITTLE LESS BALLAST ESCAPE WOULD BE EASIER.
—Bradley in the Chicago News.

THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.
—Walker in Chattanooga Press.

efforts of the surgeons with mittened hands, to save life on the battlefield are frustrated by the frost, and the wounded perish in an hour.

Upon the Czar and his brutal advisers must rest the guilt of this colossal crime. They must save their prestige, forsooth, by violating their plighted pledge to evacuate the vast province they have stolen from China, and to respect the independence of Korea, which they sought to gobble up.

The hypocrisy of Russia in accusing China of violating her neutrality at the very time that Russian troops were marching through Chinese territory to attack the Japanese, is another flagrant example of the perfidy of Russian politics. Mr. Hay's shrewd diplomacy has shown the hollowness of this charge, and has guaranteed that the predatory powers shall not again snatch from Japan the conquest of her sword. Port Arthur, the key of the Orient, which she has twice captured with cost of treasure and of blood, shall not again be stolen from her.

Russia hates universal education, while Japan makes every effort to educate every boy and girl in the empire.

It is pitiable in the extreme to read of the dense ignorance of the millions of Russia. Poultney Bigelow said three years ago: "Out of 100,000,000 Russians there are 99,000,000 who can neither read nor write," and he adds that these ignorant millions "are on the social and intellectual level of domestic cattle."

THE "LITTLE FATHER."
—Edgren in the New York World.

GRAFT IN RUSSIA.

The bitterest irony of the situation is the fraud and greed and graft of the Russian contractors themselves. Even the sacred funds of the Red Cross, contributed for the succor of the wounded and dying soldiers, are pillaged and plundered. Mr. Racey, in the Montreal Star, has shown the unutterable meanness of these cormorants and harpies who grow fat by these outrages. The writer, who knows Russia well, thus describes their character:

The real rulers of Russia are a group of nobles, who, by one means or another, control the emperor and dominate the policy of the empire. The admiral who buys coal for his ships in a foreign port secures as vouchers through a middleman receipts for a much larger sum than the actual price, and he and certain of his subordinates pocket the difference. Almost every contractor who furnishes supplies must pay tribute to officials amounting to the full actual value of the goods or even more, and the price to the government is increased accordingly. The last great robbery of the publicly subscribed Red Cross funds, one of the most detestable national scandals of the time, has brought no retribution to the high-placed thieves. These thefts, according to common report, amounted to no less than seventy-five per cent. of the whole sum contributed in Russia and abroad. As it is in high places, so it is in low. Every minor official must *have his bit.* The great majority of public servants are simply useless parasites upon the body politic. In no other country has the bureaucracy developed into such an immense burden upon the state. Nowhere else has every public function been reduced to such an involved and absurd system of circumlocution.

Corruption seems to have permeated every department of the empire, and four men, the grand-ducal cabal, are reported to have used the empire to enrich themselves. "Tammany in its most audacious days," says the correspondent, "never dreamed of such a system of graft as exists here. It has grown into such an octopus that the nation is at its mercy. Nothing but a revolution could destroy it"; and this is more than probable.

The defeat of the Russians will surely result in the overthrow of these corrupt parasites who are destroying the nation's life.

The wholesale misappropriation, says the Montreal Witness, of Red Cross funds and material intended for the comfort and relief of the sick and wounded in the army fighting the Japanese in Manchuria, is a blazing example of Russian official corruption and the extent to which graft is practised. Of all branches of the public service one would think the Red Cross would be most free from peculation, yet it has broken down completely through the robberies perpetrated by those entrusted with its management. The fiendish heartlessness thus exposed shows how thoroughly depraved the men and the system must be, and makes it easy to understand the extremely embittered condition of the more intelligent classes as revealed in recent Moscow and St. Petersburg utterances.

THE CZAR'S PROMISED PROMISES.
—New York Times.

THE CIVILIZED WORLD: "THIS IS YOURS; YOU HAVE EARNED IT!"—Star.

The army and the navy have been robbed, brave men sent to their doom, and the nation humiliated in the eyes of the world by the official and aristocratic thieves, including grand dukes, who administer the affairs of the worst bedevilled empire that ever went to war.

The difference is striking, says The Independent, between the patriotic spirit in Russia and Japan. In Japan the soldiers march in procession to enlist, accompanied by their triumphant friends; we hear of none running away. In Russia the conscripts hide away and flee the country by thousands, while mobs resist the conscription, and the unwilling reservists are dragged ruthlessly to the train that shall deport them to the snows of Manchuria, to fight in a quarrel which they detest. Small wonder that many of them mutiny in the field. There must be a reason for the contrast, to the credit of one country and the discredit of another. Let Russia once give its people as much liberty as does Japan, and we shall see there as much patriotism and here as much sympathy.

The Outlook for Russia.

While the Cossacks "may quench the flame for a time, they cannot put out the fire," remarks the Chicago News, commenting upon the policy of bullets and bayonets that is meted out to the Russian strikers. The outbreak of the working men "may be controlled temporarily by force," observes the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, similarly, "but it marks the beginning of that terrible convulsion through which nations pass in their advance toward civil and religious liberty." Our newspapers see great significance in the wide extent of the disorders, which spread south-eastward across European Russia from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Saratoff, on the Volga, and south-westward for a thousand miles along the western border of the empire. The Revolution in France, which began with the calling of the States-General, took a year or two to gather headway; it may well be so in Russia."

The collection of revenue and the conscription of troops are expected to suffer severely from this upheaval. Reports are current that disaffection is rife in Kuropatkin's army, and that reservists in barracks in Russia or in trains bound for the front are decamping in large numbers with their rifles and equipments.

The Brooklyn Eagle expects to see Russia shorn of its disaffected provinces and "chastened, but ennobled." To quote:

"It is hardly possible to avert the dis-

"BUBBLES" (Russo Version).

With Apologies to the late Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

—The Bristol Times and Mirror.

memberment of the empire. The fires of revolt are burning, not merely in Moscow and St. Petersburg, not merely in camps and fleets, but in the provinces where the yoke has borne heavily on unwilling necks for centuries. In the various wars in which Russia has been embroiled in recent times she has conquered and taken over Poland, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, Armenia, and the Caucasian states as she had taken over Esthonia, Livonia, and Ingria, and these sections have been waiting the time when the yoke could be flung off and national liberty restored. Japan, the new power, will safeguard the integrity of the East Asian states, as the powers uphold that of Europe, and as we have set ourselves to maintain the sovereignty of our fellow republics in the south.

"Even within a score of years we shall probably see a Poland delivered from its lord, a free and democratic Finland, a Turkey forced beyond the Bosphorus, a Japan whose sphere of influence has widened over the shores of China, a China, too, that is progressive and reformed, an India larger, more firmly united than the India of to-day, and, brooding over the ruins of her ancient *empire, a Russia* chastened, but ennobled, a Russia whose people enjoy the liberty that is given to all the world besides, for it is only to those who strike for it that freedom is awarded."

"'It is the loneliest autocracy ever known,' is a remark made concerning the Government of Russia. Where, indeed, are its friends? At war with Japan, dreaded by China, hated even by the Turks, condemned by the immense bulk of Christendom, attacked by its own people at home, the Russian autocracy is most surely the loneliest government on the face of the earth." East and West, at this moment, seem united in withholding from it the slightest sympathy, while among hundreds of millions throughout the world the Muscovite tyranny is an object of execration. Even where one would naturally look for some defence of the czardom at this time, as in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, not a voice is raised in behalf of the autocracy."

The People's Verdict.

Mr. Ross owes his tremendous defeat, in our judgment, to several causes. A government that remains "in the saddle" thirty-two years will make foes in its own household,—greedy cormorants who serve it only for the loaves and fishes, men who, disappointed of office and favor, will turn and rend the hand that refuse their selfish demands. About any government long in power will accumulate barnacles and parasites, that impede and weaken the ship of state.

But chiefly this government fell, in our judgment, because of its lack of a bold temperance policy. If Mr. Ross, after the tremendous plebiscite in favor of prohibition, had come out as a courageous leader, we believe the temperance people would have rallied to the war-cry of "prohibition to the extent that the government can give it." If he had fallen then, he would have fallen a martyr to principle—a nobler ending of the longest record of any responsible government in the world than that which has overtaken him.

We hope that we will now all be loyal and patriotic Canadians, united to lift up the honor of our country, to stamp out corruption and fraud of every kind and in any party, that in righteousness, temperance, intelligence, the premier province of the Dominion may enter upon a still grander careeer of prosperity than it has ever known. Better the overthrow of a government by the ballots of free men than by bullets of a revolution.

Religious Intelligence.

HAIL, BREATH OF GOD.

BY ALBERT OSBORN.

From Cambria's hills and dales come tidings sweet
Of lives and homes made glad with gospel joy,
Dark mines made bright and workshops' new employ
Of praise, and fruits for true repentance meet.

As when on Pentecost of flaming tongue
Bold Peter saw fulfilled good Joel's word,
Again the people's hearts are strongly stirred
And spirit-vision comes to old and young.

Hail, Breath of God, convincing men of sin,
Cease not Thy work of cleansing and of life.
Come on all lands, fast bound by hellish hate;
To Thy sweet sway all human hearts now win;
Change the harsh clang of arms to holy strife;
Each man in love all men to emulate.

—*Christian Advocate.*

A Year of Grace.

It would seem that the acceptable year of the Lord, for which many earnest souls have been praying, has at last arrived. It is another illustration of the Word that the kingdom of Christ cometh not with observation. Not in the great centres of London or New York, but in the mining towns of Wales, and through the means of simple colliers and singing maidens has this special manifestation come as it did of old in the hill-towns of Galilee.

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!"

The blessed revival seems spreading throughout the kingdom, and seems like to sweep over throughout English-speaking lands. In several places on this continent like blessed results follow similar consecrated effort. The following is an abridged account of some features of this notable revival:

Professor W. W. Davies, Ph.D., of Ohio Wesleyan University, writes:

Evan Roberts, obeying the call of the Spirit, left the coal mines for a grammar school, so as to prepare himself for the work of the ministry. He left school and returned home to the house of his father, where he spent much time in prayer and meditation, thoroughly convinced that God had a great work for him to do. He commenced to visit and talk with his neighbors and to hold prayer and song services as opportunity presented itself. He exerted a strange influence from the start. How, no one seems to know. He is neither learned nor eloquent. He is the essence of modesty and humility. No sooner does he enter a church or begin to speak and sing than the largest audiences become electrified and filled with the Spirit of God. All become convinced that there is a direct communication between him and heaven. Conversions take place by the score wherever he appears.

The worldly-wise declare his methods undignified and lacking reverence. He is certainly eccentric. Like the ancient prophets of Israel, he appears unheralded, he refuses to make formal engagements, and believes that the Holy Spirit leads him every day from place to place. He does not stay more than a day or two, at most, in any one church. He even refuses, at times, to speak from platform or pulpit, but walks up and down the aisles and talks or sings as he walks. He possesses the wonderful gift

EVAN ROBERTS, THE WELSH EVANGELIST.

of convincing his hearers that he is talking to him and not to his neighbor.

He believes more in prayer and praise than in the sermon. The terrors of the Law have no attraction for him, but he delights to talk of the love of God. He tries to make his hearers ashamed of their sins. He depends much upon song, and yet he objects to regular choirs or select choruses, and, indeed, well he may dispose of such helps, since all Welsh people know how and love to sing.

Though Mr. Roberts is the leading spirit in this revival, the work has already extended far and wide over a goodly portion of the principality. Hundreds of meetings are now held in various places in Wales. Indeed, the glorious thing about this revival is that it in no wise depends upon the presence of the evangelist. Multitudes of leaders have sprung up on every hand. Though chiefly confined to the Welsh-speaking congregations, its effect is clearly felt upon the foreigners. It is, indeed, reported that conversions took place even *in a gypsy camp.*

So great is the work that it has already broken over denominational barriers; old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned—all classes are touched.

Wales, famous for its revivals, has never witnessed a greater work of grace. It is the leading topic of conversation everywhere—on the street, on the railroad train, in the store, in the shop, at the blast furnace and puddling forge. Prayer-meetings are held daily, and often during the day, not only in chapels and churches, but in hundreds of cottages, and even, far down in the bowels of the earth, in the coal mines, where the miners gather together an hour or so before the regular work of the day commences. The very mules know it. They are no longer sworn at.

Indeed, it is not uncommon to hold three meetings a day, and the evening meeting is prolonged far into the small hours of the next day. We cull the following from a communication of Dr. Arthur Levi, Professor of Law at Aberystwyth University: "Some of the meetings have continued until two or

n the morning. I have remained urs in them without tiring, and wish to leave. There is in truth itement; it is like listening to vinest music; every meeting is restful, and deliberate; and every appears to be spiritually ordered. . Every kind of meeting, liter- olitical, theatrical, has had to give Our whole town is overjoyed. Our us shown new possibilities. Our has received an enlightenment leaves nothing more to be desired. man who has attended these meet- s sure in his heart. It is as if Christ had come to the town of twyth, and, indeed, He has come." r says: "The minute we were the door we came under an in- able spell; we silently took our they were at that moment in a hat affected one as the sound of a wind in the twilight of pines; a nbidden came into our eye. It s if an invisible harper had the of each soul ready to his touch, ien fading again to hushed ex- cy. Anything more orderly, more nious, than that leaderless meet- an scarcely conceive."

effects in Wales are visible; hun- of drunkards and gamblers have onverted, especially in cosmopoli- lamorganshire, where the drink is so rampant. A saloon-keeper Garn said recently that his Sat- night receipts had been reduced two hundred dollars to less than dollars. Bless the Lord! The ," according to an English brewer, been thoroughly crippled in " One notorious infidel burnt his books. Football playing, so r among the coal miners of South has received a severe shock. after game has been called off, to the conversion of the best play- At Penycae every member of a ll team was converted, and the was that the football suits, ball, ll were burnt up, as the magic in Ephesus, and the members d themselves in the future to as t work in saving souls as in gain- ctory and glory on the gridiron. heatre at Abercynon had to close lack of patronage, and the troupe o move elsewhere. Stores have closed, business has been sus- l; even work in some of the coal as at Cilfynydd, had to close one day, so as not to interfere with eetings.

l work as this cannot keep up in- definitely. Reaction will doubtless come, but, the Lord be thanked, not before thousands upon thousands have been converted, not until multitudes of chil- dren and young people have been brought into the kingdom, and, better than all, the Church itself has received a glorious baptism which will be a perpetual bless- ing to Wales, and other lands as well.

Revival Fires Around the World.

Three years ago Dr. R. A. Torrey, pastor of Dwight L. Moody's church in Chicago, spent the small hours of a Sunday morning on his knees imploring God for a world-wide religious awakening. In less than a week he himself received a call to come and head a revival in Australia. He accepted the invitation, and accompanied by the gospel singer, Charles Alexander, began the great evangelistic campaign during which the whole city was stirred as never before, and the revival flame spread throughout the land.

Leaving Australia, the evangelists visited New Zealand, Tasmania, and India, and then came to England, where they have had even greater success than in Australia. During a single month's stay in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, 7,700 converts were recorded, while in all, during the three years' revival tour in the world, over 65,000 persons have professed to accept Christ in their meetings.

In nearly every great city of the United Kingdom which they visit—and they have already been to Birmingham, Manchester, Dublin, Glasgow, Cardiff, Liverpool, and numerous other places—a huge hall is constructed at a cost of thousands of dollars to accommodate thousands of people.

The structure in Liverpool is known as Tournament Hall. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and seats 12,500 people. The trained choir numbers three thousand. Its leader, Mr. Alexander, is said to be "the greatest leader of Gospel song who has ever lived."

In England the converts average about one hundred a night. But on one evening in Liverpool, 440 persons publicly accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

These crusades are managed on business-like methods. A committee of business men is organized beforehand to finance the movement. Secretaries and sub-committees are also appointed. On the spiritual side equally complete preparation is made, Gospel prayer-meetings being held for months before the arrival of the evangelists. In February a five-months' campaign was begun in London.

Missionary Advance.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held in Boston, dealt with most weighty problems. Comment was made on the increasing percentage of foreigners and Roman Catholics in the New England States. Said Dr. Mansfield:

"It has come to pass that there are more Roman Catholics in membership in Massachusetts that there are members of all Protestant denominations combined. In our cities we find that they are rapidly becoming colonized. They are from fifty to eighty per cent. foreign, and Boston, with its nearly 700,000 people, is seventy-two per cent. foreign and only twenty-eight per cent. native. We, therefore, need inspiration and uplift to solve the problems that press upon us among the Portuguese, Italians, Chinese, Finns, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes."

The treasurer reported an increase of $54,364 over last year's funds. Bishop Foss stated that the Woman's Society did more for India than the parent society.

Something of the wide scope of the work may be gleaned from a few quotations:

Said Bishop Hamilton: "We now have in Alaska five churches and six preaching places. As to Mexico, our Church there now numbers 20,000 Mexican Methodists. In one school we have over six hundred students."

Bishop Joyce praised the work done by the United States Government at Panama, saying that the commerce of the world would be greatly helped by it.

Bishop Warren, speaking of the Philippines, said that the giving of the English language to these 8,000,000 people speaking seventy different jargons, was in itself an inestimable gift. He mentioned a general class held in Manila where 1,700 people were admitted by ticket. "Could you get a class-meeting like that in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia?" he asked. With thirty churches in the Philippines, and 8,000 members, our church has vindicated its right to be there. At the time of acquisition of the Philippines there were in all the islands about 800 schools, or only one for each 10,000 natives. Now there are more than 4,000, and 3,000 native teachers have been developed.

The gathering was fortunate in the presence of men like Bishop Thoburn, "the best representative of missions in the Methodist Episcopal Church," Dr. Buckley, "incomparably the greatest platform speaker of the day," John R. Mott, and others. Mrs. William Butler, "the mother of missions in India," and Miss Clementina Butler were presented and warmly welcomed.

The Scotch Church Controversy.

The first step toward a decisive settlement of this bitter quarrel, says The Outlook, and the undoing of the evils wrought by it, has been taken. A Royal Commission, appointed to take evidence preparatory to a bill to be brought before Parliament, was to begin its sessions on January 5. This proceeding provides (1) that the decision of the House of Lords is to be respected; (2) that the division of property and funds between the litigant Churches is to depend on their ability to administer the same; (3) that all litigation is to be suspended pending the report of the Commission; (4) that the legislation needed to ratify the recommendations of the Commission is to be expedited. It needs to be. Meanwhile the United Free Church has been despoiled of all its general property by the "Wee Kirk," whose incapacity to administer the same is ludicrously apparent. For the three colleges thus taken over, the "Wee Kirk" is reported to have but eight students at Glasgow, none at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. The emergency fund raised by the United Free Church now amounts to about half a million dollars.

Candidates for the Ministry.

A writer in The World's Work has been making a thorough investigation into the dearth of candidates for the ministry, about which so much has been said and written lately. He has pursued his investigations among college presidents, heads of divinity schools, students, ministers, and business men. He says, "There is no real dearth of students for the ministry." Another investigator, Mr. R. E. Daniels, also declares that there is a gain this year of 279 students over last year, and of 339 over the previous year.

The scholarly pen of the Rev. Dr. Davidson, the new editor of the London Quarterly Review and Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, is seen in both these periodicals. His own editorial contributions have a marked literary distinction.

Book Notices.

"The Heart of Asbury's Journal.." Edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-720. Price, $1.50.

The most picturesque figure in American Methodism is Francis Asbury, the gift of the mother to the daughter land. He was a man of the people, one of Wesley's early helpers, and one of the first volunteers to preach in the New World. He ranged through the continent from the pine-shadowed St. Lawrence to the savannas of Georgia, from the surges of the Atlantic to the mighty Father of Waters, through pathless forests, over rugged mountains and across rapid rivers. He sometimes rode seventy-five miles in a day, reaching a cabin at midnight and leaving it at four in the morning. "How glad I would be of a good clean plank to lie on, as preferable to the beds," he said. He ordained upwards of three thousand preachers, preached seventeen thousand sermons, travelled three hundred thousand miles, had the care of one hundred thousand souls. His journals are second in religious interest only to those of John Wesley. They are here presented in admirable form, with seventy-nine illustrations, with elucidative notes. This handsome book of 720 pages is remarkably cheap at $1.50. It has a special interest to us as Canadians on account of the labors of Asbury in laying the foundations of Methodism in this land. He is described by the author as the spiritual Atlas who bore the American continent on his shoulders, who built altars in almost every city and town of the United States, and kindled thereon fires which have not yet gone out.

"Indian Life in Town and Country." By Herbert Compton. Author of "A Free Lance in a Far Land," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-281. Price, $1.20 net.

The admirable series on "Our European Neighbors" is being followed by one on "Our Asiatic Neighbors," of which this is the initial volume. The same method is pursued in having them written by persons familiar by long residence with the countries, their institutions and problems. Her Indian dependency is the great responsibility and difficulty of Britain—to reduce a country of many races, languages and religions to civilization. It is unquestioned that British influence has been of vast benefit to India, uncounted thousands of lives have been saved from famine and wasting by war. The author has not, we judge, recognized as he should the effect of Christian missions, the greatest power for the regeneration of India. The extreme poverty of the country, where ninety per cent. of the population live on the verge of famine, is one of its greatest difficulties. Instructive chapters are added on Anglo-Indian life, with which Kipling has made us so familiar. The whole book is a contribution of much value to a clearer understanding of this wonderful country and splendid mission field.

"A Peculiar People. The Doukhobors." By Aylmer Maude. Author of "Tolstoy and His Problems." New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-338. Price, $1.50 net.

The Doukhobor pilgrims to Canada were received with warmest sympathy by the Canadian people. Their story of persecution in Russia, their high moral principles, their love of peace, predisposed our people in their favor. They received also much consideration from the Government, but their peculiar principles soon found occasion for friction. They objected to the division of the land, wishing to hold it communally after the Russian method. But the worst of all was a sort of psychic-religious epidemic which swept over the communities, leading them to abandon their farms, turn free their horses, start on pilgrimages "to find Jesus," and even divest themselves of their clothes in wintry weather. Not all the Doukhobors were guilty of these vagaries, only about one thousand out of seven thousand. The Government had to use constraint to send them back to their homes. The fanaticism seems to be

dying out and they will eventually make loyal Canadian subjects.

Aylmer Maude, the gentleman who had most to do with bringing them from Russia to Canada, writes this book as an apology to the Government. He states that he was misinformed about the sect, and had consequently failed to tell the whole truth about them. In this book he does public penance to try and atone for his blunder. The story of the Doukhobors teaches lessons of patience, that in the long run "The meek shall inherit the earth," that in this instance the doctrine of non-resistance has real validity. He gives a history of the Doukhobors that has not before been presented, traces their connection with the Lollards, Baptists, Quakers, and other sects. It is an important contribution to one of the most interesting experiments in colonization of recent times. It contains a long letter from Count Tolstoy explaining his relations with this remarkable sect, whose real character and motives are for the first time explained in this book. It contains fifteen photos, and is a work of much interest and importance.

"Our European Neighbors. Belgian Life in Town and Country." By Demetrius C. Boulger. New York: C. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-321. Price, $1.20 net.

Of books of travel we have more than enough. The hasty conclusions of the hurried globe-trotter are seldom of much value, but this Town and Country series is the result of long residence in the different countries described and a study of their institutions and people. Belgium, one of the smallest, most densely populated, industrious, and flourishing parts of Europe, is well worth study. It is made up of two races, the Flemings and Walloons, who have remained separate and distinct in language, literature, and largely in industries throughout the historic past. A very interesting account is given of the burgher life in Brussels, of the commercial classes of Antwerp, of the court and society. But of greater interest is that of the mining and manufacturing population. The writer presents a sad picture of the ravages of drink among the miners. Their only ambition is to drink and get drunk. There is one drinking-place for every five adults. Of course, ignorance and superstition result. The manufactures of Liege, where a world's fair is this year held, demand much higher intelligence. In that city alone there are forty thousand working gunsmiths. Country life presents a much more pleasing aspect, especially among the Walloons, though in consequence of the small farms, the tillage is mostly that of hand and foot, without machinery. The dead cities of Flanders, Ghent, Bruges, Courtrai, are but the shrunken remains of their former splendor. Their old town halls and guild houses have a romantic splendor. Ghent once boasted a quarter of a million of inhabitants, but was reduced to less than forty thousand. Antwerp has, however, become one of the great ports of Europe. Belgium is the most thoroughly Roman Catholic country in Europe, much more so than Italy and equalling Spain. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly tolerant of other faiths.

"Italy from the Alps to Naples." Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 8 marks ($2).

After all, there are no guide-books like Baedeker's. We have seventeen of them, and would not be without them in travelling in any country which they describe, and they describe almost every country in Europe. They are the ideals of condensed and useful information, historical, artistic, economic, down to the hotel fares and cab tariffs. This book is a condensation of three larger volumes on Italy, omitting Sicily and out-of-the-way places which comparatively few visit, but giving all the needed information about the routes and cities of the Peninsula. There are twenty-six maps and forty-two plans. It is brought down to date of 1904, giving one hundred and twenty pages on Rome, seventy on Naples and vicinity, forty on Florence, and ample information on the other cities of this land of old renown.

"The United States, With an Excursion into Mexico." Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 12 marks ($3).

In this book of 660 pages is described a country much larger than the whole of Europe. While this continent abounds in magnificent scenery, its lack of historic background is shown by the possibility of this compression. Nevertheless, people should see as much of their own continent as possible, and this book will greatly aid them in doing it well. It has chapters on politics by John Bach Mc-

Master, on Constitution and Government, by James Bryce, on the Aborigines, Physiography, Climatic Resorts, on Fine Arts, and so on. It has twenty-five maps and thirty-five colored plans, and is an invaluable help for study and travel. Its information will save many times the cost of the book. It is brought down to 1904 and the St. Louis Fair.

"Incense." Verses by Levi Gilbert. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 118. Price, 75 cents net.

Readers of The Western Christian Advocate do not need to be informed that its accomplished editor is a genuine poet. This book will demonstrate that fact to a still wider range of readers. There is an elevation of thought, a spiritual insight, a musical lilt of language, fine use of simile and metaphor, that place it high in the ranks of contemporary poetry. Three dominant notes recur throughout these poems, those of religion, patriotism and human love—"the altar, the flag, the hearthstone." The domestic affections find their sweetest and tenderest expressions in these poems. A vein of humor runs through some, and the book is one of charming make-up and contents. The introductory poem admirably carries out the symbolism of the title. The "Battle Hymn of the Epworth League" should be made a marching song of the hosts of our young people.

"English Church History." From the Death of Archbishop Parker to the Death of King Charles I. By the Rev. A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-179. Price, $1.00.

In this compendious volume the history of the Church of England during a critical period is shown. It sets out with the dictum that the English Reformation must have come because the Roman claims were adverse to English interests and English rights, because much of Roman doctrine was out of harmony with Scripture, because the low standard of life in the monasteries had long been a scandal, and because the revival of letters was like the lighting of a lamp which banished the mediaeval darkness of Roman Catholicism. The book illustrates the manner in which these causes operated and the effects they produced. A striking chapter is entitled "The Wise Fool in Church and State," by which phrase is meant James I., who was otherwise described as the man "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." The book is a vivacious treatment of an important period.

"Old Heidelberg." By Wilhelm Meyer-Forster. Translated by Max Chapelle. New York: A. Wessels Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 173.

All who know this grand old mediaeval city, with its scholastic and historic memories, come under its spell of power. A few months ago we visited its five-hundred-year-old university, its splendid aula, its cramped and cabined prison, where Bismarck and many of the makers of Germany have expiated their student offences. This book takes us into the very heart of student life. It is a strange world of commingled idleness and plodding study, of reckless beer-drinking, song singing, duel fighting, and of profound thought and noble scholarship. The book is handsomely printed, with vignettes of the grand old castle and of student life quaintly blended with the text.

"Letters of an Old Methodist to His Son in the Ministry." By Robert Allen. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 243. Price, $1.25.

This book is somewhat in the line of "Letters of a Chicago Merchant to His Son," but are on a higher moral plane. They are written by a shrewd business layman to his son at college, and in the early years of his ministry. They abound in kindly criticism and wise counsel on such subjects as food, rest, exercise, "the pulpit voice," stationing, marriage, town versus country circuits, and the like. Young preachers, and some older ones, too, will find much to profit by in these sensible letters.

"Blazed Trail Stories and Stories of the Wild Life." By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: Morang & Co Pp. 260. Price, $1.50.

There is a fascination to the over-civilization of the times in the pictures of the elemental conditions of society when men are brought face to face with the great forces of nature—the primeval forest, the rushing rivers, the wild life of the mountains. The voyageur, the

lumber-jack, the prospector, all come into contact with these great elemental forces and are in part their product Mr. White gives us vivid pictures of the achievements of the river boss, the forest foreman, the rough-and-ready lumberman. We share the sensation of loosing the log jam, of floating the stranded timber to the boom, and the athletic feats of the river-man upon the logs spinning beneath his feet.

"The Upward Leading." Pulpit Talks Under Various Auspices. By James Henry Potts. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 131.

The author of this book and editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, is one of the strongest thinkers and writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In these chapters he gives a vigorous and original treatment of some of the important questions of the day. It will be found very stimulating and helpful to every reader. We are more interested in this book because its author is Canadian-born and retains a strong love for his native land.

"The Bible a Missionary Book." By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 192. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

The subject of missions is more and more receiving the due prominence which it deserves in the thought and life and literature of our Churches. It is especially the burden of the New Testament, but in this admirable book it is shown to be the promise of the history of Israel. The law leads up to the Gospel, and the ministry to the Jews is the forerunner to the ministry to mankind.

"A Short History of the Westminster Assembly." By W. Beveridge, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-169.

One of the most august and important religious assemblies ever held was that which formulated the Westminster Confession, the symbol of faith of one of the great Churches of Christendom. A lucid and luminous account of that assembly is here given.

RUSSIA.

BY R. BOAL.

I am she of the mighty hand and eyes that see not,
My giant mouth athirst;
Through the long night of years sure lights there be not
To lands accurst:
Even though the myriad stars gleam in the heaven,
I grope my way,
And treasure up the Sage's dole of leaven,
And wait for day.
My sons have shed their blood on earth like water,
In valiant death,
And cries are heard from many a mourning daughter,
Whose wailing breath
Proclaims the end of hope, 'neath bloody banner,
Voicing our woe,
Though neither word nor thought can fully span her
Incognizable blow.

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MONUMENT OF FRANCES E. WILLARD IN STATUARY HALL IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

(See p. 380)

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CHRIST TALKING TO THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND SCRIBES IN THE TEMPLE, AFTER HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased.

And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

NATIVE PASTOR'S HOUSE, NAGANO,
And pastors attending Nagano District Meeting.

MISSION HOUSE, KANAZAWA.
Rev. D. R. McKenzie, Missionary.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1905.

THE STORY OF MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

TAKAOKA CHURCH, KANAZAWA DISTRICT.

MR. ADDISON has met a long-felt want in his "Heart of Japan." It was said of Mr. Gale's book on Corea that, brilliant and racy though it was, it was a book of travel and adventure, rather than a book on missions. Mr. Addison's book is distinctly on missionary lines.

In this age, when every magazine and newspaper has articles on Japan, when things Japanese are becoming as much a part of our education as botany or rhetoric, there is, nevertheless, a danger of our seeing only the material, not the spiritual, side of Japan. There is a tendency to see only fair Japan, with her mountains and her flowers, her silk-clad ladies, her dainty tea-houses, her parks in cherry bloom, the lotus sleeping on her lakes, and the kites flying in the air.

With so many clever writers exercising their imaginations at a range of eight thousand miles, there is a danger of our coming to look on the country as a cluster of happy isles in a sunny sea, inhabited by a people all clever-brained and smiling-faced. There is a danger of our forgetting the deeper needs of Japan as we look at her through the halo of victory.

At such a time Mr. Addison's book is most opportune, showing us something of the real state of Japan's religious life, of the pressing need and the great importance of mission work. Nor is it a tale of need merely. It is

CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME, KANAZAWA PARK.

e of achievement. The founda-ns of Christianity have been laid the land. There is already a story success that ought to be an answer the most doubting heart.

There is little question that the ree great religions of Japan, Shin-sm, Buddhism and Confucianism, th their broken glints of light, have some measure prepared the people r the fuller light of Christianity,

plain. The central object is a metal mirror which is believed to urge the worshipper to look into his own heart for purity of belief and of practice. Around are hung strips of paper notched or folded, in which the spirits are supposed to reside. Of these spirits there are many ; they are commonly spoken of as the eight hundred myriads of gods. When at a temple, the worshipper stands without and rings the bell to call the attention of the god. After washing the hands and rinsing out the mouth, the worshipper repeats prayers, of which the following is an

NAGANO CHURCH.

Farewell Meeting for one of the Teachers.

· it is said that in the seventh cen-·y, when Buddhism was introduced, : Japanese were a people of "bar-·ic simplicity and possessing a very v grade of culture."

But the insufficiency of each and all these religions is readily seen by :n the most casual student. Speak-; of Shintoism, our author says:

'In the true Shinto shrine there are no ges nor idols, and the shrine is severely

example : 'O god that dwellest in the high plain of heaven, who art divine in substance and in intellect, and able to give protection from sin and its penalties, to banish impurities and to cleanse from all uncleanness ; hosts of gods give ear and listen to these our petitions. And this I say with awe, deign to bless me by correcting the unwitting faults, which seen and heard by you I have committed, by blowing off and clearing away the calamities which evil gods might inflict, by causing me to live long, like the hard and lasting rock, and by repeating to the gods of heavenly origin and to the gods

of earthly origin, the prayers which I present every day, along with your breath, that they may hear with the sharp-earedness of the forth-galloping colt."

"These temples are planted often amid groves of ancient trees, on the sides of dark valleys, and in out-of-the-way places, but many of them are in the midst of the cities.

DR. MEACHAM AND OUR FIRST NATIVE PREACHERS.
Mr. Miyagwa. Mr. Yūki. Mr. Kobayashi.
Mr. Asagawa. Mr. Tsuchiya. Mr. Yamanaka. Mr. Hiraiwa.

Buddhism, teaching that existence is an evil, and holding forth as its reward practical annihilation, has over eighty thousand temples in the land.

Some of the most beautiful places in Japan are the groves and gardens connected with Buddhist temples. Massive bells struck on the outside by a piece of timber suspended by ropes so as to swing like a battering-ram,

flood the air with their deep, mellow tones. The altars within the temples are gorgeous with gilded images, candelabra, and the other paraphernalia of worship. The air is heavy with incense. Priests in gorgeous robes chant Sanscrit prayers, whose meaning is unintelligible to the hearers and even to most of the priests themselves. In the yards of some of the temples there are seen wooden pillars incribed with prayers, and having a little iron wheel attached. The wheel can easily be set in motion by the hand, every revolution bringing as much merit to the worshipper as though he had repeated the prayer."

Confucianism, on the other hand, has no temples and no priests. It is propagated by teachers.

Shintoism teaches no code of morals, and nothing of the life hereafter. It is largely an instrument of the government, inculcating reverence for the Emperor. Buddhism satisfies the emotional cravings. Confucianism gives rules of moral conduct. "Yet," says our text-book,

"We must not forget that the average person in Japan does not analyze or separate the three systems. To him they are an amalgam forming one method of life. Except the severely bigoted sectarians, the mass of the people use various temples, and the reading classes get their mental pabulum alike from the books of the writers or teachers of the native Japanese, the Aryan, or the Chinese systems."

So much for the darker side of the religious problem in Japan. But there is another, a tenfold brighter side. The leaven is working, and already the world perceives the flavor of Christianity in the nation. The number of Japanese Protestant Christians may seem insignificant (55,315 in a population of 50,000,000), but their effect upon the life of the nation leads us to ask what wonderful things may we not expect when the harvest has been greatly multiplied?

By no means the least interesting chapter in the history of missionary progress in Japan is that on the work done by the Roman Catholic Church nearly four centuries ago and the attendant persecutions. It affords abundant illustrations of the kind and quality of Japanese Christians.

KOMAGOME CHURCH, TOKIO.

Says Mr. Addison:

"Thirty years after the landing of Xavier it was estimated that the Roman Catholics had two hundred churches and one hundred and fifty thousand converts in Japan.

"The priests had great success till 1587, when the Shogun, thinking he had discovered a plot of the priests to overthrow his government, decreed the banishment of all foreign teachers of religion.

"Ten years later, twenty-six persons were publicly crucified in Nagasaki for defying the edict. The great persecution, however, came in 1614, when Ieyasu, believing he had dis-

covered a plot of the Christians to overthrow his power, sent all religious teachers, both native and foreign, out of the country, and ordered all converts to recant. Torture and death followed them everywhere, and it is estimated that over two hundred thousand, clergy and lay, perished for their faith in this persecution. The persecution continued through many years, growing in intensity and horribleness. The Christians were tortured in the most barbarous manner in the presence of each other, were hurled from the top of precipices, burned alive, torn asunder by oxen, tied up in rice bags, heaped together and the pile set on fire, and by many other ingenious refinements of horrible cruelty. Yet even these forms of death did not make them recant, indeed, there were many who

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS, NAGANO,
Who attended Mrs. Norman's Cooking Class. The two marked x became Christians while attending the Class.
MR. NORMAN'S SISTER AND LITTLE GRACE. MRS. NORMAN. REV. D. NORMAN.

rather courted martyrdom. The persecution was fiercest in the city of Nagasaki.

"But terrible as was the persecution, and successful as it seemed to be, yet the Roman Catholic priests, who entered Japan immediately on the signing of the treaty in 1858, found in the villages around Nagasaki several Christian communities which had escaped the general destruction. There, without teachers, churches, or sacraments, they had preserved through two centuries certain prayers, the rite of baptism, and a few books."

OUR MISSION HOUSE ROW, TSUKIJI, TOKIO.
(Three houses. End only of third can be seen.)

What other nation can boast a Christianity that has survived two and a half centuries of persecution and still preserved the faith. If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, surely we may expect a great fruitage from Japan.

With the entrance of Commodore Perry, in 1852, and the subsequent opening of treaty ports, began a new era for Japan. Between this time and 1873, in spite of the fact that edict boards posted along the highway still prohibited Christianity, twenty-four men and nine women were sent out as missionaries. Though for some years the harvest was not visible, yet the people were outgrowing their aversion to foreigners. The Bible and Christian literature were being circulated and the Christian world was awakened to pray for Japan.

But the years of expectancy were to give place at last to fulfilment. Says the "Heart of Japan":

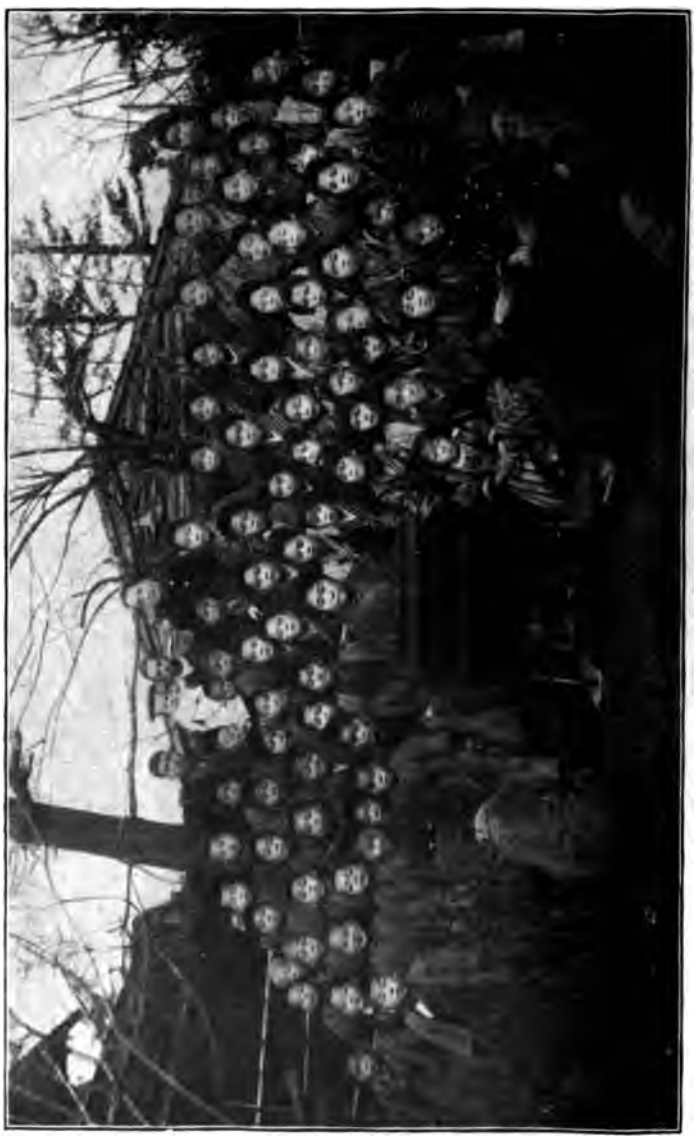
"During this period, up to the spring of 1872, five persons had been baptized in the north of Japan, and five persons in the south. In January of that year, during the week of prayer, the missionaries and the English-speaking residents of all denominations in Yokohama united in services which drew in some students of the classes taught by the missionaries. The meetings grew in interest and power, and were continued till the end of February. The Japanese were deeply stirred, many of them found the Light, and as a direct fruit of these meetings the first native church was organized in Yokohama on March 10th, 1872, with eleven members. The days of expectancy, of tedious waiting, of prejudice and opposition were over. The harvest, the day of wonders, was beginning. With 1873 the history of missions throughout the whole of Japan entered on a new phase, which Mr. Verbeck calls "the period of progressive realization and performance." And in the year 1873 the Methodist Church of Canada, called of God to the work, sent her first workers through the now open doors into the harvest and the new sowing."

The Rev. Geo. Cochran, D.D., pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and the Rev. Davidson Macdonald, M.D., were the first to respond to the call of the Church, and

were appointed leaders of the new mission in Japan. They were warmly welcomed at Yokohama, but from the beginning Dr. Cochran turned longing eyes upon the great city of Tokio, with its unshepherded millions. Yokohama was but a small city and there *were already missionaries* there.

Said Dr. Cochran, with his characteristic energy: "After coming eight thousand miles to preach the Gospel to the heathen, I think it poor policy to stay within twenty miles of them."

An opening came opportunely for Dr. Macdonald at Shizuoka, one hundred miles in the interior, where he



SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS, TOYAMA.
Rev. W. W. Prudham, Mrs. Prudham and Merrill in background.

was to begin his long career of glorious service. About the same time a residence was found for Dr. Cochran at Tokio.

But before leaving Yokohama God set His seal upon their work by the baptism and reception into the Church of two young men, the first-fruits of their labors.

asking a grant of $20,000 for the erection of an institute of learning for the training of a native ministry.

It was about this time, 1878, that, finding opportunities for work of a kind with which they were powerless to grapple, a request was sent home that women be sent to Japan to assist in the work. Dr. Sutherland laid the

HAMAMATSU CHURCH, SHIZUOKA DISTRICT.

REV. R. C. ARMSTRONG, B.A., MISSIONARY. REV. K. SHIRAISHI, PASTOR.

In 1876 the Rev. Dr. Eby and the Rev. Dr. Meacham arrived in Tokio, the one to initiate a successful work in the city of Kofu, the other in Numadzu. At the end of this decade there were five preaching places in Tokio, successful work being carried on in Shizuoka, Numadzu, and Kofu, and a total membership in the mission of 282. The missionaries were now

proposition before the Methodist women in Centenary Church, Hamilton. And to that city belongs the honor of organizing the Woman's Missionary Society in the year 1881, and the very fortunate choice of one of their number, Miss Cartmell, as their first missionary.

A boarding-school for girls was opened in Tokio. Miss Cartmell was

at first alone in the management of the school, but so carefully and wisely did she lay the foundations that it almost seems as though she had some foregleam of the splendid Azabu school of to-day, with its commodious buildings and accommodation for one hundred and fifty scholars, ninety-six of whom may be boarders.

In view of the hampering of the educational work of the General Board by government hostility, the marked success of the work of the Woman's Society along the same line is the more worthy of note.

From the beginning the school received as pupils the daughters of the nobility and of the most influential classes. A wise policy was that of charging the pupils such fees as would meet a large degree of the expenses.

Here, for several years of their lives, at a time when their hearts are most susceptible, these girls live in the atmosphere of a Christian home. The Bible is studied daily. The Christ-life is lived before them. "Small wonder that the great majority of those who remain any considerable time in the school become Christians, or that the one school should have fifty of its pupils baptized in one year."

THE NEW MISSION HOUSE, SHIZUOKA.
Rev. R. Emberson, Missionary.

A testimony from the Japanese themselves as to the success of Azabu School, Tokio, is seen in the fact that when it was proposed to open a similar school in the city of Shizuoka —there being no high-grade school for girls in the entire province—"the principal men of the city proposed to the ladies in Tokio that if they would assume the management of such a school as was then in Azabu, they

would provide buildings and become responsible for all the expenses other than the salary of the missionary in charge. They were to be business managers only, and were not to interfere in the discipline, or in any way dictate as to the subjects taught or the manner of teaching."

Similar schools have since been opened in Kofu, Kanazawa and Nagano, and from the graduating classes of these schools come the trusted Bible-women who are best fitted to carry on evangelical work.

SHIZUOKA CHURCH.

REV. R. EMBERSON, MISSIONARY. REV. K. MURAOKA, PASTOR.

Most of the native teachers in these same schools have likewise been trained in them. We do not need to dwell on the influence of these young girl graduates as they return to their homes all over the land to fill the place of daughter, wife and mother—this, too, in a land whose women have been taught for centuries that they know nothing and are too stupid to learn.

Equally important is the evangelistic work as carried on by our women. We quote a description of a little journey by Miss Wigle:

"Last Friday I started on my regular fortnightly trip to Komoro, two hours by train. . . . The snow, which had been cleared away to make a track wide enough for jinrikishas, was piled from four to five feet high on each side, and what remained in the track was melting fast. Even under such circumstances the two little men had no protection for their feet but the ordinary rope sandals.

"After buying my ticket, which cost forty-two sen (twenty-one cents), and waiting half an hour for the belated train, I finally took my seat in a third-class car full of people, about thirty-five in all. I always sit next a window if possible and keep it open all the time, so as to get a little fresh air to dilute the clouds of smoke from pipes and cigarettes used so freely by men and women.

"The floor, as is generally the case, was very dirty, quite wet with melted snow, and not favored even with the hot-water cans on which the passengers in the first and second class cars are privileged to rest their feet. But with a wrap and travelling rug one manages to keep quite warm, especially on the sunshiny days. Soon I was reading a tract which, as I intended, drew the attention of my fellow-passengers, so, of course, I shared my reading matter with them, and soon nearly every one was reading a discourse on 'Temperance,' or on 'Tobacco,' or on 'The New Birth,' or something equally profitable. At every station some left the cars and others entered, and were in turn supplied with literature. One old man asked me to explain a sentence he could not understand about the Jewish sacrifices; while they were efficacious at one time, though now salvation can be obtained in no way save through belief in Christ. There was just time for a brief explanation before we reached Komoro, and so our conversation ended. The Father only knows how many of these forty or fifty or more written messages will reach the hearts of those who received them.

"Mr. Hashimoto, the pastor, met me at the station and we went to visit a family where one of the daughters is a Christian.

After a little general conversation I asked if I might give a short Bible talk, to which they readily agreed, and brought their mother and six guests from an adjoining room. We talked about 'Light in Darkness.' Five of the number were from a neighboring village and knew nothing about Christianity. We had a very interesting time together and gave them some printed explanation to supplement what had been said. I could not help thinking that the Spirit had led us to that house, for I had not intended to go there at first."

A special feature is the work among the girls in the silk factories, who labor from twelve to sixteen hours a day, seven days in the week, most of them earning less than five dollars a month.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, W.M.S., TOKIO.

On the children's meetings, kindergarten, and many other phases of the work, we have not space to dwell. Says Mr. Addison:

"The women's work in Japan has been and is work which the missionaries of the General Society have not done and cannot do. The social customs, the language and the position of women make it impossible for the missionaries of the General Board, even though they be Japanese, to reach the women and children of the land, and to do them the good they need. God has led the Woman's Missionary Society of the Canadian Methodist Church out into a large place of usefulness, and has given it abundant success throughout all the years."

A cause for rejoicing throughout the Christian world was the splendid and sweeping revival in Japan at the beginning of this century, when nearly twenty-five thousand souls were added to the Church of Christ. There were five thousand conversions in Tokio alone. A striking thing about this revival is that it was initiated by the Japanese themselves and under their own leadership. For a year before, the Christians of Japan were praying earnestly for a revival.

This proves the wisdom of the policy of our General Board, that of developing a strong native ministry. The evangelization of Japan must be done largely by the Japanese. For one thing no foreign missionary ever becomes so thoroughly a master of this most difficult of languages as does a native of the country. Then, too, the cost of supporting a Japanese is much less than that of supporting a foreigner. Moreover, the native minister is better equipped for the pastoral work.

"The social customs of the country and their family life are such that it is difficult for the missionary to enter into their spirit or to come into intimate contact with the real life of the people. But the native pastor is one of themselves, and as he sips the tea and eats the cakes offered, he is able to talk freely and frankly of the matter of God and of the Christian life. For this reason, in those places where the foreign missionary is settled, a native minister is usually stationed, and has the pastoral oversight of the established congregation, while the missionary gives himself more largely to evangelistic work, and to those forms of work which bring him into direct contact with the non-Christian masses.

"The question immediately arises, Why, then, are we sending out more missionaries if the native ministry have these advantages and can be supported at so much less cost to the missionary funds? The answer lies in two directions, first, the necessity of super-

vision and oversight, and, second, the necessity of the evangelistic work."

The foreign evangelist, with his Anglo-Saxon prestige, draws a larger crowd and is more readily listened to than is the native worker.

Just here is revealed the great need of the educational work among the Christians. Young men offering themselves for the ministry have yet to be "rooted and grounded" in the doctrines of the Church. To be sure, Japan has her educational system—

"one of which any country might well be proud. The lowest grade is the kindergarten, of which there are three or four hundred, public and private, in the Empire. These are specially valuable, as most mothers do not give satisfactory home instruction. At the age of six the child enters the elementary school, and there remains for an eight years' course. Next comes the middle school for five years, then the higher school for two or three years, and finally the Imperial Universities at Kyoto and Tokio, with their various colleges.

"There are also over fifty Normal Schools and a Normal College in Tokio, schools of agriculture and forestry, technical schools and schools of manual training, business colleges and schools of foreign languages. There are ten schools for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. There are teachers' associations, educational societies, and summer institutes."

But when we look at the following religious census of two of the government schools, we see readily the need of schools and colleges where young converts may be trained under Christian influences:

"1. In a school of two hundred students, average age 18½ years—Christians 2, Buddhists 9, Shintoists 1, Agnostics 140, Atheists 27, non-committal 21.

"2. In a school of 130, average age 21½ years—Christians 0, Buddhists 3, Shintoists 0, Confucianists 1, Agnostics 95, Atheists 26, noncommittal, 5."

Such schools are not fitted to direct the minds of those who are to shape the religious thought of the nation. Indeed, experience has shown that the young Christian exposed to such influences is in danger of making shipwreck of his faith. Hence the need of distinctively Christian educational work, even in a land of such enlightenment as Japan.

Undoubtedly the tie between the mother Church in Canada and the daughter Church in Japan was strengthened by the visits of Drs. Carman and Sutherland to that land. Many matters were readjusted, important legislation effected, and reports on topics of interest brought back to our Board. More than this, the bonds of fellowship and brotherhood were deepened. We are pleased that the beloved President of the W.M.S., Mrs. Ross, is now on a visit to the mission field. The Young People's Forward Movement, the systematic study of Japan and its missions, the maintenance of a number of missionaries by our Epworth Leagues, with the living links of

DINING-ROOM, GIRLS' SCHOOL, TOKIO.
Misses Morgan, Killam, Craig, Hargrave, Armstrong.

their correspondence in The Missionary Bulletin, are omens of brightest augury for the future of our missions in Japan and the promotion of the missionary spirit at home.

And now, after thirty years of labor in Japan—now, while the eyes of the world are turned toward the Island Empire, what of our prospects to-day? Says our text-book:

DORMITORY, TOKIO.

"At present the sympathy and friendliness with Japan on the part of the English and American peoples has given to our missionaries a most favorable reception from the people. Japan is very grateful for the kindness of the Anglo-Saxons in their time of need, and the influence of these two countries in that land is growing. This means that English will be more and more the dominant foreign language, and that through this language the missionary has many circles opened to his influence, and will have an increasing number of opportunities to do missionary work. It will mean larger and more sympathetic audiences for the English or American missionary, and a more favorable reception of the Gospel message. For this we are most thankful."

The Methodist Church has now thirty-seven foreign workers in Japan (including the W.M.S. and the missionaries' wives). Said one of the lady workers in a personal letter not long ago: "We are busier than usual. We are entering as many of the homes of the soldiers as possible in these days." Says our author:

"It seems to be universally conceded that whatever the effect may be on mission work in Japan, the success of Japan means a new day for missionary activity in the great East. If Japan wins it will be a great step to the opening up of Corea, Manchuria, and China to the Gospel and to Christian civilization. It is one of the strange anomalies of history that Japan, the heathen nation, with perhaps about 60,000 Christians in a population of 50,000,000, should stand for liberty and

civilization, while the so-called Christian Russia should stand for oppression and conquest."

Contrary to common opinion, Japan is far from an easy mission field.

"Dr. Eby thus describes the difference between Japan and Canada: 'When you come to live in that country (Japan) you feel that in the atmosphere, with its lack of ozone, and among the people, you are giving out all the time, of body and mind and soul and morals, your strength of every kind; it is an everlasting breathing out and out and getting nothing in from any source whatever. In this land (Canada) when I come here and breathe in the air, I feel that it is giving me strength with every breath I draw. I get among the people and feel that they are giving me strength, and every time I come in contact with them and stand and face our congregations and can pour out myself in English upon them, this is an inspiration as from heaven. It is only by the power of will that God has given me that I have stood all these years in Japan and done the work that I have done."

Let us not forget our beloved missionaries in this nerve-tiring land of beauty.

"Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

20

ECCE HOMO.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

OVER the hills and down the checkered valley,
With swords and staves, the throng,
Guarding their captive as a vile offender,
Hurry His feet along.

Serene He walks amid the wild disorder,
Speechless amid the brawl;
Holding His peace before the priestly council,
Mute in the Judgment Hall.

Up from the Judgment Hall to Herod's presence,
Mocked and in scorn arrayed,
Back to the seat of Pilate's Roman office,
Silent but undismayed.

Coward and traitor to his pleading conscience,
By rabble threat defied,
Seeking his favor at the price of honor,
Pilate his power denied.

"Behold the Man! Before this crowd assembled,
On crucifixion bent;
I wash my hands of guilt in His destruction
Or any wrong intent."

Behold the Man! Beneath the cross ascending
Golgotha's naked side;
Suffering the nails, the spear, the bitter water,
Tongues that in scorn deride.

Behold the Man! Upon the cross uplifted,
Praying with parting breath
Forgiveness for a world whose bitter malice
Yielded His soul to death.

Past is the night and fled the shades of darkness,
Morning in glory shines;
Risen in triumph over death and sorrow
Behold the Christ—divine!

Bloomfield, Ont.

JAPAN IN WAR TIME.*

BY J. H. DEFOREST, D.D.

F course everything centres around the war. As to the war itself, the causes that led up to it, the bold manner in which it was begun, the unexpected weakness of Russia on land and sea, the "ceaseless battles, with victory every time" on the part of the Japanese, the destruction of Russia's fleet in the East, the driving back into Manchuria of Russia's army with terrible losses, and the downfall of the strongest fortress that has ever been successfully invested—these are all too well known to be repeated here. But how this war affects the home and society and the nation, how it all looks from the interior of Japan, is not so well known. I shall, therefore, confine myself mainly to the inside view of things.

The most conspicuous proof that war is being waged is in the erection of temporary hospitals on a huge scale in the suburbs of the great cities. Imagine dozens of shingled sheds, about 40 x 150 feet, connected by covered passages, each shed capable of holding comfortably some sixty men, the buildings massed to resemble a village, and you have a faint idea of what the last ten months have cost in human suffering. Perhaps the largest mass of these clean, airy sheds is on the old exposition grounds in Osaka, where there are over two hundred new buildings, that look like a large town. In Sendai there are three hospital villages, in which 9,773 sick and wounded have entered from the one division that went from this place, and this gives a reliable clue to the number that have come back to Japan from the twelve divisions at the front. There are several cities in which over ten thousand are being treated, and that number is increased by thousands every week. The spacious hospital villages are unable to hold the growing numbers, and those who can get along without much medical help are sent off by hundreds to villages in the interior, and especially to the hot springs.

Almost daily a train of sick and wounded arrives in Sendai, the numbers varying from thirty to one hundred and eighty. Officials, representative people and schools go to the station to welcome the sufferers. Among these active sympathizers is the Governor's charming wife, dressed as a Red Cross nurse, and she takes her arms full of soldiers' bundles and carries them to the waiting jinrikishas. The wives of the generals and other noble ladies do the same kind of work day after day. The women everywhere are organized to aid soldiers and their families. They build pretty tea-houses and club-rooms in the centre of the hospital villages, make bandages, knit socks, and make comfortables, contribute blankets, and in various ways show their practical sympathy. This wide hospital service is worthy of all praise.

Every soldier is taught to bind up his own wounds. Each one has a carefully prepared antiseptic bandage done up in oil paper, carried in a special pocket, ready for instant use.

Among the sick and wounded that

* Abridged from The Independent.

reach Japan the proportion of deaths is astonishingly small. Out of 9,773 in Sendai there were only twenty-four deaths so far. Eighty per cent. of sick and wounded will get back into battle line or become a portion of the Home Guards. Already of these 9,773, 5,525 have fully recovered and left the hospitals. It is hardest on the poor fellows who develop *kakke,* the *beriberi* of India. They feel ashamed to come back sick. Some at the front conceal sickness and wounds, hoping yet to meet a soldier's fate in the line of battle.

I recently met in a station near Tokio a finely dressed soldier of the Imperial Guards. After a little conversation in Japanese, he slowly said in English: "I hope—to die—in Manchuria—next spring," and smilingly gave me his parting salute."

There has been but one general killed so far. Colonel Yamamoto had just been promoted and then fell at Liaoyang. His military funeral was held in Sendai, the services being, as all have to be, without the body of the dead.

In recognition of our presence at this funeral, the widow called at our house. She had received most precious condolences from the Emperor and Empress, and had said, with dry eyes and a smile, as all these women say: "I count it an honor that my husband fell in battle." But back of that she felt as every true woman feels, that her home was broken and her children fatherless. And it was with deep feeling that she asked whether Western nations would not soon intervene and put a stop to this fearful strife.

As to intervention, it is apparent that neither party cares for it yet. Japan is putting forth new strength and showing unexpected resources in men and money. Having gained from the start virtual command of the sea, with comparatively few disasters, she has poured her troops into Korea and the Liaoyang peninsula, where she has won fifteen important battles, until, in spite of the 100,000 killed, wounded and sick, we may be sure there are more Japanese troops ready for battle than Kuropatkin commands in his Russian camp. It does not cost one-fifth of the time nor half the expense to get a Japanese in battle line that it does for a Russian. And while the vast majority of Japanese soldiers are unused to severe winters, owing to their ample preparations, supplemented by a popular gift of 300,000 blankets, they will pull through as easily as their enemies. They have an excellent prevention against frozen feet in a thick straw boot, of which 200,000 pairs have already gone to the Manchurian army.

Will Japanese finances stand the strain of another year of war, is a question often raised. Everybody knows how three domestic loans, totalling 280,000,000 yen, were instantly oversubscribed, and two foreign loans of 220,000,000 yen were as easily made. The people are cheerfully responding to the call for 780,000,000 yen for next year's war expenses, of which already 320,000,000 yen is in sight. Moreover, there is no suspicion of any rottenness in army contracts. And Japan has also invisible resources of which foreigners know very little. In past ages of insecurity, and when capital could not well be put to productive purposes, it was the custom to hoard silver and gold, and secretly pass the growing treasure on from age to age. There is, near where I am writing, a deep hole cased in solid masonry in which until recently $30,000 in gold bars and coins was concealed. Last year one such place was unexpectedly unearthed near Kyoto, revealing 60,000 yen of precious metals. The stability of family lines is supposed to be con-

nected with the secret passing down of these treasures unimpaired, and as yet the new age of banks and credit and the rise of industries have not absorbed these heirlooms. But if the Emperor needs them they will be forthcoming.

Moreover, the crops of the year are exceptional and the hearts of the people are filled with joy over the abundance of grains and fruits. The rice crop is estimated at 96,000,000 yen more than the average. So that, with fat harvests, ready loans at home and abroad, a navy that controls the sea, an army of half a million on the field, and a national spirit educated and ready for any sacrifice, Japan is not in the mood to court intervention, and never will listen for a moment to any intervention that tends to rob her of the fruits of her sacrifices. "The final issue is yet far distant," said the Premier to the House of Representatives on December 3rd.

But the new atmosphere is still charged with the old sentiment, as is seen from the following incidents, which have occasioned one of the great discussions of the year: When the Vladivostok fleet went around in pirate style, sinking harmless vessels here and there, and barbarously kept up firing on the helpless "Hitachi Maru" at close range, so that some two hundred men were killed at a single discharge, the anger of the excitable people turned against one of the bravest men of the navy, Admiral Kamimura, who was supposed to have the responsibility of watching the Vladivostok fleet. Fortunately for him, the Vladivostok fleet came out once more, and the joy of Kamimura must have been great when he sent the "Rurik" to the bottom and so badly damaged the rest of the fleet that it has not since ventured out of its retreat.

The moral idea, however, that life is sacred and that suicide is a belated method of proving courage or innocence has gotten a hold of the public mind, and Japan can never go back to the old idea that self-destruction under certain circumstances is one of the highest of moral acts. It belongs at best to semi-civilization.

Undoubtedly the moral and religious sensibilities of the nation have been quickened by this war. No one again will call the Japanese a people without a religion. Temples and shrines are thronged at times with soldiers buying charms and bidding farewell to their ancestral graves, or with parents who pray for the safety of their soldier children. There is very little of that flippant feeling of former years among scholars that religion is not needed by educated men, but may be good for the ignorant and for women. The nation has become serious at last. The departure of soldiers and their victories abroad are not celebrated with anything like the excesses of ten years ago. There has been but one little outbreak of the anti-religious sentiment, and that was called out by Admiral Togo's report of his victory over Russia's fleet.

The Japanese are not at bottom different from other people. They have a religious nature, which is asserting itself in this national crisis and finds comfort in turning toward heaven. Some, to be sure, have the old pantheistic faith, but others have caught the newer thought of a Great Personality who knows men and hears prayer. It is a significant fact, told me on perfectly reliable authority, that the Emperor, feeling the burden of responsibility and pained beyond measure hearing of the cruel sufferings and horrible deaths of thousands of his soldiers, recently spent, with only one attendant, an entire night in

prayer. Indeed, religion is one of the great thoughts of this year, and it has come now to stay.

The whole attitude toward Christianity, owing to the wise leadership of such great statesmen as Counts Katsura and Okuma, has markedly changed, so that many meetings here and there of all kinds of religionists have been held, in which Buddhists have spoken warm words of Christ, and Christians have praised the Great Pity of Shaka, who sought the salvation of all men. One priest, standing with a Christian pastor, said to the audience: "Jesus also is a Buddha." This mutually friendly attitude is one of the immediate results of the war and is the very best atmosphere in which to search for truth. About 300,000 Gospels, with flags of Japan, England and the United States on the covers, have been circulated among the soldiers, with every encouragement from their officers. Y. M. C. A. work, endorsed by the highest military authorities, has been most successfully begun in the rear of the battle lines and warmly welcomed by officers and men.

The war has brought unspeakable calamities on both combatants; but there are magnificent blessings coming out of this struggle. The West is learning that the East must be treated with respect. A yellow peril is no worse than a white one. The talk about the partition of China has ended once for all. International law will be advanced to a far more perfect stage. The liberties and love of knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon race, embodied in New Japan, will be imparted to the millions of China, three thousand of whose young men, with two hundred young women, are already in the schools of Japan preparing to be the leaven of the coming China. The sympathy of the best part of the West for an Eastern nation of alien faith is absolutely new to history. The extension of despotism and ignorance has been signally checked and driven back. Belated Russia will awake to claim the light and freedom that make life worth having. Already her zemstvos are boldly demanding some form of representative government. Moreover, this war has called out the true nobility and devotion of Japanese women on a large scale, and has been the occasion of their advancement to a share in the national life. It has also awakened the religious life of the nation. Indeed, no war has ever before brought such signal blessings to the whole human family in so short a time as this has already done. It is one of the great wars that seem to be worth all they cost.

NOT DEATH, BUT LIFE.

Men call me Azrael.
I come this blessed Easter day,
My robes of darkness laid away,
To stand beside each grave to say,
With yearning love for souls
Of men, who sorrowing wait
In shadows dim, and faint with fear
And shuddering pain, when'er they hear
My trailing garments sweeping near,
"All hail! Look up and see
The beauty of my face!"

Within that little rock-hewn room,
Beside His heart in fragrant gloom,
I watched all night in Joseph's tomb.
The morning broke with light
O'er Eastern hills, and I,
No longer Death but Life, await
The hearts, with watching long and late
Too weary grown, through Heaven's gate
To bear with tenderest love.

The fairest children lie
Upon my breast. With lullabies,
Unearthly sweet, I hush their cries.
Look up, O men, with tear-filled eyes,
And greet me—Gabriel!

—*Julia Redford Tomkinson.*

THE TRAILS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THOMAS OVENS, M.D.

IN examining a map of the North-West Territory a casual observer might infer that a straight line joining any two points indicated on the map would be the proper course to take in order to go from the one point to the other. In theory and on the map this is perfectly feasible, but in practice and on the prairie it is impracticable. On the great prairies of the West there are many obstacles to encounter, though there are no lofty mountain-chains, high rocky ridges or great lakes. There are many sloughs, small lakes, rivers, creeks, coulees, muskegs, and alkaline swamps, which make it absolutely necessary to follow winding courses rather than straight lines. These winding roads or paths are called trails, and follow the course of least resistance.

The age of many of these trails is wholly unknown. As the ancient trails were not laid out by the Hudson's Bay Company traders, the French-Canadian *voyageurs*, or the present Indian population, but possibly by a race antedating the Mound Builders, consequently the history of the old trails is as much a matter of conjecture as is the time and fate of the prehistoric races of the North-West.

In modern times the Hudson's Bay Company fur-traders and the French-Canadian *voyageur* followed well-known trails in travelling over those vast regions, for the purpose of trading with the Indian hunters and trappers. For more than two centuries since the granting of the charter by King Charles II. to the Hudson's Bay Company, their traders and employees have made use of them. Their vehicles were wooden-wheeled ox-carts, and many hundreds of them went together, forming large caravans, so as to be able to resist possible attacks from bands of hostile Indians. The caravan moved slowly; ten weeks was the usual time required to make the journey from Fort Garry to Edmonton, and as many more to return. On the westward journey the carts were heavily laden with supplies for the Indian trade, on the return with furs to be shipped to England. The passage of countless thousands of these wooden-wheeled vehicles wore deep ruts into the ground, and in some places there are many parallel tracks.

As before pointed out, while the French-Canadian *voyageur* and the Hudson's Bay trader made use of these trails, the ancient ones were not laid out by them. Ages before the coming of the first paleface trader they were in existence. When Champlain was erecting a citadel on the rocky crags of Cape Diamond, and founding the city of Quebec, the Cree, the Blackfeet, the Piegan, and the the Sarcie were warring along these trails. When beautiful Mary Stuart swayed the Scottish sceptre at Holyrood, and her more talented cousin, Elizabeth Tudor, sat upon the English throne, the Indians were hunting on these trails! When the Norman Conqueror battled at Hastings against gallant Harold for the crown of England these trails were old!

When the imperial Caesars wore the Roman diadem, and their brass-mailed legions had subjugated the ancient Britons, these trails were not new!

When Sheba's queen was visiting King Solomon, and admiring the magnificent temple crowning Moriah's brow, the Indian hunters were tramping along these trails! When a trembling, awe-stricken nation was standing around the shaking base and smoke-enveloped slopes of Horeb's lightning crowned summit, and stood listening to the Law delivered to them in thunder tones, these trails were ancient!

So remote is the time when the oldest of these trails were marked out, that while some of the Indian nations have a more or less correct tradition of the Deluge, they have none whatever respecting the origin and early history of the ancient trails.

But while it may be interesting to speculate upon the origin of these trails, and of the character of the Mound Builders, or even of peoples antedating them, it is useless until more data are obtained upon which to base our opinion. Doubtless, in the future discoveries may be made which will throw some light upon a subject now so completely shrouded in darkness.

People Who Use the Trails.

While the Hudson's Bay fur-traders and the *voyageurs* are no longer seen on some of the trails, many other classes of travellers are met. First, there are the immigrants who have just arrived, and are wending their way to homesteads or reservations given them by a generous Government, in the freest and happiest country in the world. Coming as they do from every country in Europe, from every province of Canada, and from almost every State in the neighboring Union, each dressed in national costume, or else according to his own peculiar ideas, they present an appearance as picturesque as it is interesting. Speaking many different languages the North-Western immigrants are a truly polyglot community. The one great redeeming feature of this invasion is that, as a rule, each is anxious to learn to speak English, to obtain a home of his own, and to have his children taught in a public school.

The freighters are a numerous and indispensable class. Composed as they are chiefly of Indians and halfbreeds, with a sprinkling of whites, they might be said to live on the trails. Where no railways exist they do all the hauling of merchandise and produce. Differing as they do in complexion, from the copper color of the Indian, through the tawny shades of the halfbreeds, to the purest white of the Scandinavian, they are as dissimilar in dress and appearance as they are alike in their mode of life. All freighters are at home wherever night overtakes them.

Experts at pitching tents and preparing meals, life to them on the trail is not by any means one of hardship. All freighters have voracious appetites, engendered by their out-of-door life in the healthiest country in the world; all food to them is welcome, no matter how roughly prepared.

The resident settlers are also met on the trails, coming home from the market towns with heavily laden waggons, containing all sorts of household goods, farming implements, and building material, or going to the towns with farm, dairy or ranch produce. The dress of the residents differs almost as much as does that of the immigrants. On the one hand you may meet a gentleman dressed in the latest styles of English tailoring, on the other a Russian peasant dressed in tanned sheepskin, with the wool side turned in, as his forbears dressed for generations on the banks of the Volga or the Don.

Tourists, land-seekers, homesteaders, hunters, sportsmen, explorers, surveyors, missionaries, and the ubiquit-

ous land-agents are always journeying on the trails.

Of all these classes the missionary is by far the most welcome visitor to the homesteader, rancher, or farmer. None is harder-worked than he. Preaching twice or thrice on Sunday to congregations many miles distant from one another, visiting, advising, exhorting or praying with his widely-scattered flock throughout the week, comforting the sick, assuaging the grief of the bereaved or distressed, ministering to the spiritual wants of all, oftentimes travelling more than two hundred miles a week in making calls, fulfilling appointments, or in other beneficent work he is never idle.

The missionary not only ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, but often assists them in their temporal affairs. In a country where post-offices may be from twenty to fifty miles apart he brings the mail with him to many a lonely homestead, or posts letters for them, and does many other acts of kindness which endear him to the people.

To the Church the services of the missionaries are invaluable. In a new country, in by far the greater number of instances, the people have little or no church affiliation. The Church which has the vitality, energy, and thoroughly missionary spirit to occupy all new territory as soon as settled, will assuredly be the Church of the future.

The Methodist Church is aggressive, and her missionaries seem to be fully alive to the importance of looking after the spiritual welfare of the people in this new country. Wherever a new settlement is formed there a missionary should be stationed to look after the interests of the Church and form the nucleus of a congregation. A congregation formed, a church edifice will follow; a number of such nuclei, and we have the germ of a future Conference; a number of Conferences and we have a great Church; a great Church in a great country is the greatest, noblest, and most beneficent institution in the world.

The importance of establishing the Sunday-school wherever a congregation is formed, or even before, cannot be overestimated. I am glad to say that the Methodist missionaries in the North-West fully recognize the importance of the Sunday-school.

Wherever congregations are formed and Sunday-schools established, an effort should be made to supply them with church and Sunday-school papers and literature. The value of good, wholesome church literature cannot be overestimated. The literature issued from the church presses to-day is very much superior to that coming from the same sources two or three decades ago. The missionary in inducing the people to subscribe for the papers recognized by the Church is sowing seed from which an abundant harvest will be reaped.

Last summer when I was travelling through that vast, fertile region, extending westward from Battleford, and known as the Cut Knife country, I was much pleased to note how thoroughly the spiritual welfare of the settlers is looked after by the Methodist missionaries.

To me the Rev. Thomas Lawson is an ideal missionary, a valiant, unflinching soldier of the Cross, a man who spares neither life, limb nor health in his efforts to teach the people the way of salvation. Deterred by no danger, no obstacle, no difficulty, he earnestly endeavors by word and deed to lay the corner-stone, sure and deep, of the great Methodist Church of the future in that vast region of which Battleford is the centre. A preacher of great power and no little eloquence, he would be welcomed as a pastor in any congregation. A day will come when it will be found that

the Methodism of the future in the great Battleford District owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the labors of its early pioneers, the Rev. Thomas Lawson and his zealous assistants.

In this connection I might mention the name of the Rev. Charles Thompson, an earnest, efficient helper in the great work now being done in this district. Young in years, he is nevertheless an eloquent preacher and zealous worker.

In the absence of railways the stream of immigration follows the trails, spreading out on either side. It, therefore, behooves the Methodist Church to plant her missionaries along these trails, and well in advance of the flowing tide of immigrants, so as to be able to reach them immediately they have secured homesteads.

I was very much pleased to see how well the new system of selecting sites for churches and other church property is working out under the supervision of local superintendents. The new system is virtually working as a committee of experts.

Now, while land is cheap and easily procurable, the Methodist Church should lose no time in securing a sufficient quantity of land in suitable localities upon which to erect churches, schools, parsonages, hospitals, orphanages, etc. Nor should any delay be made in establishing Methodist hospitals wherever needed. The Church of the future must take care of the temporal ailments of the body as well as look after its spiritual welfare.

The need of Methodist Book Rooms or agencies in each of the Territories is already becoming a necessity. Methodist nurses and deaconesses should be available for service whereever a Methodist community is found.

The Methodist Church, in order to fulfil its high destiny, should not only build churches, colleges, schools, but also hospitals, dispensaries, training-schools for nurses, deaconesses, orphanages, and homes for the aged and infirm. To obtain the funds an appeal should be made, in the first instance, to the people of the older provinces; later the North-West will not only support her own institutions, but will furnish funds to spread the Gospel to other and less favored lands.

London, Ont.

COULDST THOU NOT WATCH WITH ME?

BY R. BOAL.

Couldst thou not watch with Me one hour,
  Could'st thou not watch with Me?
I seek the shady olive bower,
  In prayer, O watch with Me.

But heavy slumber held their eyes,
  While He, in agony
Came forth, and gently bade them rise,
  Could ye not watch with Me?

The tempest smote upon His soul,
  He felt His foe's dread power,
A storm of horrors o'er Him roll,
  They could not watch one hour.

Dawn rose with awful feet of gold.
  And touched the far-off sea;
    West Montrose.

No hearts of sympathy upheld
  Christ in Gethsemane.

No, not one hour, as star by star
  Gleams o'er each olive tree:
There came an angel from afar,
  In His extremity.

O dust and ashes, slumbering deep,
  Frail watchers would ye be;
O tired eyes in heavy sleep,
  Ye could not watch with Me.

O spirit willing, flesh too weak,
  To watch one hour of three;
Great Heart of Love, so kind and meek,
  They could not watch with Thee!

CHURCH HYMNODY.

ITS RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. A. E. HAGAR, B.A.

I.

MUSIC, like poetry, had its origin in legend. Both were primarily the gift of the gods. As far back as we may go are to be found the old-time war-songs of the earliest nomadic and fetish tribes and the hymns in which they celebrated the deities of their imagination. It has been said that even the fame of Homer, that light in the darkness of early Attic history, rests more upon the beauty and number of the hymns he composed than upon his legendary heroes or their marvellous adventures. India, Greece, Persia, Arabia, and other nations, have all contributed their quota of speculation as to the origin of melody, ascribing it to Brahma, to the god Thant, to Hermes. Marvellous demonstrations of supernatural power, attributed to the sweet cadences of their celestial melodies, Orpheus and Amphion were followed by trees, stones and wild animals that suddenly lost their ferocity. The very walls of Thebes springing up as if by magic, and those of Jericho falling down before the blast of rams' horns in the days of Joshua. It is altogether probable that, go back as far as we may to the dim eras of the past, we should find the earliest races of mankind singing or chanting their rude war-songs or hymns of praise to the gods they worshipped. Singing, in one form or another, is probably as old as the race itself.

For the origin, however, of church music as such, or music and singing in their religious sphere, we must go back to the primitive Hebrews. It is from them that the especial use of sacred song arose in the worship of that God who is at once its Inspirer and its Fountain Head. That the Hebrews were an eminently religious and musical people—perhaps the most musical of all the Oriental peoples, as the most religious—no one who has at all studied their history or read the Old Testament can deny. Their literature is a monument of this fact. While not themselves laying claim to the invention of music or of musical instruments, yet it is certain that with them sacred melodies and psalmody reached an exalted stage of development unknown to any other of the Oriental nations. No people ever made such extensive use of music or hymnody in religious worship as did the Hebrews, especially in the time of their greatest prosperity. In the Temple, in the synagogue, and in their homes, the Jews celebrated the praises of God with sacred hymns, and it was from them principally that the use of music and choral singing was adopted by the Christians, though the early Christian hymns were cast in a Greek, and not in a Jewish, mould.

The first mention of music in Hebrew literature, after the deluge, is that found in the narrative of Laban's interview with Jacob (Gen. xxxi. 27.) Even at that far-distant time music and song and musical instruments were in use among the ancient family beyond the

Euphrates, and the art had already a high state of development. The Exodus, which has, not inappropriately, been called their national birthday, was celebrated by an outburst of poetry and lyric song, beautiful in its native simplicity as in its utterances of gratitude. The Song of Deliverance on the banks of the Red Sea (Ex. xv.) is the oldest specimen of choral song in all literature, a marvel of construction and literary finish, and one which has been, to some extent, a model for all succeeding generations.

The period of Samuel, David and Solomon forms a new era of Hebrew music, as of Hebrew poetry, and is called its golden age. The establishment of "Schools of the Prophets" appears in large measure to have supplied a long-felt want, and at once there arises the very renaissance of Hebrew literature and of Hebrew song.

At Bethel, at Jericho, Gilgal, and, perhaps (though it is not certain), at Jerusalem, such institutions of learning and instruction were established, upon somewhat the same plane as our modern theological seminaries, and from thence went forth the professional bards and trained musicians who swept the country with their melodies. David gathered around him "singing men and singing women" who could celebrate his victories and lend a charm and soothing influence to his hours of peace. Solomon, who was himself a composer of no mean merit (1 Kings iv.), by his patronage of art gave a mighty stimulus to the cultivation of music as a profession, and under him the service of the Tabernacle achieved an unsurpassed magnificence. The Temple was the great school of music and singing. The very best and greatest that the country had to give in money and ability was unsparingly used to make the service and ritual as elaborate, as ornate, and as magnificent as the exalted purpose might demand. David made elaborate arrangements for a temple choir in which the three great divisions of the tribe of Levi had each a representative family, and of the thirty-eight thousand who composed the tribe in the reign of David, four thousand were appointed to praise Jehovah in the service of the Temple with instruments, for which the sweet singer of Israel composed a special chant which for ages was known by his name. It was sung by the Levites before the army of Jehoshaphat, and on laying the foundation of the second Temple, and again by the Maccabean army after their great victory over Gorgias.

The appropriations made for the maintenance of so great a choir, and for the conduct of a ritual service on a scale as vast as that which obtained in the palmy days of Solomon, are almost beyond belief. One thousand dresses were provided for the high priest alone; ten thousand linen garments and girdles of purple for the priests themselves; trumpets, two hundred thousand; psalteries and harps of electrum, forty thousand.

From the golden age of Hebrew poetry and music, as in the case of the golden age of Attic literature at the time of Pericles, the art of the people gradually sank into comparative mediocrity, at least as compared with its former magnificence, nor did it ever again attain that splendor and opulence of artistic elegance which for so many years marked the high-water level of its classic history. Henceforth, till the beginning of the Christian era, the services remained somewhat as they are found to-day in the far East.

The rising of the Star in the East bids us turn our eyes to a new era. The word "music" now takes on a new meaning, and sacred song clothes

itself in terms that are the very climaxes of spiritual adoration. At the time of Christ we find an elaborate Temple service, a choir whose magnificence was exceeded only in the time of Solomon, composed of men, boys and women, with a ritual of psalms specified for each day of service for the year, while others were indicated for festivities and similar special times, and all culminating in the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, "that great day of the feast," the day of the great Hosanna, when the choir led the multitudes in chanting the eighty-second Psalm, "while the priests blew their trumpets at intervals and the people bowed in solemn worship."

In these songs Jesus himself was trained from early boyhood, and often, no doubt, He and His disciples joined in them together. The hymn spoken of in the closing verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew as having been sung at the conclusion of the Paschal Supper, was, in all probability, the second portion of the Hallel, comprising Psalms cxv.-cxxviii., and at the close of the modern ritual of the Jewish Temple service this same psalm is still to be found.

That the use of music and choral singing, the singing of spiritual songs, constituted from the beginning an interesting and important part in the worship of the primitive Church is obvious alike from the history of the times and from the monument of Christian poetry, Latin and Greek, which has come down to our own day, much of which, in the beautiful translations of Neale, Palmer and Alexander, is still sung, though it is to be feared unknowingly to many, in our modern services.

Grotius insists that in Acts iv. 24-30, we have an epitome of an early Christian hymn. Munter, an eminent Biblical archæologist, declares it as his opinion that the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was accompanied by poetic inspiration, to which the disciples gave utterance in rhapsodies of spiritual song (Acts ii. 4, 13, 47), Other New Testament passages likewise seem to indicate the use of religious songs in the worship of God.

Is not the use of "psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs" directly enjoined by the Apostles as an essential part of religious devotion, "singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord"? And James advises the merry to sing psalms. As this latter epistle is a circular letter to the Gentile churches of Asia, from references in the epistles to the churches at Colossæ and Ephesus it will be seen that there is explicit authority, even command, for the use of song in the religious worship of the Apostolic churches.

If many of our modern churches, so prone to relegate this important and sacred part of religious worship to members of the choir, could but see their duty in the light of Biblical truth and apostolic injunction, much of the dearth of devotional singing in our own day would, it is to be hoped, give place to a heartier participation in so essential a part of the worship of God.

The hymns of the primitive Jewish-Christian churches, it must be remembered, were cast in a Greek, not in a Jewish, mould. Their content, likewise, was distinctly Christian. Later on, as the new religion spread to the Roman provinces, where the Latin tongue was the vehicle of expression, many of the most beautiful specimens of hymnody of that or any other age were written in the dialect of Virgil and Horace. Of all these sacred hymns, perhaps the most famous is the "Gloria in Excelsis," called the Greater Doxology, to distinguish it from the "Gloria Patri," or Lesser Doxology. Another name

by which it is known is "The Angel's Hymn," so called from its opening words, which are taken from the angel's song at Bethlehem. Its author is unknown, but it has been traced back to the early years of the second century. Its English form is:

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will to men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the Only-Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

The "Gloria Patri," referred to above as the Lesser Doxology, is the next most noteworthy, and perhaps the one of these earliest Christian chants most familiarly known in our day. Its first portion, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," was from the very earliest times the common doxology of Christendom. The Western Church, after the rise of the Arian controversy, which, it will be remembered, concerned the unchangeable nature of our Divine Lord, added the closing portion: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

The "Nunc Dimittis" is a hymn with which at least all of Episcopal persuasion are made familiar. When sung to the modern music that accompanies it, it is one of the sweetest of chants. As it was generally sung at vespers, it came to be known as the "Evening Hymn." The "Magnificat," so called from the Vulgate's rendering of the opening words of the song of the Virgin Mary, as given in the first chapter of Luke, was in common use among the early and mediæval churches, and in his account of Robert of Sicily ("Tales of a Wayside Inn") Longfellow speaks of it as forming a conspicuous portion of the service:

"Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemain,
Apparalled in magnificent attire,
With retineu of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve at vespers proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat."

The "Te Deum" is of very ancient origin. The Latin version is in all probability based upon a Greek original, and in this form may date from the second or third century. There is a very interesting tradition connected with the authorship of this sublime monument of early Christianity, which makes St. Ambrose and St. Augustine its joint authors. The story goes that in A.D. 387 St. Ambrose stood before a Christian altar in Milan. St. Augustine, but recently converted to the Christian faith, was by his side, and in joy of the latter's conversion St. Ambrose broke forth into praise, using spontaneously the opening words of this noble hymn, "We praise Thee, O God; we confess that Thou art God," and St. Augustine took up the strain with equal inspiration, following with, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." And thus they sang the lines alternately through this hymn, the sublime words of which have, since that day, rung forth from many a cathedral choir in all ages of the Church.

It may be possible that both Ambrose and Augustine were previously acquainted with the hymn in its Greek form, as both were men of acknowledged scholarship, and, being Latins, they may have, almost instinctively, rendered the words of the Greek

original into the familiar phraseology of their own tongue.

As time passed the number and quality of these Christian hymns increased. Eusebius tells us that in the first half of the third century there was a profusion of sacred song, but little of it has come down to us. Indeed, the only entire hymn of this period is one attributed to Clement of Alexandria, *cir.* A.D. 220. The earliest Latin hymn writer was probably Hilary of Poitiers, who became bishop of his native city in A.D. 350, and whose poetical work was adopted by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan.

Following Ambrose is Prudentius, the "First Christian Poet," born *cir.* 348 A.D. The author of several hymns of much merit, his fame rests chiefly upon one of considerable length, dealing with the miracles of Christ. It has long been a favorite with translators, but by far the most acceptable and popular version is that beginning, "Of the Father's love begotten," the joint work of Dr. Neale and Sir Henry Baker. Each is said to have translated the hymn independently, comparing the results. From the two translations the best verses were then chosen, and of the nine stanzas composing the hymn in its present form, Dr. Neale contributed five and Sir Henry four. It generally, in the several collections in which it appears, goes with a very sweet, plain song, "Corde Natus," from the first two words of the Latin original. With this tune, it appears as No. 56 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the hymnal of the Church of England, in which it first appeared. Two verses are subjoined:

"Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

"Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore."

From this time till the eleventh or twelfth century is "The Golden Age of Latin Hymnody." During this period Latin hymns increased, both in number and quality, and many of the very sweetest and most beautiful of sacred lyrics were written at this time, and they still live, not only in the Latin Church, but in our own, in the elegant translations that are the work of some of our most scholarly and pious writers.

Portage-du-Fort, Que.

CHRIST LIVES TO BLESS.

BY SUSAN R. G. CLARK.

They shut Him in a lonely tomb—
They placed the stone, and said:
"Now let Him show His mighty power!
The Nazarene is dead!"

Ho, lily hid in darkest soil,
Rear high thy loveliness
To mock such impotence of speech—
Christ lives again to bless!

Sad mourner by some empty cot,
All nature bids thee see
That hidden in the deepest night
Is morning's prophecy.

Worn toiler, battling with the wrong,
Make brave thy heart and sing;
All right hath immortality,
For Right, death hath no sting.

As that new tomb in old Judea
Served but His power to prove,
Who broke the iron bars of death
And rescued us by love.

So, Truth shall rise o'er all defeat,
And good o'er ill prevail.
Hail! Resurrection-bloom of God!
Hail, Risen Christ! All hail!

SOCIAL BETTERMENT.

T is not alone for selfish or utilitarian ends that employers are creating better physical and moral conditions in their factories and workshops, about their works, and in the homes of their workmen. In a large number of instances great corporations are employing experts in humanitarian and sociological work, and giving them *carte blanche* in providing for the improvement of the physical conditions and the moral well-being of their people. Rest-rooms have been provided in stores and factories, schools are conducted, hospitals, doctors, even chaplains, are provided. The workshops are quite different from what they used to be.

Here is a new factory building going up to-day for a well-known watch concern. Contrast that building with another, erected for similar purposes a few years ago. You will find that one is costing, by the square yard of working area, twice as much as the other, and that more than half of this additional cost is in order that perfect hygienic conditions may be secured for employees. Many men and women work in the factory under much more cheerful, healthful and educating circumstances than they find in their own homes. The factory may be a refuge in such cases from the home. It certainly will have its effect in improving the conditions in the home.

In the large cities it is safe to say that the sweat-shop evil is practically abolished. The factory inspector in Chicago, for example, finds few, indeed, of the dirty, fever-laden dens in which the clothes of the people used to be made. The worst places to-day are the homes where the family does the work. Some large concerns have erected gymnasiums and play courts for their people. Sometimes we find a perfectly appointed bath-house, where employees wash and are clean at the expense of the firm and on the firm's time. A bare list of the great manufacturing enterprises which provide such benefits for their people would occupy all our space. Some may be mentioned. The Illinois Steel Works, at Joliet, Illinois, provides a club-house, the Athenæum, bath-houses, gymnasium, library, art classes, and co-operative clubs. The Elgin Watch Company offers, in addition to most of the foregoing, a well-appointed hotel for its work-people. The plan and the many benefits of the Dayton Cash Register concern are too well-known to need enumeration. In addition to the better-known provisions for employees, the Acme Sucker-Rod Company, Toledo, Ohio, gives a park and pays dividends; Ferris Brothers Company, seaside cottages; Waltham Watch Company makes loans to build homes; nearly all the great railroad systems have sick-benefit, hospital and pension departments operated at the expense of the road.

But it must not be supposed that the improvement is all on this continent. Two remarkable, out-standing examples of industrial betterment are the soap works of the Lever Brothers, near Liverpool, England, and the cocoa factories of Cadburys at Birmingham. It has been estimated that each of these firms has over a million and a half of dollars invested in its social work alone. Plans quite similar to those followed in this country, with some novel features, are in use

at the great Krupp Works in Germany, and with the Van Markens in Holland. In most European countries the governments began this work long ago, but to-day their factories and arsenals fall far behind those of private enterprises in the provisions they make for the welfare of their people.

Within this movement there are certain very hopeful indications. This work is no longer undertaken as a charitable enterprise, or looked upon as so many gifts bestowed on the people by wealthy employers. The men are helped and led into self-government of their own benefits. Perhaps there were some firms that sought to cover up long hours and short pay with petty benefits of libraries, with coffee for the men and candy for the children. But the spirit of the workman, straightening out his bent back and standing upright for the first time in many long centuries, demands to-day, not charity, but simple justice. And now these benefits take on rather the aspect of mutual co-operation between employer and employee, so that a man's life may be lived and his work accomplished under the best physical, mental and moral conditions. Who can say how large a contribution these better conditions shall make, not alone to our industrial supremacy, but to the elevation of our manhood and womanhood, and to the coming of the Kingdom in which character shall be supreme.

There have been several great strikes during 1904, the most notable being the Stock Yards strike, or rather series of strikes. It resulted in a defeat for the men and a loss of certain things that common humanity would seem to insist should be theirs. But it showed that right and just demands must be enforced by right and honorable methods; it may take a long while to learn it, but we shall some day realize that it never pays to fight for the right with crooked weapons. Similar and even more striking lessons come from the building trades strike in New York. Neither labor nor capital find it a paying investment to sink character in conspiracies, briberies and graft.

There has been even a greater house-cleaning in the realm of what they call "practical politics." Nineteen hundred and four has been a year of fear and trembling for many of the men who needed no other stock in trade than brass face and a glad hand—together, usually, with a zinc-lined throat. It is a grand thing when so chaotic a city as Chicago can stand and say, We have a fairly clean, decent and honest City Council. Minneapolis, St. Louis and Buffalo have all had a tremendous house-cleaning. Baltimore has a strong business administration. Denver, Philadelphia, and not a few other cities stand in line.

Again, in city life, there is a noticeable inward movement of the tide. Once the sole aim of any American city was to be bigger than her rivals; now, many are sincerely trying to be better. Clean streets, adequate sewers, pure water, ample breathing-places, artistic edifices—all these claim public attention. Men take pride, not only in saying: "We have more people than ——;" but, "We have larger and better parks." The cheap politician, the saloon-keeper, the grafter, all cry: "The parks pay no freight." But the people know better; they carry the freight of sunshine, flowers, health and happiness clear into the heart of the city at practically no charge. Attempts are also being made in many large cities to get more good out of the public schools. For one thing, they are being made to give manual training; the curriculum

is being revised to meet the needs of our changing life. Then, the buildings are being used for neighborhood purposes, classes, social gatherings, clubs and meetings. We are coming closer together; we are thinking a little more of men as minds and hearts, of other men as just such beings as we know ourselves to be. Contrasted in splendor against the wave of commercialism and industrial greed there is this splendid tide of altruism, of social service and helpfulness. Our cities get to look less like big factory yards and more like dwelling places.

Take one little indication ; how long is it since the prospect from the railroad station in any city outside of the few very large ones was that of cinders, refuse, and freight-cars ? To-day the people take pride in their depot parks, with flower beds and grass. Even in the mining regions of the west, one cannot but notice the attempt to hide the grit and the cinders of our commercial and manufacturing life, and show and share a little of the life of beauty. Whenever men show their love for more beautiful things, whenever they seek better conditions, we know they have turned their faces toward the light.

To-day's paper spoke of a railroad ticket-agent having a Bible in his desk ; yesterday's paper would have offered this as a splendid subject for some infidel jester ; to-morrow we shall wonder that any man would hope to conduct his business without the Bible at its base. We are deploring the emptying of our churches, the depleting of our congregations ; but we find the spirit of religious work really going out into the world. And it is vastly more important to get people doing religious service than it is to get them attending religious services. Although depleted congregations show but a temporary ebb in the tide ; the multitude will turn toward the house of God again. This is a period of advance, a movement on from the religion of contemplation to the religion of service, from the religion that ended with the prayer-meeting to the religion that goes out into the primary, the office and the factory. Once we had to cry aloud to men to get them to think of religion at all ; does it not mean something that to-day we find them inquiring, not only, "What must I do to be saved ?" but, "What must we do to save the world ?" It will mean much if we are learning to give utterance to our doctrines in deeds.

What shall we say, then ? Is the Kingdom coming? What are the signs ? In the measure that His will is being more perfectly done; in the measure that men are learning to love one another with life-giving sacrifice; in the measure that this sad old world takes on the glory of that other world; in the measure that men realize and express their sonship to the Father, the Kingdom is coming, the tide is setting in.—Service.

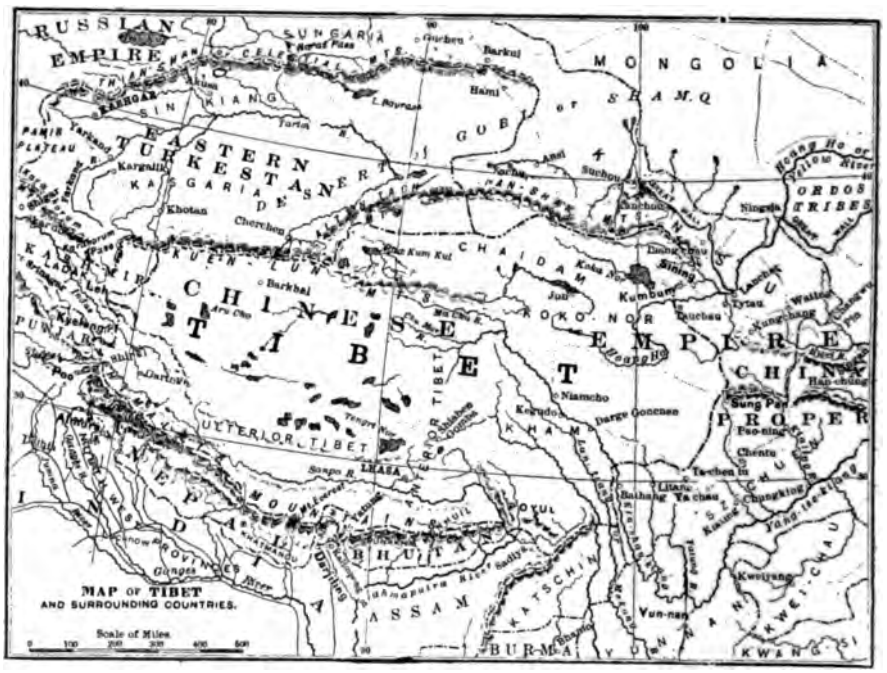
NOX ET LUX.

BY R. BOAL.

The poet laid his laurel'd head
Upon a rosy, thorny bed ;
With tears his piercing eyes were red,
His lips and cheeks were as the dead,
While Scorn, and Sorrow, and Fear,
Kept watch as o'er a bier !

Night fled; and smiling Dawn
Dispelled those watchers wan,
His face with morn grew bright
Eyes full of glorious light.
In darkness, Sorrow may reign,
Glad Day brings joy again !

IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



THE recent British expedition to Lhasa, the long-sealed capital of the forbidden land of Thibet, has opened the door to civilization, and commerce, and Christianity of this last stronghold of superstition and ignorance. It was the one place in the world from which missionaries, and merchants, and travellers of every sort were rigidly excluded.

The success of Colonel Younghusband's expedition, says The Outlook, or mission, as it is called, adds another to the many dramatic incidents in the Far East during the past few years. The British purpose in sending an expedition to this ancient city was two-fold: To establish closer trade relations and to compel the Thibetans to live up to their agreements. Their retirement from Lhasa shows that they had no intention to occupy per-

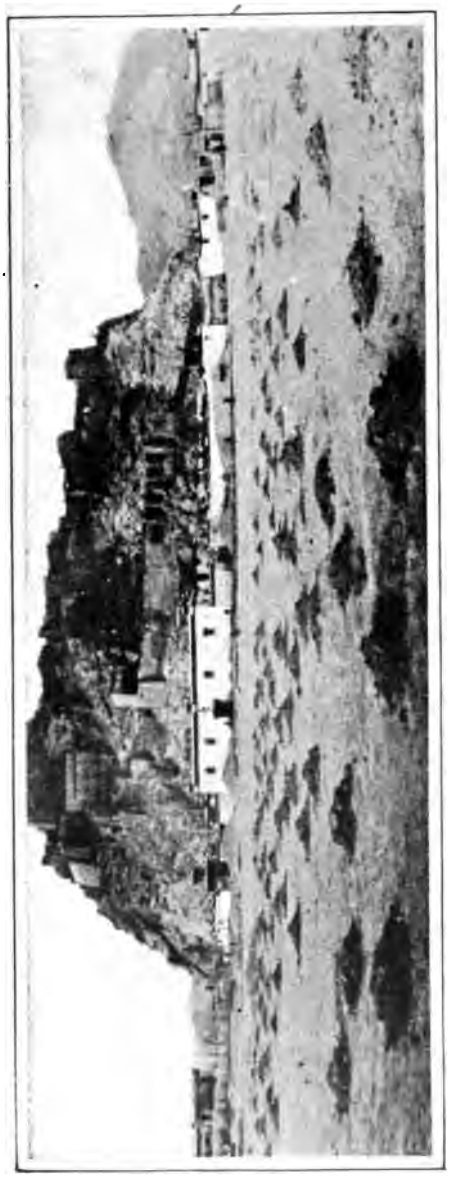
THIBETAN PRAYER WHEEL.

THE WALL OF THIBET.—ENORMOUS PEAKS CAPPED WITH ETERNAL SNOWS.

manently the country. Russian influence has had much to do with the vexatious avoidance and negation of trade agreements of the Thibetans. Thibetan commissioners met British commissioners on the border of the country, but they seemed to possess neither the authority nor the willingness to make any satisfactory arrangements, and the British Ministry decided that a mission in force was the only method of bringing the Thibetans to terms.

This expedition involved a march of three hundred miles from the Indian frontier, the entrance through precipitous passes of the most dangerous kind at a great elevation, and hard fighting above the snow line, on what has been called "the roof of the world." The British have met with determined but unsuccessful opposi-

tion on the part of the Thibetans, who, with their antiquated weapons and lack of organization and military



THE FORTRESS OF GYANGTSE, IN THIBET, STORMED BY THE BRITISH ON THE WAY TO LHASA.

training, had not even a fighting chance against the scientific warfare of the British.

The hostility of the Lama was due to the influence over him of his favorite tutor. This man is a Mongolian who has entered the service of Russia. He is a man of considerable education, who has repeatedly visited St. Petersburg, and is a member of the Russian Geographical Society. He is known as the Lama Dorjieff. When the Dalai Lama declared his independence of China, he was perplexed by the advice of his ecclesiastical counsellors, who knew nothing of the outside world, and who gave him contradictory counsel. They were hopelessly opposed to one another, and the poor young ruler found himself forced into opposition with powerful ministers, no matter what course he adopted. His position was all the more difficult because these priestly counsellors had no scruple about murdering a Lama, and had, with good reason, been suspected of having killed his predecessors. He therefore gave himself up completely to the guidance of the Russian, Dorjieff, who poisoned his mind against the British, and convinced him that Russia was his most powerful and reliable protector. Overtures were made to St. Petersburg, and were received with assurances of friendship.

Lord Curzon, the British Viceroy of India, recognizing the danger of having on his frontier a principality that was becoming practically a Russian province, applied for similar commercial privileges to those granted Russia, but under the advice of Dorjieff, who apparently did not know how absorbing the Japanese trouble was becoming, the Lama sent an insolent reply to the Viceroy's request, and brought upon himself the attack in which his capital has been penetrated. In a recent address the Viceroy of India said: "No one regrets more than I the fighting which has occurred. We did our best to avoid it. We hope to

introduce a measure of enlightenment into that monk-ridden country."

After the passage of the Karola, a delegation of commissioners met the expedition and asked that negotiations might be resumed at a distance from the city, as the Dalai Lama might die of shock if the capital was profaned by the feet of the stranger. The British leader replied that as the expedition had already been halted once for negotiations, which had proved futile, and as it had been attacked by Thibetan troops, he felt it incumbent to proceed to Lhasa and have the treaty signed there.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SACRED PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LHASA.

On entering the city, the British troops showed respect for the prejudices of the Thibetans by encamping in an open space a mile away from the sacred mount of Potala, on which the Lama's palace is built. They were informed that the Lama, with M. Dorjieff, his Russian adviser, had quitted the city, and were at a monastery eighteen miles off. He had, however, left authority with his representatives to conclude an arrangement with the British, and had also deposited the royal seals in the palace, so that the treaty might be duly signed and sealed. The Ambam, who is the representative of China in Thibet, had remained at Lhasa to take part in the negotiations. As Thibet is nominally tributary to China, the Ambam's endorsement of the treaty will give it binding force.

The surroundings of the city are fertile, but the streets are filthy. The palace consists of an imposing mass of buildings on the mountain in the north-west quarter of the city, which commands a view of the great plain surrounded by mountains, on which cluster innumerable temples and mon-

THE THIBETAN TOWN OF LEH.

asteries. The rooms are richly decorated in Chinese style. There is no regularity about the streets, which divide the city proper into blocks of many shapes. In this district are the houses, huts, and shops of the common people. It can boast of only one important temple, and that is the Great Cathedral, at its south-west corner. The street fronts not taken up by houses are chiefly occupied by shops, bazaars, and markets of all kinds.

Potala, the "Mountain of Buddha," on which the palace of the Dalai Lama stands, has played a most interesting part in the history of Asia. For the past twelve hundred years it has been the most hallowed spot in Asia.

The Dalai Lama is twenty-eight years of age. He is the first in a century to attain that age. His predecessors were secretly put to death before they emerged from boyhood, by the Buddhist priests, who found it to their advantage to be regents under the nominal rule of a boy, rather than ministers of a ruler of responsible age. It has been his ambition to become independent of China. He contended that China ought to have gone to war with Great Britain in 1890 to prevent the seizure of Sikhim, which he claimed as Thibetan territory, and as China did not interfere, he practically renounced his allegiance. He accepted the tutelage of Russia, in the hope that Russia would protect him from the vengeance of China.

Signs of the theocratic character of the Thibetan government are found everywhere in the country. The Dalai Lama himself is reverenced more as the representative of Buddhism and the reincarnation of Buddha than as the ruler of Thibet. Around the city of Lhasa are many monasteries, in some of which there are said to be as many as six thousand inmates. Many of these are not priests or monks, but students preparing for the priesthood. The people themselves are ignorant and superstitious. Their observance of their religious rites, in many instances, consists in little more than the turning of the cylinders which form the prayer-wheels of the country. A turn of the wheel is sup-

A BORDER THIBETAN CHRISTIAN AND WIFE.

posed to bring the prayer contained in it to the notice of the Supreme Being, and to be equivalent to a prayer uttered by the lips of the worshipper. The adherents of the Lama are far less intelligent than the Buddhists of Ceylon, over whom he exercises little if any influence.

One of our pictures is from the first photograph ever taken of the Lama's palace. It is described as a majestic mountain of building, rising far above the roofs of the city. The road to it is free from stones, and very broad. The foundations of the palace rise from the base of the hill, and on these is erected tier on tier of white masonry. In the centre are two red edifices, crowned by five golden domes, which glitter in the sunlight. Between this and the city is a dense wood and cultivated fields. The city itself covers an area about a square mile in extent. The most conspicuous object in it is the Buddhist cathedral, four stories high, surmounted by gilded domes and pinnacles. It may be hoped that the terms wrung from the Lama by the British, include not only commercial concessions, but the right of missionaries to enter and proclaim in this, almost the last unevangelized land on earth, the glad tidings of salvation.

The significance of the unfurling of the British flag in the capital of Thibet is to be found in the dramatic evidence which it furnishes of the opening up of Asia to Western trade and influence. For centuries Thibet has been forbidden country. Scores of crafty and courageous men have perished in the endeavor to invade its privacy and discover what lay behind the closely guarded front which it presented to the world. It is thirteen hundred years since Lhasa was founded, but in that time, so far as records have been preserved, not more than twenty foreigners have been within the walls of the Thibetan capital, and most of these were Hindus. Several Englishmen have been in Thibet, but only one had ever seen Lhasa before the arrival of the British troops on August 3, and this Englishman was Thomas Manning, who entered Thibet in 1811, and, as a

WOMEN OF LEH IN FULL DRESS.

THE MORAVIAN MISSION DISPENSARY AT LEH.

physician, performed some cures on Chinese troops and was allowed to accompany them to Lhasa, where he stayed several months. From that date until the present only two Europeans have been in Lhasa—French missionaries who were able to reach the city in disguise in 1844, and the story of whose adventures and privations is most fascinating and thrilling.

Not only has Thibet been shut off from the rest of the world by a system of espionage and of rigorous penalties so thoroughly and so consistently applied that the country has been protected by something far more impregnable than the Chinese wall, but it has been the centre of a mysterious cult. The letting in of light and air by the rude hand of the Western invaders will show an empty shrine. There will probably continue to be communications from Mahatmas living in the solitudes of the Thibetan mountains, but no great new truth will reward the British explorers.

The Grand Lama, who is said to have secluded himself in a monastery not far from the city, has escaped the mysterious fate which has cut off his predecessors in their early youth for many generations past, but no important mystery will be found in his keeping. Methods, systems, and craftsmanship are sometimes esoteric; truth is always diffusive and in the open, and the fall of Lhasa will dispel one of the last illusions that remain regarding the accumulation of hidden truths in sacred localities. The world becomes every day more and more an open field, and knowledge and experience tend steadily to be the capitalized possession of the whole race.

There is another campaign going on in Thibet, which possesses a deeper significance than Colonel Younghusband's military operations. Not with sword and cannon, but with the Word of Life, and with hearts overflowing with love and brotherly kindness, a Gospel band stands knocking at the gates of Thibet. For many years a cordon of brave Christian missionaries has been drawing its lines closer and closer to the borders of "the Sealed Land," awaiting for the propitious moment to carry the Word of Life to its benighted people. From two of these missionaries letters full of hope and encouragement have been received. One of the writers, Mr. Ernest Shawe, of the Moravian Mission at Leh, in western Thibet, has forwarded, with his brief communication, a number of photographs, which are probably the first illustrations from that strange and far-away land that have ever appeared in the Western world. They are presented in this article.

One of the photographs shows a typical Ladak village of western Thibet, with a monastery in the back-

MISS TAYLOR IN THIBETAN DRESS.
The cap is of fox-skin, made for her in the Mongol encampment.

ground. In another, a group of Thibetan lamas or priests are seen reading the sacred books "for the good of the country." Mr. Shawe explains that the object is to read as much as possible, and the loose leaves of the books are divided among the lamas, and all read simultaneously. In the photograph of the town of Leh—the mission headquarters—is seen the old palace of the former kings of Ladak, an ancient-looking and somewhat extensive building in the rear. The other pictures show types of this long-isolated people, who seem destined shortly to become better known to the world.

Mr. Shawe writes: "Leh, from where I write, is the capital of the province of Ladak, which is now under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir; but as the Ladakis are Thibetans by race, religion and language, it is quite fair to count the Moravian Mission in Leh as a Thibetan mission, though here we are still some one hundred miles from the borders of Chinese Thibet.

"Leh is probably the highest mission station in the world, being 11,600 feet above sea level. This great altitude is very trying for Europeans, and some travellers have died from the effects of the rarefied air. The Moravian Mission was first permanently established here in 1885, but already ten graves of missionaries and their children are to be found in the little graveyard by the side of the desert. Leh was the third mission station to be started by the Moravian Church in the Western Himalayas, the two former being Kyelang in 1856, and Poo in 1865. Now there are seven stations and out-stations belonging to our Church in this mission field.

"The town of Leh is not a large one, according to our ideas. The population consists of only about 2,500, but still it is the largest town for hundreds of miles around, and as it is the meeting-place for traders from all parts of Central Asia to India, it has an importance far beyond its size. In the trading season (August to October) the population becomes doubled or trebled; and in the bazaar, people from Turkestan jostle those from India and Kashmir, and traders from Afghanistan bargain with traders from Lhasa, and one may hear six or eight languages or

PONTSO.

TAKING TEA IN TIBETAN STYLE.

In the centre is Miss Taylor; at the left is Pontso, holding a leather bag of barley-flour; on the right is his wife, holding the teapot; the three wooden bowls are the teacups. At the extreme right is a bamboo churn; in front of it, goatskin bellows with an iron funnel; and in the centre of the picture, in front, are leather bags for tea, butter, etc.

CHURNING TEA.

MRS. RIJNHART.

dialects spoken in as many minutes. This increases the difficulty of mission work, especially medical mission work, but our preaching is done in the Ladaki dialect of Thibetan.

"The Ladakis, like other Thibetans, are 'Lamaists' (demon worshippers), with a thin veneer of Buddhist ideas and ceremonial. About Buddha and his teaching they really know very little. Work among them is slow and difficult, and there is often much opposition, generally secret, from the lamas or priests. Still the sowing of the seed has not been in vain, and now there are nearly forty Christians in Leh. Thibetan gospels and tracts have been widely distributed, and in many cases have done their silent work in human hearts.

"The great peculiarity in the costume of the Ladakis is the head-dress worn by the women. This consists of a strip of red cloth, on which turquoises and silver ornaments are sewn. From either side of the head project great ear-flaps of lambskin, or, in the case of wealthy ladies, of sable. The value of such a head-dress may be several hundred rupees, and the wealth of a woman is known by the number of turquoises and ornaments she has. The Ladakis are generally lively and good-natured, and, compared with many other Asiatics, easy to get on with. Pray God that their hearts may be more easily opened to the Gospel."

Another correspondent, the Rev. James Johnston, A.T.S., writes as follows of the work of the missionaries:

"Since 1856, the Moravian missionaries have vainly endeavored to penetrate the loftiest mountain passes and sterile wastes, for the evangelization of the Hermit Nation. In the wild and picturesque provinces of British India, bordering on the West-

REV. PETER RIJNHART.

ern Himalayas, their record of 'working and waiting,' has perennial charm. To strike a blow at the stronghold of Buddhism they have left no stone unturned, and, as one of their number writes, 'any missionary working on the borders of the Great Closed Land, would almost be prepared to start for Lhasa at five minutes' notice, if the way were unexpectedly thrown open.' To their oldest and the highest mission stations in the world—Poo and Leh—the Moravians have added six more points of evangelical light.

"Thibet is partially encircled by missionary bands, on its eastern, western, and southern borders. On the northern frontier of Thibet proper, neither man nor beast can live. Mr. O. T. Crosby, the American traveller, who has lately returned from Central Asia, describes it as consisting of hundreds of miles of tragic and desolate wastes, where even the camels of well-equipped caravans perish of cold and hardship. Upwards of eight missionary societies have stations on other than the northern frontiers of Thibet, embracing the Kashgarian Mission (Swedish) N. W., and the Church of Scotland Mission, S., associated with the Scottish Universities Mission. The London Missionary Society's strategic base at Almora is identified with the names of Miss Turner and Miss Rutledge, the latter declaring, 'We mean to be amongst those who are to be first in Thibet.' Two other ladies, Dr. Sheldon and Miss Brown, have made the north-eastern part of Kumoan their special field.

"On the southern border, at Yatung, near the main route to the Chumbi Valley, Miss Annie R. Taylor, of Thibetan mission fame, persistently remains at her post, though, of late, she has had a hard time from the strong anti-foreign feeling existing among the wilder class of Thibetans. In the same region, the Assam Frontier Pioneer Mission, amid the fierce Abor tribes, tells of unusual difficulties and marvellous escapes.

"The famous Thibet Prayer Union, of the China Inland Mission, east and north-east, has its centre at Ta-chien-lu, ably superintended and led by Cecil Polhill, who writes in glowing terms that Litang, the second town of altitude in the world, and containing one thousand families, on the high

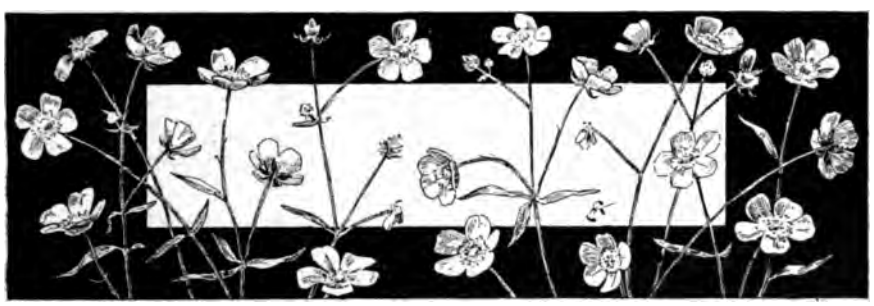
A THIBETAN CONVERT.

road to Thibet, is now opened to the missionary.

"Of honored names interwoven with Thibet's Christianization, the Canadian missionary, Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D., takes a foremost place. This lady has returned to the land where she has previously suffered the loss of husband and child. Her missionary volume, "With the Thibetans in Tent and Temple," a narrative of four years' residence on the Thibetan border, and of a journey into the far interior, recounts thrilling adventures such as few women have gone through and lived to tell the tale."

This brave Canadian girl, born near Toronto, was one of the very first to penetrate this remote region and to dispense the healing simples of medicine and the healing doctrines of the Cross. She was, however, brutally treated, her husband was murdered, and she was compelled to return to Canada. But she has gone back to the borderland of Thibet, waiting an opening to resume her mission consecrated by the blood of her husband and the loss of their only child.

The delay has been turned to account in familiarizing themselves with the Thibetan language, so that there might be no delay in beginning work when the way was open. Bibles also have been sent into Thibet by the waiting missionaries, who have found the traders willing to carry and circulate them. Thus the way has been prepared for the entrance of the missionary, and, by the blessing of God, a harvest of souls may be looked for.



CROSS AND CROWN.

BY REV. C. FLEMINGTON.

Teach me Thy hallowed cross to bear,
Teach me Thy sufferings to share,
Be magnified, O Lord, in me,
Till I in heaven Thy glory see.
For who the crown of life would gain,
Must share with Thee the cross of pain,
Point de Bute, N.B.

And faithful to the end abide,
Till thou shalt call them at Thy side.
O God, Thy strengthening Spirit give,
And let me, daily, die and live:
Be dead to sin and all its power,
Alive to God, from hour to hour.

FRANCIS BONIVARD, THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.*

BY THE REV. JOHN WILSON, M.A., AND W. H. WITHROW, D D.

MOST visitors to the shores of the Lake of Geneva have made a pilgrimage to the famed Castle of Chillon; they have descended into its gloomy vaults and seen the hollows worn in the rocky floor by the feet of prisoners who were chained of old to the pillars; and have shuddered at the sight of the mysterious *oubliette* and other relics of mediæval cruelty. That grey pile, with its square central tower and round, pointed *tourelles,* is not without its picturesque aspects, but its celebrity is mainly due to its historical associations, its matchless surroundings, and, above all, to Byron's poetry. Every reader of the poet knows the lines:

" Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus far the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

This gloomy tower, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves, has been used as a prison for over a thousand years. What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and wooden frame burned black by red-hot branding-irons, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carvings. She

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

showed us the pillar to which Bonivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loopholes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

" Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard!—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

We cross a yard and enter a

* Reprinted in part from The Leisure Hour.

DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

gloomy-looking tower. Looking down a well-like aperture in the floor, we gain a dim glimpse of the *oubliettes,* or grim dungeons, where contumacious prisoners found their tragical fate. Looking through the window we saw the little Isle of Peace, only thirty paces long and twenty wide, with its three elm-trees, of which the poet sings:

> "And then there was a little isle,
> Which in my very face did smile,
> The only one in view."

Here, to the everlasting disgrace of the Republic of Switzerland, in the year of grace 1889, an act of tyranny was enacted, as outrageous in its way as the imprisonment of Bonivard. A young English girl, a member of the Salvation Army, for daring to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, was arrested, condemned to prison for one hundred days, and thrust into a cell. She was permitted to go out on parole, went to England, and was urged to break her parole, the result of which would have been to forfeit about $100, which would gladly have been given her; but she refused, returned to the castle, and completed her term of imprisonment. Small wonder that an indignant rebuke of such intolerance was inscribed on the wall. The prison matron spoke with the greatest respect of the fair young English girl for whom the prison had no terrors. It seems to us that this was a suitable occasion for a remonstrance from the English Foreign Department, akin to that which Cromwell thundered against the Vatican for the persecution of the Vaudois.

It is unfortunate that Byron, when he wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," was unacquainted with the story of Francis Bonivard, the real prisoner of Chillon, and that he drew upon imagination for the graphic details of his poem. That story belongs to a stirring epoch of the Reformation period, and is well worthy of being recalled. The mediæval and the modern spirit were then at deadly warfare, and this old stronghold, be-

VIEW FROM TERRETET-GLION, DENT DU MIDI IN THE BACKGROUND, CHILLON IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

longing at that time to the Dukes of Savoy, represented all that was despotic and merciless in feudalism. Though Chillon looks upon a landscape whose main features are essentially unchanged—the mountain-range of Naye and Arvel still rising abruptly behind it, the grand craggy contours of the Savoy Alps looming dark in front across the smooth mirror of the lake, and the snowy slopes and glaciers of the Dent du Midi, with its seven summits, overlooking it on the south—yet it has a tale to tell of mighty change which has come over the social and political condition of the district. In the conflict which brought about this happy change Francis Bonivard played a part of considerable importance, and the racy narrative he left behind him shows him to have been a man of keen insight and quaint humor, as well as of bold, patriotic spirit.

Bonivard was born in 1493 of a noble Savoyard family, and being

CABLE RAILWAY AT TERRETET-GLION.

destined to succeed his uncle, who was Prior of St. Victor, near Geneva, he received a superior education. His mind was further matured by foreign travel: he studied law for a time at Freiburg, in Germany, and he lived for some time at Turin, as well as at Rome. His uncle having died in 1514, he had barely attained the age of twenty-one when he became Prior of St. Victor. A high-born, high-spirited youth, with superior mental endowments and training, eager to take part in the great movements of the time, he was one likely to win distinction in almost any sphere, though he was more fitted to shine in the political than the religious arena.

At that period Charles III., Duke of Savoy, whose territories surrounded those of Geneva, was encroaching more and more on the liberties of that city with an eye to its complete absorption. From the first Bonivard identified himself with the Genevese in this struggle, and his part in the drama was to begin very early. On his arrival at St. Victor he found, among other inherited chattels, three culverins which the militant prior, his predecessor, had used in war with a neighboring baron. These cannon, in accordance with the deceased prior's will—he having been evidently smitten with some remorse about them on his deathbed—were about to be melted and transformed into church-bells; but some of the Genevese leaders, foreseeing the coming storm, begged that they should be handed over for the defence of the city. It was by agreeing to this that young Bonivard first incurred the displeasure of the Duke, who had vainly demanded the cannon for himself.

An association, headed by Philibert Berthelier, was straightway formed for the maintenance of the liberties of the city. Charles, seeking to lay hold of its leading members, was only able to seize upon one Pecolat, who was tortured and "lifted several times a day by a rope put round his neck." By the skill of Bonivard a warrant was procured for this man's trial at the archiepiscopal see of Vienne rather than the episcopal see of Geneva, but the difficulty was how to "bell the cat," and deliver that warrant into the hands of the Duke of Savoy or his tool the Bishop of Geneva. Both these dignitaries chanced to be attending mass at the church of St. Peter's in Geneva, and a clerk was deputed to deliver the warrant to one of them on retiring from church. When the critical

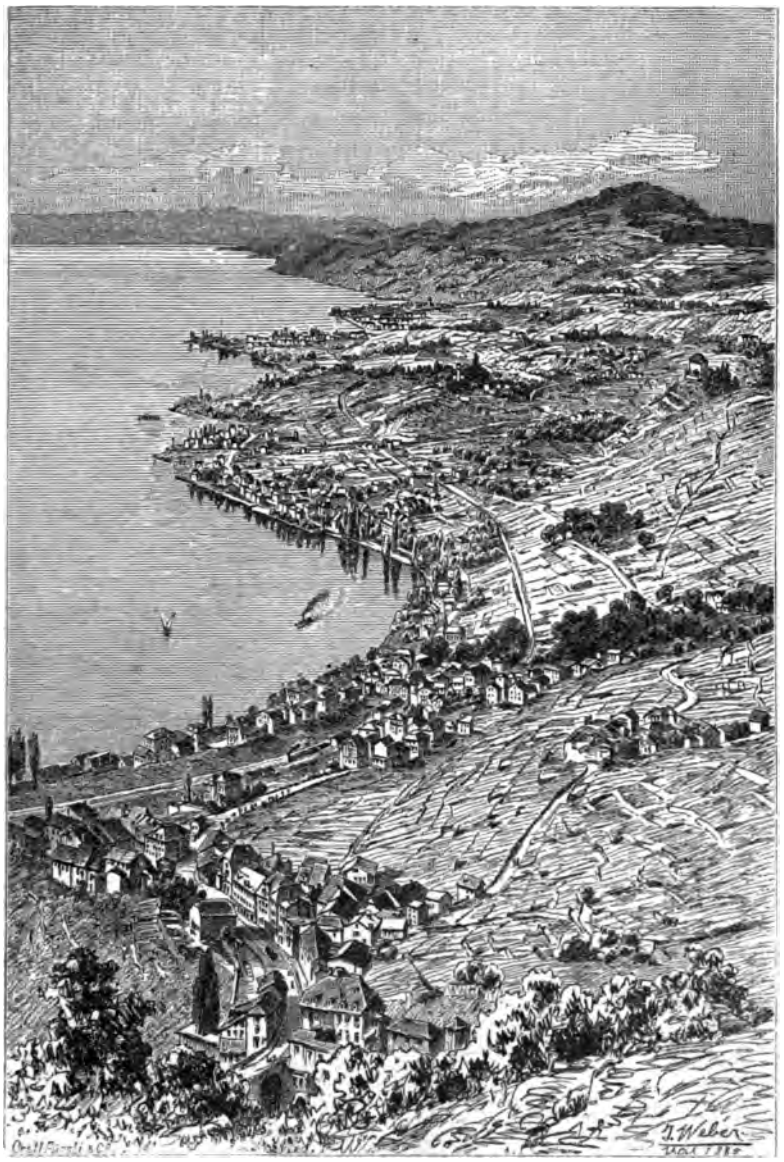
moment arrived, the clerk took fright and was about to hurry off, when Bonivard, then only twenty-three years of age, standing by him with a drawn dagger, compelled him to deliver the warrant into the hands of the Bishop, who was as much frightened as the clerk. Straightway a high quarrel arose between the Archbishop of Vienne and the Bishop of Geneva, who was instructed by the Duke to refuse compliance with the warrant, but in the end Pecolat was set free.

Bonivard, writing of this period, says that in his youthful rashness he feared neither Duke nor Bishop; but Berthelier, with more experienced insight, prophesied that he himself would lose his head and Bonivard his benefice in the cause of Genevese liberty. As many of the leading citizens had entered into a bond of alliance, called *combourgeoisie,* with some of the warlike Swiss cantons, whose pikemen were at that time so formidable on the battlefields of Europe, there was danger of stirring up a hornets' nest if Charles openly attacked Geneva. Therefore, as Bonivard, using a different metaphor, quaintly puts it in his "Chronicle," "the Duke tried every means of catching the fish without wetting his paws." He tried to get the ecclesiastics of Geneva on his side, but in this he was circumvented by Bonivard; then he intrigued with the Swiss cantons, and at a favorable moment invaded the Genevese territory and seized the city. Bonivard was thrown into the prison of Grolée for two years, and Berthelier was arrested and beheaded; but on tidings of the advance of a Swiss army, the Duke prudently withdrew his forces.

On the 25th March, 1529, the famous "Journée des Echelles," which is still annually celebrated at Geneva, the Duke tried to carry out a plot to capture the city by means of a force disguised as peasants and furnished with cannon and scaling-ladders. The details of the plot, however, did not work smoothly, and the Duke was baffled in this *coup d'etat.* In the following year Bonivard, who was now at large, had been furnished with a safe-conduct to go to Moudon to visit his mother; but in spite of this he was waylaid and captured by an armed band under Antoine de Beaufort, captain of Chillon, who waited in ambush among the wooded heights of the Jorat near Lausanne. He was bound and carried "garrotté" to the Castle of Chillon, where he was imprisoned for the space of six years.

In 1532 the Duke of Savoy paid a visit to Chillon, where his private chamber and that of the Duchess are still shown. He found his prisoner more considerately treated than he approved, and gave orders that he should be chained to a pillar in the dungeon. Here, in the words of the old writer Froment, "in the depths of the fortress beneath the rock near the water, Bonivard wore a pathway in the rock whilst walking (round the pillar) and composing many detached thoughts and ballads in Latin and French."

Meantime the Reformation doctrines were being preached at Geneva by William Farel, and the Bernese, having also embraced the reformed faith, were still more disposed to thwart the Duke of Savoy in his projects against Geneva. In 1536 they concluded an alliance with the latter city at a time when the Duke of Savoy was embroiled with his nephew, Francis I. of France. In the same year the Bernese, aided by the Genevese, laid siege by land and water to the Castle of Chillon. A flotilla was prepared, many of the boatmen and vessels being provided by Geneva; and, after a brief siege, the garrison capitulated. Bonivard and several companions were found in



MONTREUX AND VICINITY—ON LAKE LEMAN.

the vaults and restored to freedom. On returning to Geneva he found a new order of things prevailing: the Reformation had been established; the monasteries had been destroyed and their revenues confiscated to the State. Bonivard, however, was received with honor, and a compensation was voted to him in the form of a pension of one hundred and fifty golden crowns.

That was a memorable year in the

history of Geneva and of the Reformation, for then it was that John Calvin arrived and began the work which resulted in the memorable attempt to establish a Christian state with laws directly drawn from Scripture. It must be noted, however, that this idea did not originate with Calvin, for on the 21st May of the year 1536, shortly after the return of Bonivard, a General Council held at Geneva under the influence of Farel entered into a Solemn Engagement to give effect in the lives of the citizens to Evangelical doctrines and morals. It was Calvin, however, who sought to carry out the idea with rigorous, logical consistency. The preachers were to expound the Scriptures; the magistrates were to carry them into effect in the laws and penalties of the republic; and the people were to give due obedience in their lives down to very minute details.

How then did Bonivard comport himself under this Calvinistic regime? He found himself in sympathy with it so far as opposition to the papacy and adoption of popular representative government were concerned; but he was a humanist and a lover of good cheer and pleasant company, rather than a religious zealot or an austere ascetic. There were thus elements of natural antagonism between him and such a man as Calvin. Accordingly, we find him absenting himself from the preaching, and not seldom cited before the Consistory for irregularities. He occupied himself with literature, and wrote controversial and other work, and in 1542 the City Council employed him to write the history of the struggle against the Duke of Savoy. This work was undertaken by Bonivard in the true historical spirit: he faithfully consulted the official documents, besides drawing in his own personal knowledge.

The "Chronicle" of Bonivard is the work, no doubt, of an ardent partisan, but it displays graphic power of narrative. A hint of its racy character has already been given, and another example may be cited in connection with the disappearance of the Duke of Savoy's coat-of-arms, which had been affixed in a prominent position in the city. Who had removed it could never be discovered. "Perhaps," remarks Bonivard, slyly, "St. Peter, the patron saint of the city, was jealous of that emblem, having no wish to see a secular prince reigning in Geneva, and had, therefore, miraculously removed it."

Calvin, on examining Bonivard's "Chronicle," found it "*trop vif et familier*" in style, and it is remarkable that the manuscript lay unpublished for nearly three centuries. It did not appear in printed form till 1831.

Such, in outline, is the story, and such were the times of the real "prisoner of Chillon."

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY THE REV. W. A. THOMSON.

An angel came our way last night,
With flowers plucked on hills of light,
His radiance over all;
We sought to stay him in his flight,
And rest beneath that presence bright;
He let a blossom fall.

Another heart, another home,
Last night perceived the angel come,
And shuddered at his call;
He bathed their sadness in his grace,
But plucked their blossom, to replace
The one to us let fall.

So one receives, another gives;
One feebling dies, another lives;
And God is over all.
You'll praise, that in His garden fair
Your lily blows, and I in prayer
Must guard what He let fall.

Baie Verte, N.B.

WATCHERS ON THE BORDERS OF THIBET.

BETWEEN ninety and one hundred missionary men and women belonging to different branches of the Church universal, says Dr. Otis Dwight, in The Missionary Review of the World, are established as near as may be to the frontiers of Thibet. They are watching, as they have watched for years, to see some crumbling of the barriers that shut them out of the "Great Closed Land."

These watchers attract notice by their personal qualifications. Some of them are eminent linguists, like Jaeschke and Heyde, whose researches the British government of India has used for the instruction of its own officials. Some are daring explorers, like Miss Annie Taylor and many other less-known workers, who have reconnoitred the slopes, valleys and passes of the Himalayas. Some, both men and women, are highly educated physicians, whose skill draws patients from places hundreds of miles within the border. Others are skilled writers, eloquent preachers or teachers, whose classes train native men and women for important service to their race.

The watchers are also worthy of attention because of the strange, out-of-the-way, and generally unknown places which their purpose requires them to inhabit. The most of these places are on barely accessible routes of Thibetan trade. Shrewd traders there are among the people of the highlands of Asia—men whose calling is fixed by their ingrained love of bargaining. They carry into India gold and silver from their western mining region, and salt in crystals from the weird lakes of their northern plains. They buy, in India, cloth, indigo, sugar, spices, rice, and tobacco, and, in China, hardware, silk, and tea by the thousands of yak loads. To Lhasa, the holy city, all their trade routes finally lead, and the chief of them reach that city from east or west by skirting on the southern edge rather than by crossing the broad, sparsely inhabited northern plains.

The watchers on the border, without exception, suffer intense discomfort. In Kailang and Poo, for instance, from April to October every year the Moravians are shut up by the snows in those clefts of the mighty mountains. In all of the border stations the missionaries are isolated as to social privileges, are deprived of numberless things which we deem necessaries of life, and are surrounded by people who rarely sympathize with and often despise them. Withal, they face a dead wall which permits no passage. The reason why these cultured, able men and women stand and wait in these forbidding places is their belief that the Bible message can help Thibetans as it has helped multitudes belonging to other races, and that barriers made by human ingenuity cannot stand against the Divine purpose to bless all sorts of men through Jesus Christ. When Gutzlaff, in 1850, urged the Moravians to send a mission to the western border of Thibet, he thought it a way of access to China quite as hopeful as approach from the sea-coasts of the great empire; for in 1850 the interior of China was as hermetically closed to foreigners as Thibet now is. The tremendous change which, since then, has dotted all China with little groups of Christians, confirms our confidence in the

fulfilment of present-day hopes as to Thibet. When the set time comes the walls of Jericho must fall.

Meanwhile it is well to know what these watchers on the border are doing. The general principle is by every means to try to win the confidence and regard of Thibetans who come over the border for trade. The means used are the familiar means—preaching, personal work of man with man, schools, publication of books, tracts, and even a newspaper (by the Moravians), and medical work. In some places the stereopticon is used with good results. In other places knitting-schools for Thibetan women have proved a means of gaining influence. All this work is recognized as preparatory; it calls for endless patience, and it yields small results, for the lamas are everywhere to warn people against the foreigner, and to organize a relentless boycott against all converts to Christianity.

The missionaries give much time to touring, seeking out the people in their inaccessible aeries among the mountains, that they may win them to trust the Christian. Two devoted women of the London Missionary Society have established themselves with a tribe of Thibetan Bhotiyas, travelling with them as they wander higher up the mountains in the summer, and coming back with them as they descend again when winter is near. All this wearisome homelessness is submitted to for the sake of winning the women and teaching the children to read!

The missionaries on the border do not limit their efforts to the Thibetans and Buddhists, for Mohammedans, Hindus, and spirit-worshippers are among their converts. The missionaries are daily learning to know the Thibetans better, and all acquaintance adds stress to the impulse to help this wretched people. The common people are held like serfs under the iron rule of the lamas. It is almost impossible to conceive of the filthy state in which they live. They are black with the smoke of unchimnied houses. They never have washed, and, except they be taught, they never will wash themselves. They are degraded in life, mechanical as their prayer-wheels in religion, and possessed by a most unspeakable folly of superstition. When some of the China Inland missionaries visited a Thibetan encampment, and with infinite difficulty had induced a little group to hear what they had to say, they sang a hymn, thinking to impress the people. Before the first line ended the whole congregation had fled in terror, thinking the singing a sorcerer's spell that would harm them. Other missionaries have found the Bible on a shelf in a Thibetan house, but the people had not read it; they lighted candles before it in worship. Nevertheless, some Thibetans have been converted, some have been trained in mission schools, and are doing good service as itinerant preachers. At one of the Moravian outstations in Kashmir, the pastor of the little Christian congregation is a lama from Lhasa, who was formerly pastor of the Buddhist congregation in the same place.

One may ask how long these watchers will wait amid the discouraging and repelling circumstances of the Thibetan border. The question would not be asked if they were land-hungry "rustlers" waiting for the opening of an Oklahoma. It is curious that these missionaries are not discouraged. They are there to stay! Ten years the Moravians at Kailang waited before they won a single convert. Now, after fifty years of diligent effort, they have but one hundred and twenty-three baptized Christians altogether in the Thibetan border stations, and most of these are from the serf class.

The missionary Heyde, one of the

founders of the Thibetan mission, who is eminent in language and letters, has just returned to Germany for the first time since he was appointed in 1853. To him fifty years is not much to sacrifice if thereby Christianity may gain firm footing in the Forbidden Land. With such persistence behind them, the labors of the missionaries on the Thibetan border are slowly telling upon the exclusiveness to which the people are brought up. At the same time the raising up of native Christian Thibetan preachers powerfully reinforces the agencies at the disposal of Christendom. Thibet will open before all these steady efforts in the name of the Lord, and the missionaries will not turn back from their circle of investment on the border until access to the land is free.

Why should we of the West take notice of these watchers on the Thibetan border? The question, whether or not a nation has a right to view contact with Christendom as a calamity has been settled in China, in Japan, and in Korea. In all the world no lands but the Mohammedan holy land of Arabia and the northern Buddhist sacred territory of Thibet absolutely refuse to let Christian feet press their noble soil. A Buddhist can enter the cities of Arabia, and Mohammedans, Hindus, fetish-worshippers, and what not, can roam at will through Thibet. Christians only are boycotted, ordered away, and refused food, save on the principle applied to ironclads that seek to buy coal of neutrals in time of war. The honor of Christian nations requires that this unreasoning prejudice be overcome. Those prudent and skilful missionaries on the borders of Thibet are the ones more than any others fitted to overcome it, and it concerns us all to see and know how they progress.

But another reason is found in the command "Go teach!" given by the Master. It is a command whose fulfilment is duty to all in this sense; that if all disobey, all are guilty; while if a sufficient number perform the duty, all who will to obey are held to have fulfilled the command. These devoted workers on the borders of Thibet, whether Moravians, British, or Americans, are our representatives in the duty of teaching the Thibetan. Let us, then, carry these lonely watchers in our hearts, and plead their cause as our own in our prayers.

THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird:
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to feel Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in.

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head:
There was nothing to offer—no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine.
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord divine;
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast;
Reign—I will worship and serve my Guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Eastertide.

ON THE YANGTZE.*

BY ROBERT M'LEOD.

DR. W. E. GEIL'S new volume giving an account of his journey from Shanghai up the Yangtze to Chungking, and overland to Bhamo in Burma, is one of great interest. The journey occupied ninety-nine days, and would have taken a much longer period but for the good-will of the Chinese authorities, and the energy of the traveller, who was ever forcing the pace. Dr. Geil's graphic narrative vividly reflects the scenes through which he passed, and records the adventures of the way, as well as the character, the superstitions, and the religion of the people with whom he came into contact. It was written "on the wing, parts in native inns at night, parts while riding in a mountain chair, parts in the snows of lofty passes, parts on the hot lowlands, parts in the homes of missionaries, parts on boats sailing up the mighty Yangtze." Consequently there is no lack of movement, variety, virility in the story. The traveller's attitude towards Christianity and missionary toil arouses in us gratitude; while his endeavor to understand the genius of the yellow race, and his treatment of the different classes with whom he had relations, from the governors of provinces down to boatmen and carriers, marks him out as an open-minded, kindly man. Of course he is thoroughly American, ever ready with his opinions, brusque, emphatic.

The Yangtze is a magnificent river, rising three thousand miles away on the borders of mystical Thibet, "engaged in the manufacture of territory, robbing the West to enrich the East." Large tracts of land, where there was formerly sea, now bearing rich crops and densely inhabited, have been formed by the mud brought down by the saffron-hued stream. It is a busy crowded highway into the heart of the empire. Shanghai, Dr. Geil's point of departure, is the metropolis of the East, an Oriental Liverpool, more beautiful when viewed from the river than our Lancashire emporium, for the forest of masts is interspersed with well-grown trees and a margin of green creeps down to the water's edge. The flags of all nations float over the town; the life is increasingly cosmopolitan, but the natives cling to their own civilization, "walking with their backs to the future, pushing on to the past."

Despite the hardness of the field Christian missionary enterprise has struck a deep root in Shanghai. Attached to the respective Churches are colleges and schools patronized by wealthy natives who are wise enough to see the priceless value of these institutions to their country. English translators and the press are doing excellent work, the Presbyterians alone turning out over 80,000,000 of pages of literature in 1903. The visit to Shanghai gladdened the traveller; but Shanghai, he remarks, "is only an infinitesimal part of this great empire, and only 100,000 persons freed by the Gospel from the bondage of demons!"

Dr. Geil's purpose was to see China and the Chinese; he, therefore, se-

* "On the Yangtze," being a narrative of a journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma. By W. E. Geil, with 100 illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton Price, 6s.

)in in the native quarter of
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:hers here for the Triennial
ions affords a fine field of
prominent Chinese official, a
:d Confucianist, who had
ated in an American univer-
sity, told the doctor that what China needed more than new learning was a new spirit, and he suggested that if twenty thousand youths could be sent to the United States, and then returned to China with a new spirit, it would do his native land incalculable good; and that there was a tendency among the mandarins to give to the missionaries and native Christians a generous consideration hitherto unknown.

At Hankow, Dr. Geil tells us, seventy-one Protestant missionaries have their headquarters, from which many of them make long and laborious journeys throughout the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. One native church here has a congregation of five hundred Chinese, while in Hanyang, across the river, there is a Baptist chapel with a congregation of six hundred. Around this centre over ten thousand Protestant Christians are to be found. "The Chinese are clamoring to join the Christian Church, villages and clans *en bloc*." Ever since the Boxer movement there has been this decided leaning toward Christianity, induced by the belief that the Christian Church is a stable institution. If the missionaries take proper advantage of the present situation and direct the movement, Central China will be evangelized in the near future.

Tuan Fang, the enlightened and humane viceroy of Hukuang, who saved the lives of so many foreigners during the Boxer outbreak, showed special kindness to Dr. Geil, extending to him a hearty invitation to visit him at his yamen. In conversation the Viceroy expressed himself in favor of native Chinese missionaries if only they were sufficiently educated. Medical missions were welcome, and he thought the educational work for the most part commendable, but that it was a mistake to require the scholars in mission schools to attend church services. At the close of the inter-

view, lasting an hour, the Viceroy made Dr. Geil some valuable presents as a token of confidence, promising to telegraph orders to Ichang that all courtesy and needful protection should be accorded him.

Proceeding up the Yangtze, through monotonous scenery, he enjoyed "the elevating society" of the missionaries on their way to lonely and dangerous posts in the Western Provinces. He notes groups of yellow men on the deck listening to the story of Jesus of Nazareth, from the lips of the white man standing in their midst—the Chinese as eager to hear as the missionary to speak. Shansi is reached, where a crowd in blue gowns gathered to meet the boat. Here he met a Censor holding a high literary degree, who having embraced Christianity, had become a voluntary apologist, devoting himself to the removal of doubts from the minds of his Confucian friends.

Leaving Shansi and the alluvial flats of the lower Yangtze, they enter picturesque undulating country with lofty mountains in the distance. Handsome Taoist temples and pagodas are perched on the hills, white goats graze in the riverside pastures. The stream is rocky and dangerous and they have to thread their way cautiously. Reaching Ichang, a place of thirty thousand inhabitants, where the river was alive with boats, a Chinese gunboat came promptly alongside, and a mandarin, dressed in his best silk, deputed to meet the traveller, stepped on board. This gunboat, by the courtesy of the Viceroy, was placed at Dr. Geil's disposal, who was to continue his voyage escorted by a mandarin, under the protection of the Chinese flag. She also bore the American flag. Before proceeding, Dr. Geil spent a pleasant evening at the headquarters of the China Inland Mission, meeting here representatives of several missionary societies. He worshipped on Christmas Day at the Chinese Presbyterian church, over four hundred being present. Casually he heard from a native house the notes of a familiar Christmas hymn, sung to Chinese words, and thanked God that in dark places the Light of the World was beginning to shine.

Dr. Geil, parting here with his missionary friends, proceeded on his voyage through the great Yangtze gorges in "No. 7 of the Advance Squadron of the Ichang District,"—a ten-oared, one-masted, high-stemmed craft, some forty feet in length, and about nine feet beam, carrying a huge leg-of-mutton sail of extreme lightness and armed with one cannon and a stack of rifles and horse-pistols for the crew—a fine lot of young Chinamen. The scenery was sublime, perpendicular cliffs rising in solid walls to colossal heights of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, where soaring eagles build their nests. Dangerous rapids, along which the gunboat was swept half-buried in seething foam, lent excitement to days of solitude.

They arrive at Wan, a city of 200,000 souls, in which culminates the wealth of the rich province of Sz-Chuan. No foreigners live here save three missionaries of the China Inland Mission, who have erected buildings well adapted for mission work. The native church, severely tested during the Boxer persecution, now stands high in the respect of the community, some of its members being well-to-do and marked by unusual generosity toward the Church which has brought them light and deliverance from the opium slavery. In the hinterland of Wan, salt is produced, and there is coal and iron and sulphur mining. In the shops of the city are exhibited the products of our Lancashire looms, European clocks, candles, soap, matches, called "foreign fire." The consumption of opium here is an awful

scourge, more than half the population being victims.

At Luchi the river widens into a lagoon. Here Dr. Geil left the gunboat, hiring a boat with a picked crew. On the river-side they observed, as they sailed up the stream, conspicuous houses, the palatial residences of wealthy tillers of the soil. Landing from the boat, they proceeded overland, up terraced hills, by rice patches and graveyards, and finally down steep stone stairs to the river bank, where they crossed by ferry to Chungking, a bustling emporium of Sz-Chuan, a city of 300,000 people. Mission work here is of the most gratifying character, conducted by a band of fifty missionaries, refined and cultured men and women; and among them Sorensen, a gifted Norwegian, a pioneer to the savage tribesmen on the Thibet frontier, who for six or seven years had labored with little apparent fruit, but had met a Thibetan priest who professed great interest in the truth, and said to him, "I have been seeking peace all my life, and maybe your religion has it for me." The China Inland Mission is here in force, having excellent premises, and well-organized work. The Friends' Mission carries on the largest school for native boys in the city. The London Missionary Society has a staff of strong men who combine evangelical preaching with medical work. The American Methodists are devoting their attention to the training of native ministry, and are erecting a "monster hospital." Last year eighteen thousand native patients were treated by the American medical missionaries. Great energy is evinced by all the societies.

Chungking was soon left for Chentu, *en route* for Luchow, where Dr. Geil was welcomed by Australian missionaries on whose self-sacrifice, hospitality, and admirable teaching he comments. Their mission has 30 stations, 104 church members, 5,000 professed inquirers. Ten native evangelists are employed. But Luchow is a heathen town of 40,000 inhabitants, dominated by sixty-six temples and a host of priests of indifferent reputation. The cruelties, to which we cannot refer in detail, inflicted on prisoners in the jail inside the yamen, where poor wretches are tormented beyond human endurance, cast a horrible shadow over the place.

Soon the conflux of the Min, the river of golden sands, and the Yangtze hove in sight, the water of the former stream crystal clear, contrasting with the yellow hue of the latter. Suifu was in the midst of a frantic effort to procure rain after long drought by an appeal to the rain god. The city officials repaired daily to the temple, walking barefooted and bareheaded, exposed to the fierce rays of the midsummer sun, to the place of prayer, where enveloped in clouds of incense they bowed before the idols. Mission work is actively carried on here, chiefly by the Baptists and China Inland Mission. Thousands of natives are anxious for spiritual guidance. Several of the villages on the way contained a Gospel Hall, representing perhaps only two or three decided Christians, but a hundred or more inquirers.

Sometimes by boat, sometimes overland the journey was completed, now passing through a region of wondrous sculptured rock caves, the abodes of men of a former age, and now through a country of costly tombs and mighty pagodas, whose architecture rivals the finest structures of the West. Again his way is by the fortified villages of half-wild people, in impregnable situations, with the snow gleaming overhead on lofty mountains, and with the roar of turbulent rapids ever filling the air. In a mountain village he finds a

solitary evangelist; in another an old man, not a Christian, who reads to the people the new doctrine; in a third he sees on the wall of a shop the Lord's Prayer in English. His faithful Chen, one of his bodyguard, is ever in attendance. This was a remarkable man, in red coat and blue trousers, with straw sandals, and a hat two feet in diameter, whose story deserves to be printed in gold, but we have no room for it.

We have already exceeded our space, and must leave untouched the most interesting part of the journey, through the Switzerland of China, over mountains and across ravines, spanned by great chained suspension bridges, to Tashui Ting, Tongchuan, Yunnan City the scene of many a bloody episode in the days of the famous Viceroy Ts'en (where Dr. Geil was favored with an interview with the acting Viceroy), Talifu, built on the margin of a beautiful lake.

Then rest of the way was through the country of the Shans to Bhamo and British soil, where he was welcomed by American Methodist missionaries. The pictures in the volume are, many of them, unique, and are of great value in illustrating little-known ways of Chinese life.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Lift up your heads to-day, ye gates,
  Lift up your heads to-day!
The King of Glory comes again,
  His feet shall pass this way.
Oh, late we saw Him crowned with thorns,
  We saw Him crucified;
But on this morn of hallowed morns
  Let none our King deride.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!
  Make room! all hearts of men!
For He, who bowed in death for you,
  Is now alive again.
Oh, late we laid Him in the tomb,
  And at its door a stone!
He rose and rifted all that gloom,
  And conquered death alone.

Lift up your heads, ye iron gates,
  That hide earth's gathered dead;
Beneath your sullen arches He
  Steps with the victor's tread!
The countless armies of the saved
  With broken fetters come.
The King of life who death has braved,
  Leads all its captives home.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of time!
  Through all the lasting years
No other King so vanquished hath
  Your change and toil and tears.
The gates of time before him ope,
  Who in the final strife
For every soul wins endless hope
  And pledges endless life.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of pearl!
  The saints, a radiant throng,
March on with Christ, the Risen One,
  They march with shout and song.
"Lift up your heads," all angels cry,
  They strike exulting chords,
The King of kings who passes by
  On earth is Lord of lords.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, to-day!
  Yea, lift them up in pride,
The King of glory comes this way,
  Who late was crucified.
For men He bore the nail, the thorn,
  For men he comes with power;
All heaven is glad this Easter morn,
  In this, Love's crowning hour.

ELIJAH'S GOBLET.

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

I.

ARON BEN AMRAM removed from the great ritual dish the roasted shank-bone of lamb (symbolic residuum of the paschal sacrifice) and the roasted egg (representative of the ancient festival offering in the Temple), and while his wife and children held up the dish (which now contained only the bitter herbs and the unleavened cakes) he recited the Chaldaic prelude to the Seder,—the long domestic ceremonial of the Passover evening.

"This is the bread of affliction which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry come in and eat: let all who require come in and celebrate the Passover. This year here, next year in the land of Israel! This year slaves, next year sons of freedom!"

But the Polish physician showed nothing of slavishness. White-bearded, clad in a long white robe and a white skull-cap, and throned on white pillows, he made the rather a royal figure; indeed, for this night of nights conceived of himself as "King," and of his wife as "Queen."

But "Queen" Golda, despite her silk gown and flowery cap, did not share her consort's majestic mood, still less the rosy happiness of the children who sat around this fascinating board. Her heart was full of a whispering fear that not all the brave melodies of the father, nor all the quaint family choruses, could drown. All very well for the little ones to be unconscious of the hovering shadow, but how could her husband have forgotten the horrors of the Blood-Accusation in the very year he had led her under the canopy? And surely he knew as well as she that the rumor was gathering again; that the slowly growing Jew-hatred had reached a point at which it must find expression; that the nobles in their great houses and the peasants behind their high palings alike sulked under the burden of debts. Indeed, had not the Passover market hummed with the old, old story of a lost Christian child? Not murdered yet, thank God! nor even a corpse. But still if a boy should be found with signs of violence upon him, at this season of the paschal sacrifice, when the Greek Church brooded on the crucifixion —O God of Abraham, guard us from these fiends unchained!

But the first part of the elaborate ritual, pleasantly punctuated with cups of raisin wine, passed peacefully by, and the evening meal—mercifully set in the middle—was reached, to the children's vast content. They made wry, humorous mouths—each jest endeared by annual repetition—over the horseradish that typified the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage, and ecstatic grimaces over the soft, sweet mixture of almonds, raisins, apples and cinnamon, vaguely suggestive of the bondsmen's mortar; they swallowed with avidity the eggs sliced into salt water, and settled down with more prosaic satisfaction to the merely edible meats and fishes, though even to these the special Passover plates and dishes and the purified knives and forks lent a new relish.

By this time Golda was sufficiently cheered up to meditate her annual theft of the "Afikuman," that segment of Passover cake under Aaron's pillow, morsels of which, distributed to each as the final food to be tasted that night, replaced the final mouthful of the paschal lamb in the ancient Palestinian meal.

II.

But Elijah's goblet still stood in the centre of the table untasted. Every time the ritual cup-drinking came round, the children had glanced at the great silver goblet placed for the Prophet of Redemption. Alas! the brimming raisin wine remained ever at the same level.

They found consolation in the thought that the great moment was still to come, the moment of the third cup, when, mother throwing open the door, father would rise, holding the goblet on high, and sonorously salute an unseen visitor. True, in other years, though they had almost heard the rush of wings, the great shining cup had remained full, and when it was replaced on the white cloth, a vague resentment, as at a spurned hospitality, had stirred in each youthful breast. But many reasons could be found to exculpate Elijah—not omitting

their own sins. And now when Ben Amram nodded to his wife to open the door, expectation stood on tiptoe, credulous as ever, and the young hearts beat tattoo.

But the mother's heart was palpitating with another emotion. A faint clamor in the Polish quarter at the back, as she replaced the samovar in the kitchen, had recalled all her alarms, and she merely threw open the door of the room. But Ben Amram was not absent-minded enough to be beguiled by her air of obedient alacrity. Besides, he could see the shut street door through the strip of passage. He gestured towards it.

Now she feigned laziness. "Oh! never mind."

"Simeon, open the street door!" The eldest boy sprang up joyously. It would have been too bad of mother to keep Elijah on the doorstep.

"No, no." Golda stopped him. "It is too heavy; he could not undo the bolts and bars."

"You have barred it?" Ben Amram asked.

"And why not? In this season you know how the heathen go mad like street dogs."

"Pooh! They will not bite us."

"But, Aaron! You heard about the lost Christian child!"

"I have saved many a Christian child, Golda."

"They will not remember that."

"But I must remember the ritual." And he made a movement.

"No, no, Aaron! Listen!"

The shrill noises seemed to have veered round towards the front of the house.

He shrugged his shoulders: "I hear only the goats bleating."

She clung to him as he made for the door. "For the sake of our children!"

"Do not be so childish yourself, my crown."

"But I am not childish! Hark!"

He smiled calmly. "The door must be opened."

Her fear lent her scepticism. "It is you that are childish. You know no Prophet of Redemption will come through the door."

He caressed his venerable beard. "Who knows?"

"I know. It is a destroyer, not a redeemer of Israel who will come. Listen! Ah, God of Abraham! Do you not hear?"

Unmistakably, the howl of a rfôtous mob was approaching, mingled with the reedy strains of an accordion.

"Down with the *Zhits!* Death to the dirty Jews!"

"God in heaven!" She released her husband and ran towards the children with a gesture as of seeking to gather them all in her arms. Then, hearing a bolt shot, she turned with a scream.

"Are you mad, Aaron?"

But he, holding her back with his gaze, threw wide the door with his left hand, while his right upheld Elijah's goblet, and over the ululation of the unseen mob and the shrill spasms of music rose his Hebrew welcome to the visitor: "*Baruch habaa!*"

Hardly had the greeting left his lips when a wild, flying figure in a rich furred coat dashed round the corner and almost into his arms, half spilling the wine.

"In God's name, Reb Aaron!" panted the refugee, and fell half dead across the threshold.

The physician dragged him hastily within and slammed the door, just as two Russian moujiks—drunken leaders of the chase—lurched past. The mother who had sprung forward at the sound of the fall frenziedly shot the bolts, and in another instant the hue and cry tore past the house and dwindled in the distance.

Ben Amram raised the white, bloody face and put Elijah's goblet to the lips. The strange visitor drained it to the dregs, the clustered children looking on dazedly. As the head fell back, it caught the light from the festive candles of the Passover board. The face was bare of hair: even the side curls were gone.

"Maimon the Meshumad!" cried the mother, shuddering back. "You have saved the apostate."

"Did I not say the door must be opened?" replied Ben Amram gently. Then a smile of humor twitched his lips and he smoothed his white beard. "Maimon is the only Jew abroad to-night, and how were the poor drunken peasants to know he was baptized?"

Despite their thrill of horror at the traitor, the children were secretly pleased to see Elijah's goblet empty at last.

III.

Next morning the Passover liturgy rang jubilantly through the vast crowded synagogue. No violence had been reported, despite the passage of a noisy mob. The Ghetto, then, was not to be laid waste with fire and sword, and the worshippers in the moss-grown, turreted quadrangle drew free breath and sent it out in great shouts of rhythmic prayer, as they swayed in their fringed shawls, with quivering hands of supplication. The ark,

at the end of the great building, overbrooded by the Ten Commandments and the perpetual light, stood open to mark a supreme moment of devotion. Ben Amram had been given the honor of uncurtaining the shrine, and its richly clad scrolls of all sizes, with their silver bells and pointers, stood revealed in solemn splendor.

Through the ornate grating of their gallery the gaily clad women looked down on the rocking figures, while the grace-notes of the cantor on his central dais and the harmoniously interjected "poms" of his male ministrants flew up to their ears, as though they were indeed angels on high. Suddenly, over the blended passion of cantor and congregation, an ominous sound broke from without—the complex clatter of cavalry, the curt ring of military orders. The swaying figures turned suddenly as under another wind, the women's eyes grew astare and ablaze with terror. The great doors flew open, and—oh, awful, incredible sight!—a squadron of Cossacks rode slowly in, two abreast, with a heavy thud of hoofs on the sacred floor, and a rattle of ponderous sabres. Their black conical caps and long beards, their great side-buttoned coats and pockets stuffed with protrusive cartridges, their prancing horses, their leaded knouts, struck a blood-curdling discord amid the prayerful white-wrapped figures. The rumble of worship ceased, the cantor, suddenly isolated, was heard soaring ecstatically; then he, too, turned his head uneasily and his roulade died in his throat.

"Halt!" the officer cried. The moving column froze. Its bristling length stretched from the central platform, blocking the aisles; the courtyard echoed with the clanging hoofs of its rear, which backed into the school and the poor-house. The *shamash* (beadle) was seen to front the flamboyant invaders.

"Why does Your Excellency intrude upon our prayers to God?"

The congregation felt its dignity return. Who would have suspected Red Judah of such courage, such apt speech? Why, the very rabbi was petrified, the elders stood dumb. Ben Amram, himself, their spokesman to the government, whose praying-shawl was broidered with a silver band, and whose coat was satin, remained immovable between the pillars of the ark, staring stonily at the brave beadle.

"First of all, for the boy's blood." The words rang out with military precision and the speaker's horse pawed clangorously, as if impatient for the charge. The men grew deathly pale, the women wrung their hands. "Ai, vai!" they moaned. "Wo, wo!"

"What boy? What blood?" said the shamash, undaunted.

"Don't palter, you rascal! You know well that a Christian child has disappeared."

The aged rabbi, stimulated by the shamash, uplifted a quavering voice.

"The child will be found of a surety—if indeed it is lost," he added, with bitter sarcasm. "And surely Your Excellency cannot require the boy's blood at our hands ere Your Excellency knows it is indeed spilt."

"You misunderstand me, old dog, or, rather, you pretend to, old fox. The boy's blood is here—it is kept in this very synagogue—and I have come for it."

The shamash laughed explosively. "O Excellency!"

The synagogue, hysterically tense, caught the contagion of glad relief. It rang with strange laughter.

"There is no blood in this synagogue, Excellency," said the rabbi, his eye atwinkle, "save what runs in living veins."

"We shall see. Produce that bottle beneath the ark."

"That!" The shamash grinned, almost indecorously. "That is the consecration wine—red as my beard."

"Ha! ha! the red consecration wine," repeated the synagogue in a happy buzz, and from the women's gallery came the same glad murmur of mutual explanation.

"We shall see," repeated the officer with iron imperturbability, and the happy hum died into a cold heart-faintness, fraught with an almost incredulous apprehension of some devilish treachery, some mock discovery, that would give the Ghetto over to the frenzies of fanatical creditors—nay, to the vengeance of law.

The officer's voice rose again. "Let no one leave the synagogue—man, woman, or child. Kill any one who attempts to escape." The screams of fainting women answered him from above, but impassively he urged his horse along the aisle that led to the ark: its noisy hoofs trampled over every heart. Springing from his saddle, he opened the little cupboard beneath the scrolls, and drew out a bottle, hideously red.

"Consecration wine, eh?" he said grimly.

"What else, Excellency?" stoutly replied the shamash, who had followed him.

A savage laugh broke from the officer's lips. "Drink me a mouthful."

As the shamash took the bottle, with a fearless shrug of the shoulders, every eye strained painfully towards him, save in the women's gallery, where many covered their faces with their hands. Every breath was held.

Keeping the same amused, incredulous face, Red Judah gulped down a draught. But as the liquid met his palate a horrible distortion overcame his smile, his hands flew heavenwards. Dropping the bottle, and with a hoarse cry, "Mercy, O God!" he fell before the ark, foaming at the mouth. The red fluid spread in a vivid pool.

"Hear, O Israel!" A raucous cry of horror rose from all around, and was echoed more shrilly from above. Almighty Father, the Jew-haters had worked their fiendish trick! Now the men were become as the women, shrieking, wringing their hands, crying "Ai, vai!" The rabbi shook as if with palsy. "Satan! Satan!" chattered through his teeth.

But Ben Amram had moved at last, and was stooping over the scarlet stain.

"A soldier should know blood, Excellency," he said, quietly.

The officer's face relaxed into a faint smile.

"A soldier knows wine, too," he said, sniffing. And, indeed, the spicy reek of the consecration wine was bewildering the nearer bystanders.

"Your Excellency frightened poor Judah into a fit," said the physician, raising the beadle's head by its long red beard.

His Excellency shrugged his shoulders, sprang to his saddle, and cried a retreat. The Cossacks, unable to turn in the aisle, backed cumbrously, with a manifold thudding and rearing and clanking; but ere the congregation had finished rubbing their eyes, the last conical cap and leaded knout had vanished, and only the tarry reek of their boots was left in proof of their actual passage. A deep silence hung for a moment like a heavy cloud, then it broke in a torrent of ejaculations.

But Ben Amram's voice rang through the din. "Brethren!" He rose from wiping the frothing lips of the stricken creature, and his face had the fiery gloom of a seer's, and the din died under his uplifted palm. "Brethren, the Lord hath saved us."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever." The rabbi began the phrase, and the congregation caught it up in thunder.

"But hearken now. Last night at the Seder, as I opened the door for Elijah, there entered Maimon the Meshumad! 'Twas he quaffed Elijah's cup!"

There was a rumble of imprecations.

"A pretty Elijah!" cried the rabbi.

"Nay, but God sends the Prophet of Redemption in strange guise," the physician said. "Listen! Maimon was pursued by a drunken mob, ignorant he was a deserter from our camp. When he found how I had saved him and dressed his bleeding face, when he saw the spread Passover table, his child-soul came back to him, and in a burst of tears he confessed the diabolical plot against our community, hatched through his instrumentality by some desperate debtors, how, having raised the cry of a lost child, they were to have its blood found beneath our holy ark as in some mystic atonement. And while you all lolled joyously at the Seder table, a bottle of blood lay here, instead of the consecration wine, like a bomb waiting to burst and destroy us all."

A shudder of awe traversed the synagogue.

"But the Guardian of Israel who permits us to sleep on Passover night without night-prayer, neither slumbers nor sleeps. Maimon had bribed the shamash to let him enter the synagogue and replace the consecration wine."

"Red Judah!" It was like the growl of ten thousand tigers. Some even precipitated themselves upon the writhing wretch.

"Back, back!" cried Ben Amram. "The Almighty has smitten him."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," quoted the rabbi, solemnly.

"Hallelujah!" shouted a frenzied female voice, and "Hallelujah!" the men responded in thunder.

"Red Judah had no true belief in the God of Israel," the physician went on.

"May he be an atonement for us all!" interrupted the cantor.

"Amen!" growled the congregation.

"For a hundred roubles and the promise of personal immunity Red Judah allowed Maimon the Meshumad to change the bottles while all Israel sat at the Seder. It was because the mob saw the Meshumad stealing out of the synagogue that they fell upon him for a pious Jew. Behold, brethren, how the Almighty weaves his threads together. After the repentant sinner had confessed all to me,

and explained how the Cossacks were to be sent to catch all the community assembled helpless in synagogue, I deemed it best merely to get the bottles changed back again. The false bottle contained only bullock's blood, but it would have sufficed to madden the multitude. Since it is I who have the blessed privilege of supplying the consecration wine, it was easy enough to give Maimon another bottle, and armed with this he roused the shamash in the dawn, pretending he had now obtained true human blood. A rouble easily procured him the keys again, and when he brought me back the bullock's blood, I awaited the sequel in peace."

"Praise ye the Lord, for he is good!" sang the cantor, carried away.

"For his mercy endureth for ever," replied the congregation instinctively.

"I did not foresee the shamash would put himself so brazenly forward to hide his guilt, or that he would be asked to drink. But when the *epikouros* (atheist) put the bottle to his lips, expecting to taste blood, and found instead good red wine, doubtless he felt at once that the God of Israel was truly in heaven, that he had wrought a miracle, and changed the blood back to wine."

"And such a miracle God wrought verily," cried the rabbi, grasping the physician's hand, while the synagogue resounded with cries of "May thy strength increase!" and the gallery heaved frantically with blessings and congratulations.

"What wonder," the physician wound up, as he bent again over the ghastly head with its pious ringlets writhing like red snakes, "that he fell stricken by dread of the Almighty's wrath!"

And while men were bearing the convulsive form without, the cantor began to recite the "Grace after Redemption." And then the happy hymns rolled out, and the choristers cried "Pom," and a breath of jubilant hope passed through the synagogue. The mighty hand and the outstretched arm which had redeemed Israel from the Egyptian bondage were still hovering over them, nor would the prophet Elijah for ever delay to announce the ultimate Messiah.—The Sunday-School Times.

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way—
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for the stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

MISS MINERVA'S GERANIUM TREE.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"THERE'S another wagon turning in—that's Amos Bly's spotted horse. I didn't know Laviny Bly *kept* plants."

Miss Minerva peered wistfully across the width of roadway into the little yard that surrounded the church. It was unwontedly lively over there to-day. All the forenoon and the afternoon pedestrians and carriages had been turning in there with loads of potted plants. Miss Minerva knew just how many geraniums there had been in the loads, and how many begonias and fuschias and calla lilies. She had counted them all.

"No, I'm sure I didn't know Laviny Bly—but, there, she must, for Amos is lifting out a plant this minute. It's a geranium, a master big one, too; but it isn't a tree."

The slender little figure wheeled about toward the magnificent plant on the other side of the room, and Miss Minerva's sad eyes lightened with pride. There might be geraniums and geraniums in Far Acres, and some of them might be "master big" ones, like Lavinia Bly's but there was only one tree—only Miss Minerva's. It towered up to the ceiling. Its rich green foliage was snowed over with beautiful white blossoms. Miss Minerva crossed to it and touched it lovingly. The lonely little woman went often to it for comfort.

"You beautiful, beautiful thing!" she murmured. "You'd make an Easter all by yourself! They can bring all their poor little plants and pile 'em up in a heap, but all of 'em put together can't come up to you—just *you!* And you won't be there—" She turned back to the window with a little sigh. Another wagon was unloading in front of the vestry door, and mechanically she counted the pots as they were lifted out.

"Those are Peace Potter's callas. There hasn't anybody else in Far Acres got *two*. One, two—four blossoms out. Well, they'll help out. Everything does, I suppose. I remember the last Easter I helped decorate——"

Miss Minerva broke off with a groan. She did not want to remember. Hadn't she been trying not to all day?

The last time she had been across there in the church, getting ready for Easter Sunday, was a dozen years ago. Twelve—that is not a short time. In twelve years a little lonely woman can grow old. Miss Minerva's hair had whitened, and drooping lines had deepened and settled into permanent position at the corners of her lips. She had sat beside her window twelve years of Sundays and watched Far Acres go to church, with homesick longing in her eyes. Twelve Easter Sundays—would she never get used to it?

The trouble had begun on that Saturday afternoon so long ago. There had been a deacons' meeting in one of the class-rooms, and Nathan had got his feelings hurt in some way. What did it matter how? There had been fault-finding and bitter words. Some one had begun it, some one had kept it up—oh, what did it matter? What did it matter? Nathan was—Nathan, so there would be no end to it. The Trouble—Miss Minerva spelt it with a capital T in her sad thoughts—the Trouble would go on and on. Sometimes Miss Minerva wondered if it would end when she died—if Nathan would let them carry her across there into the dear old church to lie a little while before the altar while the minister prayed and they sang her funeral hymns. She would like to go to church once more.

It was no use trying to remember. Everything stood out clear and pitiless in her mind. She remembered what dress she had on when Nathan came striding into the church—what coat Nathan had on, and how the women had stared in wonder. She remembered that Peace Potter had smiled.

"Come, Minervy, I guess we'll go home and *stay* there," Nathan had said shortly, and how well she remembered the little well-known click in his voice, like the turning of a key in a lock. They had gone home together across the street, and stayed there.

"I won't have part nor passel with the whole lot of them hereafter, nor you won't, Minervy." Nathan had said: "I guess it's a sister's place to stan' by her

brother—I guess so. I guess you and me can manage to shack along alone. Now I've had my say and we'll drop it."

Nathan was—Nathan. There had been no hope from the beginning. Miss Minerva had realized that and made no opposition. In Far Acres there was a saying that a "Greeley grudge extended unto the third and fourth generation, and died hard then."

"There won't be any third and fourth generation to this one," Miss Minerva smiled sadly. "I guess the Lord knew best not to 'set' me and Nathan in families. It wouldn't have been safe. It would have broken my heart to have bequeathed a grudge against the house o' God to my little children and grandchildren. To think of them staying away from church, year in and year out, like this! Oh, it's terrible lonesome—I guess the Lord knew best."

At first the neighbors had been inclined to ignore the "grudge" out of kindness of heart. It seemed a pity to visit Nathan Greeley's sins on poor little Minervy—*she* hadn't ought to be boycotted because of his pigheadedness. So they had gone on running in of an afternoon with their knitting-work, and inviting her to return their visits. But Nathan Greeley controlled the atmosphere in his own house, and gradually the chill of it crept into the kindly, neighborly bones and discouraged further attempts at hospitalities. At the end of the first year the Greeley household was quietly dropped from the "calling list" of Far Acres. Then had begun the long, weary loneliness of living for little Minerva Greeley. It had told sadly on her strength and courage. There had been times—only two—when she had rebelled secretly. And at one of the times she had even put on her church clothes and tied her bonnet strings. She had got as far as the front door—no farther. This Saturday afternoon before Easter there was no rebellion in her gentle soul for herself. But she rebelled against the decree that kept her beautiful plant from its place over there among the flowers that were to celebrate His rising. She coveted the place of honor for her tree, her beautiful great geranium tree. All day she had hoped some one would come and ask her for it, but now she had given that up. She might have known—of course they would not ask any one who had not been to church for twelve years to help trim the altar for the Easter service.

The afternoon trailed out into the twilight, and Miss Minerva saw the women slipping out of the little vestry by twos and threes, and going away to their homes. A sudden impulse had made her pull the geranium tree up to the window, though it had taxed her slender strength to do it. She had rolled the shade up as far as possible, and drawn the muslin draperies out of the way. The tree filled all the window with a network of green and white. It would be easy enough to see how splendid it was from the sidewalk. Peace Potter would surely see—Peace had such sharp eyes! And if she saw and coveted—if she came up the little front walk to the door; if she asked for it! Miss Minerva almost held her breath when Peace Potter came out of the vestry door. Her eager eyes peered between the beautiful green branches. Peace Potter was such a slow walker! She was only as far as the red oak; no, now she was opposite the syringas, now she was opposite *it!* She was looking!

Miss Minerva waited, breathlessly and wistful. She could read Peace Potter's face, and knew she was "coveting." But she went on down the street into the twilight. It was Nathan who came up the little front walk to the door. Minerva met him in the hall.

"Come in here!" she cried, sharply, her voice frightening her as much as it did him. "Come in here and see what you've done! Look at my tree! Stand over there where you can see it better. Did you ever see anything as lovely as that? Could there *be* anything else as lovely to trim the church with to-morrow? Think of it standing up there against the pulpit, Nathan! Oh, Nathan, think of it! Shut your eyes and try to see it. I've been seeing it all day long, and it breaks my heart. Seems to me I can't bear it!" She stopped an instant as if for breath, then the high, strained voice plunged on. "*I* can't go to church—I promised you I wouldn't twelve years ago, and I've kept my promise. I wouldn't complain; I'm *willing* to stay at home to-morrow if my tree could go. If I could sit here by the window and know that that was across there helping keep Easter Sunday, do you think I'd complain? Complain! I'd sit here and sing an Easter hymn all alone! But it won't be there—nobody will ask for it. *That's* what you've done!" And, to Nathan Greeley's utter confusion, the little figure sank on the rugs beside the great earthen flower-pot, and lay there inert and pitiful. In the quiet room there was only the sound of muffled sobbing.

But Nathan was—Nathan. The grudge—the grudge was unsoftened and unlessened in his heart. And love and pity could find no place; that took up all the room. For one instant the man seemed to waver over the prostrate little figure, then he wheeled shortly and strode away out of the room. It grew darker till the beautiful white blossoms of the great plant made the only glints of white in the gloom. Miss Minerva, her excitement spent and the old weary resignation back in her heart, got up after awhile and felt her way across to the door. There was Nathan's supper to get; the dull routine of things must go on though the slow grinding wear away her strength. Miss Minerva had never felt as feeble and sore and lonely—not quite—as she did to-night.

Nathan Greeley strode out of the house again, his mouth set in its old stubborn lines. The neighbors said Nathan had the "Greeley mouth," and had it hard.

Down the street a light glimmered in the little parsonage parlor. The window was open, and Nathan could hear the boyish voice of the young minister as he passed. It was pitched high and solemn, as if he were preaching. Some of his words crept out clearly to Nathan, and whether he would or not, he heard them distinctly.

"And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great." It was the minister's text. He was rehearsing his Easter sermon in the quiet of his little parlor. His earnest, boyish voice went eagerly on, gathering fervor and strength. And outside in the darkness Nathan Greeley stood and listened. He could not have told why he did not go on down the street on his errand. He did not want to wait, but he waited. From beginning to ending he heard all the pleading little Easter message. It was the only sermon he had heard in twelve years.

"'For it was very great,' could anything but divine strength have rolled it away? Is there one of you, dear souls, whose heart is closed and sealed with a stone that is 'very great?' Have you tried to roll it away till your frail, human hands are scarred and bleeding? Have you forgotten—ah, then remember to-day. Remember His strength that rolled that other stone away, on that other Easter morning. Have you forgotten to appeal to that strength, some one of you, dear souls? Was there ever a time to do it more beautiful than to-day—the day He rolled the stone away from His grave and came forth our Risen One? Do you think He would ask a sweeter celebration of the day?"

The clear young voice rang out into the solemn quiet of the night. The man outside, listening, drank in every syllable. The minister was talking to him. It was he whose heart was sealed, and the stone was very great. Could anything but the strength of the Mighty Risen One roll it away?

Miss Minerva's tea was poured out late that night. It emitted a steeped, rank odor, and Miss Minerva glanced at Nathan uneasily. Nathan did not like boiled tea. If he said anything to-night—but Nathan drank the steaming cupful without comment. He was always silent, but to-night scarcely a word was spoken at the little table. His face, if Miss Minerva had read it right, was oddly softened. The harsh lines in it were less pronounced; there was something about the set of the strong, thin lips that in another man's face one would have called tenderness. But Miss Minerva did not understand. To-night her own sore heart needed all her thoughts. She put away the tea things and crept upstairs to bed.

The moon rose at nine. Miss Minerva's room was flooded with a radiance of soft, white light, and she lay in it, a little sombre, and thought her sad thoughts patiently. She could not go to sleep. At a little after ten she got up and dressed again.

"I know what I'm going to do," she said. "I'm going across the street and look in the east window of the church. The ground's rising there and I can stand on my tiptoes. It's most as bright as day out—I know I could see the trimmings. And I'm worn out hankering to see the pulpit and the organ and the Greeley pew again. If I can't go to church I guess I can look in the window. I never promised I wouldn't do that. It seems as if 'twas a Providence having the moonshine so bright just when I can't seem to bear it any longer!"

She hurried softly downstairs and across the street. Her heart was beating in quick, pumping throbs of excitement. Once when she was a little child she had run away in the moonlight, and the remembrance of it came back to her now. She laughed a little nervously.

The ground under the east window of the church rose to a convenient pitch. It was quite easy to reach up and peer into the big, dim room. Miss Minerva clung to the window-sill and looked with

hungry eyes. Not at the flowers—not first. She looked at the empty pews and sought out eagerly the one she had sat in so many years. Even in the dimness, how plainly she could see it! The big hymn-book and the little thumbed, worn one were in the rack, just as they had been twelve years ago. There was the palm-leaf fan, too, with the edge bound with a strip of her mother's wedding dress! It was colorless in the faint light, but to Miss Minerva's eyes it was a strip of tender green. She remembered how carefully she had bound it round the frayed edges of the fan.

After a little she looked at the bank of flowers in the little altar. Then Miss Minerva uttered a low cry of utmost wonder, for there in the centre, its sweet white blossoms outlined in beautiful tracery against the tall old pulpit was her tree! It towered splendidly above all the potted plants. In her dreams she had never thought it could look as beautiful as that.

"Dear land!" cried Miss Minerva in tremulous pride and joy. Then sudden suspicion smote her. If it should be somebody else's—no, no, no, it was hers! It could not be anybody else's. In all Far Acres there was only one perfect, peerless tree like that. And how beautiful—how beautiful it was in there among the Easter flowers! After the first puzzled instant Miss Minerva, in her joy, scarcely wondered how it came there. Enough that it was there. For a full ten minutes she stood there painfully on her tiptoes, only exultant and proud. Then came the wonder.

"It's past believing!" she marvelled, "but it's there; I know it's there! It isn't a beautiful ghost—it's *it!* But what does it mean? Dear heart alive, how ever came it there?"

Something moved a little in the moonlighted church—something down in front of the little altar beside the flowers. Miss Minerva was startled until she saw what it was. She cried out softly then. In another moment she was in the church herself.

"Nathan! Nathan!" she called, and he came to meet her down the dim, quiet aisle.

"Oh, Nathan, what does it mean? I came to see the other flowers, and mine was here. And then—and then I found you!" She was looking into his face, marvelling at what she saw. For Nathan's face was happy and bright, like a little child's.

"The stone, Minervy—it means the stone is rolled away," he said, quietly. It's been sealing my heart up all this time—'for it was very great,'" he added, solemnly. And Miss Minerva understood. Brother and sister, together there in the faint white light and the fragrance of the flowers, they held a little Easter service of praise. The voices of the choir, too sweet and soft for human ears, must have chanted the good news jubilantly in the ears of the Risen One.—Epworth Herald.

HUMILITY.

BY M. E. RICHARDSON.

I cannot picture thee with downcast eyes,
Of shrinking, cringing form and drooping mien
Aye dwelling lowly amid scenes terrene,
While heavenward all thy sister graces rise
Unfettered. Nay, the joy of high emprise
Is thine as theirs. From thee this fleshly screen
Veils not the wonders of a world unseen
That open only to the lowly-wise.

Westmount, Montreal.

There, 'whelmèd by Love's breadth and depth and height,
No sense of weakness doth thy soul enthral
As low in adoration thou dost fall
Before the presence of the Infinite;—
But these the words that from thy lips take flight,
"Through Christ who strengtheneth I can do all."

DICK BRIMACOMBE'S WEDDING.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

I.

UNCLE ABE.

IT was Uncle Abe who married them. You see, there was nobody else to do it; and, if there had been, the young folks would just have stuck to Uncle Abe. Whether you wanted to be christened, or married, or buried, you always sent for Uncle Abe; and when folks were sick or in trouble, you would be sure to see Uncle Abe's buggy standing outside the door—and a rough kind of thing it was, for Uncle Abe had to be his own carriage repairer, if not carriage builder, and there was very little of the original left. He made his own harness, cut from a cow-hide. Everybody did that much—felled the timber, and built the house, and roofed it with shingles; but it was Uncle Abe who could mend your furniture, and set your plough right, and cure your aches, and cobble your shoes, and held that nothing was worn out so long as it could be kept together by a bit of leather or a strip of bark.

He lived in what was then counted the backwoods of Canada, a place now as civilized as any old-fashioned town at home, where the latest advertisements cover the walls, and the latest fashions fill the drapery stores, and three daily papers record the latest news or invent it, as the case may be, availing themselves of the opportunity of contradicting it all in to-morrow's issue. But in the forties of the last century it was a wild spot, where there were so many wolves that nobody could keep a sheep. The old folks still tell how that, looking out of a window on a frosty night, they often saw a pack of wolves leaping over the logs and sniffing about the place. Here it was that a few hardy settlers had made a clearing and built each his wooden shanty. And here they lived their lives, rough and hard, but healthy and happy; and, *however little they owned, it was all their own, which made it so much.*

Uncle Abe was not exactly a minister. He never gave up business, and no man amongst them worked harder. He was big and strong, fearing God and then fearing nothing and nobody. Hard and narrow, it may be, in the view of some, when he found the evildoer, but all kindness and goodness when he came to deal with the sick and suffering. So it was that he was ordained a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He gathered the scattered population together in house or barn for preaching services. He baptized the babies, and married the couples, and buried the dead, and preached the funeral sermons, and did as much good as any Right Reverend Father in God. Payment for his services was mostly in kind. The sweet sentiment of lovers whose bliss was consummated by marriage found a grateful acknowledgment in the gift of a bear skin, and the peaceful burial of some old saint was requitted by the skin of a wild wolf.

This was Uncle Abe, who married Dick Brimacombe to Jessie MacDonald, and, although they have all passed away, there stands to this day the maple tree under whose branches the bride and bridegroom stood on that memorable day.

II.

WHAT CAME OF A PARING BEE.

Dick Brimacombe, they said, would never marry; he was not a marrying man. That he was thirty-five years old, and had not sought a wife, was quite enough to settle the matter in the minds of the maidens who met at church or on the few and simple occasions when the settlers gathered at some festivity. He had come, a little lad, with his father and mother from the west country at home before he could remember. Indeed, there was but one memory that filled his boyhood's days; beside that all else was lost, behind that nothing seemed to lie.

It was one day in winter, when he was some twelve or thirteen years of age, that he had gone with his father into the woods to fetch the logs for fuel, a thing sorely needed where the cold often sank below zero. Dick's work was to drive the horses home with the load on

the sleigh, and merrily rang his voice and the crack of his whip in the still and frosty air. On one of these journeys, as he drove along the rough track, a wolf ran from the bush and galloped snarling at his side. The horses, terrified, rushed madly away, and Dick had to hang on with all his might to keep from being flung off.

The beast kept trying to leap upon him, and sprang, hideous with bloodshot eyes and open mouth from which the specks of foam flew as it ran, every now and then madly snapping its cruel teeth. Then suddenly an arrow from an unseen hand fled straight at the beast and killed it instantly. An Indian to whom they had shown some kindness had caught sight of it, and thus saved the lad. It was a mad wolf that had broken away from the rest of the pack and roamed by itself—a creature far more fierce than any other, since the venom of its madness meant that the least touch of its teeth—and some said even the scratch of its claw—meant certain death, and that perhaps the most terrible death that a man can die.

The Indian hastened to tell the father of the son's peril and escape, and as they returned together to the place where the dead wolf lay Dick joined them.

"Well," said the old man, when he had heard the story from both of them, and given the Indian all the tobacco he had, "we will have his skin, anyhow. He shall do some good now he is dead, which is more than he did when alive. The boy shall have that for his own."

Taking out the knife that hung from his belt, he proceeded to skin the beast. But he was all unmindful that his hands were chapped with the cold. It cost him his life. A fortnight later he died of hydrophobia.

From that hour the boy became a man. His was all the hard work of the place; his the burden of anxiety in the struggle to live. And bravely he carried his load. Utterly absorbed in his work, he grew old before his time, and as he passed through the years of his early manhood life had no room for sentiment, no leisure for love, except in the tender care and unceasing devotion which he showed to his mother.

The life of those days in those parts was by no means lacking in opportunity for courtship. No hired help could be had then, and the neighbors gathered at each other's houses in turn to lend a hand at all that required any extra help. And on such occasions Dick Brimacombe came gladly enough *to do his share of* work. There was a Raising-bee, when a man wanted to put up a barn, and every neighbor brought a horse or a yoke of oxen to drag the timber and then help to put it in its place. There was a Logging-bee, when they gathered to bring the logs to the fire, and made ready the potash, the only thing for which they got paid in cash; all else was a matter of barter. There was the Paring-bee, when they made ready the apples and pumpkins for winter use.

Such occasions were always finished by a great supper, at which as many as fifty or sixty guests would gather, and this was followed by all kinds of merry games. Then they drove home in waggons or sleighs. But Dick Brimacombe seldom stayed to supper, and never to the merry-making afterwards. There was nobody else to see to the cows and to set things right for the night, and his mother sat by the lonely fireside; so before anybody knew it he was gone. Little wonder the maidens had come to think of him as not a marrying man.

But old Mrs. Brimacombe had died, and there had come changes that quickly told on Dick. The evenings were long and lonely as he sat now after supper when the day's work was done, and there was nobody to cook his victuals and to see to his buttons. A hundred discomforts began to meet him which only a woman's hand could set right, if he could but find the one that suited him, one who could do all these matters as his mother had done.

The chance soon came, and Dick took it eagerly. It was at a paring-bee, where the neighbors for half a dozen miles around had come together to pare and prepare the apples for the winter. It was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see—the men busy picking the ruddy apples from the trees and filling the baskets, then emptying them in piles where the groups of maidens sat laughing and chatting merrily, one skilfully peeling the apples, another quartering them, whilst yet another threaded the pieces with a needle on a fine string some yard or two long, these later to festoon the kitchen and thus be dried for winter use. The fallen leaves of the trees already littered the orchard, whilst the maple stood ablaze with gold and deepest crimson hues.

Amongst the girls was one more quiet than the rest, to whom Dick Brimacombe brought his basket more than once, and then lingered watching her hands as skilfully and swiftly she pared the apples. If it had been any other of the men, there would certainly have been some laughing

pleasantry about it, but it was only Dick, and nobody took any notice of him—nobody, that is, except Jessie MacDonald herself. She, seated on the ground, her lap full of apples, turned her head and met the eager look of Dick, and at once had read the secret. With a blush on her cheek, she bent her face low down, and went on more busily with her work.

Then Dick flung himself down at her side. "Let me help you," he laughed, and, taking an apple out of her lap, he began to eat it. The others looked; but there, it was only Dick Brimacombe, and he did not count, from a girl's standpoint.

The early supper was over, and all were taking part in the games. Dick, unused to games and awkward at merry-making, had strolled away into the orchard again. The great harvest moon was rising over the distant woods. Presently he caught sight of Jessie leaning against a fence watching the moon rise. He little guessed how hardly she was trying not to think of what filled all her thoughts. His coming startled her. He was at her side before she had caught sight of him. For a few moments they stood in silence.

"I want to have a Paring-bee," said Dick.

Jessie said nothing, only turned her head towards him, hoping that he had not seen the blush that filled her face, and glad to notice that he was looking at the moon.

"I guess it would be a new kind of Paring-bee, too."

Jessie looked up with a questioning wonder.

"I am only going to ask one—a sort of Queen Bee," Dick went on.

Jessie's eyes fell, and she grasped the fence nervously.

"And when she comes I want her to stay and see the apples dried, and then to cook them, and help to eat them, too."

Jessie beat the fence timidly with her foot. Then Dick slipped his arm in hers. "Jessie, will you be my Queen Bee?" The little hand slipped into Dick's big ones. For a minute there was silence, except as the crickets chirped in noisy chorus; but Dick heard the words almost whispered, "Do you mean it, Dick?" Then he sealed the bargain with a kiss, and it was settled.

"We shall have to be quick about it," said Dick, as they came to the house again. "Apples won't keep long this season, I'm afraid."

So Dick Brimacombe was going to be married.

III.

THE WEDDING.

It was within a very few weeks of the Paring-bee that there came the wedding. There was no need for delay, and Dick thought there was much need for haste; so they had seen Uncle Abe and fixed it all with him. They had got the license, and the day was fixed when at the nearest little church the friends were to gather and the marriage was to take place. The autumn had passed into the early winter, and there had come a great storm of wind and rain. All night the wind blew, and all night the rain pelted. Dick slept soundly as only a tired man can, but Jessie lay awake half the night listening to the roar of the blast in the woods, moaning and howling, and to the beat of the rain. How could she get to church in the simple finery in which she was to be decked? And then a new horror seized her. What if the river were swollen, and Uncle Abe could not cross to marry them! She slept, but it was only to dream that she was being swept away in some fierce torrent in which Dick struggled vainly to save her. The day broke with dull, heavy clouds on every side; no sign of any clearing was there, and the rain came down with a steady and persistent beat as if it would never cease. Later, they met at the church, the bride and bridegroom, with a few of her friends. Dick had no relatives that he knew of in the world, and was his own best man.

But there was no Uncle Abe. The wind roared about the little church, then went howling into the woods like a thing in pain. In gusts the rain beat on the window panes. The little company sat waiting in silence, when one came into the church with the news that Uncle Abe was the other side of the river and could not come across. The stepping-stones were buried several feet below the raging flood. There was no chance of any wedding to-day. They must go home again and wait until the flood was over.

"Never," said Dick; "we'll manage it somehow."

Forth went the bride and bridegroom to the bank of the river, where Dick set Jessie in the shelter of the big maple tree and then called across to Uncle Abe.

The rush and roar of the torrent was the deep bass to the howl of the wind, and it was difficult for him to hear his own voice as he shouted, "What's to be done, Uncle Abe?"

"Nothing, I guess, my son," said

Uncle Abe. "I'm just awful sorry. I should have to go miles up the river before I could cross it, and it would take me all day."

"Dick," whispered Jessie, close at his side, "ask him if he can't manage it standing over there."

"Say, Uncle Abe," bawled Dick with all his might, "can't you do it over there?"

"What?" shouted Uncle Abe, and Dick had to say it again before it was heard.

"I don't see how I can," and Uncle Abe scratched his head. "I can't marry you without the license."

"Dear, dear!" said Dick helplessly.

"We can manage the license all right," said Jessie. "Take your handkerchief and put a big stone in it, and the license, and you can fling it across."

"That's just grand," said Dick. "I should never have thought of that," and a minute later the thing went flying across the river to Uncle Abe.

"Well, we can try it, anyhow," roared the Deacon, as he came to the brink of the river and stood in the pelting rain. "Come as near as you can."

So the service began. Now the words rang out clear and distinct as in a church, then again nothing could be heard. But Uncle Abe struggled on with his part, and Dick was not to be beaten.

"Say after me, Dick," roared Uncle Abe, "*I know not*—" For a moment it was useless to struggle with the roar of the storm. Then he began again, "I know not any just cause—"

Dick got safely through this part, but it was in vain that Jessie tried to make her voice heard across the river.

"I can't hear," roared Uncle Abe, leaning across the surging flood, and holding his hand at his ear.

"She said it right enough," yelled Dick.

"We heard her," said the little group about the maple tree; "we can swear to that."

There was a pause, and the whole matter seemed in peril. Then Uncle Abe roared across to them, "Hold up a hand, my dear. I guess that will do under the circumstances."

And up went Jessie's hand.

"Dick Brimacombe, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" cried Uncle Abe, and then stood listening, his hand against his ear. But there was no need for that. Dick put both his hands to his mouth, and in a tone that might have defied Niagara's thunder, roared, "*I will!*"

"Guess Uncle Abe heard that right enough," said the group to each other with a smile. Then Uncle Abe began again.

"Jessie, my dear, it's your turn now. Can you hear?" Jessie nodded her head.

"Jessie MacDonald, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" But it was in vain that poor Jessie tried to get her words across.

"She says she will, right enough," said Dick impatiently.

"But I've got for to hear it," cried Uncle Abe.

"Let her hold up her hand," pleaded Dick.

"Well, then, Jessie, my dear, hold up a hand if you mean it."

"Hold up both," whispered Dick.

"You've got hold of one," said Jessie.

"Well, I'll hold up this one, and you hold up the other," laughed Dick; and up went both Jessie's hands high in the air.

"Have you got the ring?" cried Uncle Abe.

"Here it is, uncle," Dick roared, holding it up.

"Well, put it on. Jessie will show you the finger."

"All right, Uncle Abe. What next?"

"Hold it there, and say after me—"

Now it was whilst Dick's hands were busy in this part of the ceremony that there came a violent blast, which sent Dick's hat flying before it and dropped it into the surging stream. It was Jessie's old aunt who flung a big black shawl over Dick's head and accidentally covered them both.

"All right," roared Uncle Abe. "That will do."

And Dick took the opportunity, whilst hidden in the shawl, to give his wife a kiss that sealed the wedding as a kiss had sealed the engagement.

"God bless you, my children," said Uncle Abe, as he crawled into his buggy. "I guess you're tied up all right."

"Thank 'ee, Uncle Abe; I'll owe you a bear skin," roared Dick.

"Come and see us soon," said Jessie, but the words failed to get across the river. They were lost in the roar of the flood and the howl of the storm.—The Quiver.

THE BARRIER.

BY A. B. COOPER.

I.

"YOU have got China on the brain."

"No, I have got China on the heart."

The first speaker was a woman, or rather a girl—for she could have been barely twenty—and she was evidently angry and a little disgusted, for she sat up straight upon the piano-stool and turned her head determinedly away from the wistful face of the young man at her side. Speech is invariably fatal when the speaker is angry. A strict seal upon the lips is the only safe course. Constance Goring knew this perfectly well, and at that very moment her better self was prompting her to golden silence. But no, Harry was stubborn, self-opinionated, and generally "horrid" over this whole business, and —well—she would not let her temper wait on her discretion, and allow time to soften her mood.

"You used to say I occupied that place," she said, still with averted face.

"So you do, darling," replied Harry Fane, with a tone of quiet consciousness of being in the right, which, however admirable, is irritating to the one who is in the wrong.

"Well, I don't want to share your heart with a lot of yellow pigtails." This time Constance did turn round and face her lover. Her face was flushed, and her eyes flashed.

Then Harry made a mistake. He took these foolish, spiteful words for the genuine expression of this young girl's convictions, and he answered her according to her folly.

"You couldn't say that if you really loved me," he said.

"Well, I have said it, so I don't love you," said Constance stubbornly.

"Don't you?" There was a depth of pain in the young man's tone which for the moment shook Constance off her pedestal, but she hardened her heart.

"You say I don't. I am living up to my reputation," she said coldly.

"Well, what is it to be?" he said, looking straight in front of him with set face and stern mouth.

"It is not to be at all," she said. "We may as well say good-bye at once and get it over. You've got a craze for going to China—"

"It's not a craze; it's a duty," interpolated Fane.

"Call it what you like. I call it a craze. I say you can do just as much good by staying at home; and though you have foolishly resolved to sacrifice a brilliant career, you cannot expect me to do the same thing. I have thought about it day and night, till—till—my heart—" There was an ominous trembling of the lower lip which immediately brought Harry down from his perch, and sent a flood of love surging through his heart for the girl who, in spite of everything, was still all the world to him.

"Constance, my love," he began; and a tenderness came into his eyes.

"No, no," cried Constance, springing to her feet and retiring a pace or two. "Don't, Harry, don't. It's no use beginning all over again. You've chosen your way, and I've chosen mine. We can never see eye to eye. When what appears a sacred duty to you appears to me a mere craze, it is evident that there is a real barrier between us."

"I shall pray for you in the far country, Constance," said the young man, feeling that for the present at least the end had come. "I shall pray every day that the barrier may be removed."

"It never can be," said Constance, with conviction. "It never, never can be."

"'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,'" quoted Harry in a husky voice.

"Well, go, go," said Constance impulsively, biting her lips to keep back the tears. "No, no, I am not angry now, Harry: I am just resolved. I should be nothing but a hindrance as the wife of a medical missionary. As you value your work, be content to do without me."

"And that is your last word, Constance?"

"Yes, the very best. It's my firm conviction."

II.

From the worldly standpoint Constance Goring could certainly make out a very good case both with respect to Harry Fane's folly and her own wisdom. A year ago, when they were first engaged, any such cause for the rupture of the engagement seemed as remote as the stars. Harry had just become the junior partner of an old and celebrated physician in Harley Street, and everybody looked upon his success as practically assured. His career had been one of exceptional brilliance. If there was a scholarship going Harry secured it, and he was generally looked upon as the best man that Bart's had turned out for a dozen years.

Though a thoughtful man at all times, and one to whom conscience and duty had always made a strong appeal, the religious influences under which he had hitherto come had been of the conventional order; and while they had to some extent succeeded in influencing his conduct, they had never touched his heart. Dr. Bradley, of Harley Street, however, was not only a great physician but he was a Methodist of the good old-fashioned type, and Harry had not been three months his partner ere the old man loved him as a son, and, unknown to Harry, made it the daily burden of his prayers that Harry's heart might be touched with the divine fire, so that all that was noble in him by nature should be made Godlike by grace.

One of the most frequent visitors at Harley Street was the Rev. Charles Hammond, a man of rare enthusiasm and charm. He first of all captured Harry's intellect, for he was a man of wide culture and sound learning, and the two soon became excellent friends. So, imperceptibly, by conversation and example of these two godly men, the heart of Harry Fane became prepared for the seed of the kingdom.

That seed was sown one night at the great hall where the Rev. Charles Hammond preached every Sunday night to a vast congregation. Harry had consented to accompany the old doctor, and he heard for the first time the sanctified common sense, illumined with a real passion for humanity, which constituted the preacher's eloquence, and which was quite sufficient to attract every grade of society to his services. There can be no doubt that the preparation of the heart, which had been going on silently but surely, had much to do with the effect which Mr. Hammond's sermon had upon the young man. In the good old-fashioned way, as he sat beside his friend and partner, he saw himself a sinner in the sight of God: he saw that his only hope was in the redeeming work of Jesus Christ, and he there and then sought and found peace in believing. How he eventually became possessed of the idea of devoting his splendid talents and skill to the cause of missions in China not even Dr. Bradley knew, and it is doubtful whether Harry Fane knew himself. Doubtless the good Spirit of God put the missionary cause upon his heart, and after that the sense of duty, which was his even before he was converted, settled the thought into the fixed determination of his life.

It was this, as we have seen, which led to his final parting with Constance Goring. He had had many talks with her since the light had broken into his life, and up to a certain point she had listened patiently if not sympathetically. But when he actually proposed to her that she should either accompany him to China, or join him there after a brief interval, she immediately and strongly demurred.

The factor which most strongly worked against the dictates of her heart was her ambition. She had a voice of gold. She was still studying, and her appearance before audiences had been hitherto only of a semi-private character; but there were good judges who believed that she could easily and instantly take her place in the front rank of vocalists. She dreamed of having the world at her feet, of crowds of rapt, upturned faces worshipping at the shrine of song; she heard in imagination the applause of enthusiastic thousands, and she had made a stipulation with her lover, even before his conversion, that her marriage should not interfere with her musical career.

On the other hand, Harry's worldly ambitions were now fused in the white-hot flame of his enthusiasm for humanity. To him wealth and fame had become baubles that were not worth the seeking. Like St. Paul, he was determined to "know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But to Constance this was mere foolishness. She could not see it in his light at all. It seemed to her a deliberate flinging away of life's best opportunities, and she could not, and would not, face the ordeal.

III.

If fame meant huge posters which contained but one name, and that *Constance Goring;* if fame meant enthusiastic audiences, tears and laughter at will as the beautiful songstress coined her throat into golden notes, then in the three years which had elapsed since she parted with Harry Fane, Constance Goring had attained her desire. But attainment is often another way of spelling disillusionment, and on the whole, in spite of a sincere love for her art, Constance had found fame but Dead Sea fruit, "all ashes to the taste." Was it lack of love in her life? She had always been a little heart lonely until she met Harry Fane, for she had early been left an orphan, although her means had been ample. Of flatterers and suitors she had plenty, but these she treated with contempt and those with indifference. Her heart was hungry, and she knew it. But she had not come to the point of laying the blame at her own door, and in her harder moods she thought almost bitterly of Harry, and would say to herself that he had spoiled her life. Sometimes the softer mood prevailed, and she thought of him far away in China, alone, unhelped; but even then she would say, "He couldn't have cared for me very much, or he would not have left me." She had specially asked him not to communicate with her, for she had said in her downright manner, "It is no use to keep the fire smouldering. We might as well let it go out if it will."

Ah! "if it will." The "if" made all the difference. The fire would not go out. It kept leaping up and defying every effort to quench it, and in her moments of dejection she had confessed in the secret places of her heart that love was worth all things besides, and without it all things were stale and unprofitable. When this heart-unrest was at its height, a strange thing happened—strange at least to those who do not believe in God's personal solicitude for His children.

Constance had completed her engagement in a Midland town, but delayed her return to London until the following day. Walking through the town in the morning, she saw upon the front of a large Wesleyan chapel in one of the main streets an announcement of a missionary meeting, and the name of a missionary from China was mentioned as the principal speaker. Instantly Constance made up her mind to attend the meeting; for, though she did not allow her tongue even to whisper the words, her thoughts were, "I may hear something of Harry."

The audience was bowed in prayer when Constance, with her veil down, entered the church that night, so she slipped unobtrusively into the hindmost pew. A white-haired man of noble aspect, but evidently not a minister, was praying. "We pray Thee, O Lord," he was saying, "to give to us not only the seeing eye and the hearing ear, but the understanding heart. Grant us love-vision, that the things from which our natural sight revolts may become attractive to us, and the duties which now appear to us to be the bitterest crosses may become our chief delight. Teach us how easy it is to turn away from the kingdom of God for the baubles of fame and wealth, and help us to see the worth of things as Jesus Christ saw them, that our ambitions and desires may be for the things of true and eternal worth."

Yes, the face was familiar, and the voice struck a chord of memory which was unmistakable. Then, like a flash, Constance, who had been so much about the world, and had seen so many faces during the last three years, remembered whom the speaker was. It was none other than Dr. Bradley, Harry's one-time partner, and his dear friend as Constance knew. Once she felt bitter towards him, persuading herself that it was mainly by his influence that Harry had been seized with his new enthusiasm. But now, as the voice pleaded amid the silence, there was no such thought in her heart. Indeed, she felt strangely softened, and had difficulty in restraining her tears. Then the congregation rose to sing, "Jesu, Thy boundless love to me," and Constance found herself singing, with more real feeling behind the words than ever before—

"Still let Thy love point out my way,
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought."

But the climax of the meeting was reached during the speech of the missionary from China. He had a thrilling story to tell, for he had been in China during the Boxer Rebellion, and the terrors and triumphs of that time of fear were engraven upon his heart.

"The wife and three children of a missionary who had been murdered in a neighboring town," he said, "escaped almost miraculously to Hang-Chu, and took refuge in the hospital. Three days later Boxers attacked the town, and the young medical missionary with the poor woman and her children, were hidden in an old monastery in the hills outside

the city walls for two weeks, until some means could be arranged for their conveyance to the river, and thence to the coast. But they were betrayed, and had to fly for their lives—the young medical missionary carrying the two young children mile after mile—avoiding the main roads, and making as best they could in the direction of the river, where they hoped to find friendliness and help.

"Five times in that terrible journey of forty miles were they in imminent danger of their lives. Once, indeed, they were captured, and the young missionary was put to the torture. He endured it with Christian heroism, and was only saved from death by the arrival of a messenger from the governor, giving the party safe conduct. But again they were treacherously treated, and in a fight in the darkness the young man's arm was broken. In spite of this, and without making known his misfortune, he managed to escape with his charge, and at length, by the good providence of God, they reached the river and comparative safety.

"I have seen Dr. Harry Fane only twice; but our good chairman, Dr. Bradley, can tell you that the heroism he displayed during that terrible month was only what might be expected from one who gave up his splendid prospects, and all that his heart held dear from the worldly standpoint, to bury himself in the heart of China. If this life were all, we should cry, 'Fool!' but there is no one in this audience who will blame him." (Constance felt her face flush beneath her veil, and she felt meaner than ever before in her life.) "No, this man is truly living. He is treading the path which heroes and martyrs have made the path of glory. He has become an inspiration to his fellow men and an honor to the Church of Christ."

As soon as the missionary's speech was over, the meeting resolved itself into an informal convention for testimony, questions, and suggestions. Why Constance did it she scarcely knew. Her main thought was that she must do something to make atonement for her past unkindness to Harry Fane. She felt that she had been a moral coward hitherto; and in consequence her life had been lived in vain. Now she must do something, she knew not what, to break down the barrier of which Harry once spoke, and for the removal of which he said he would pray daily. She wondered miserably now if he still prayed for her, or whether she had ever crossed his thoughts during that awful journey.

Then suddenly she found herself walking along the aisle toward the platform, and a minute later she stood upon it. She was accustomed to facing great audiences, but not for the purpose of making a speech, and yet she felt she was there to say something to break down that barrier. What should it be? Words utterly failed her, and she stood for a moment, while a great hush fell upon the audience.

Then she had a sudden inspiration. She could sing if she could not speak, and she lifted her veil, and with that voice which had thrilled thousands she sang—

"There is a green hill far away."

She had sung many songs, and she had ever been remarkable for the feeling she put into them, and many times had she moved her audience to tears. Now, ere she reached the second verse she was herself moved to tears. Her emotion did not seem to affect her voice, for it still filled the church with its wonderful sweetness; but the tears rolled down her cheeks as she sang the second verse—

"We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there."

Not only she herself, but every one who heard her had a vision of Calvary. Then, as the song proceeded, her voice became more triumphant, and the last verse was sung with a smile upon the singer's face—

"Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too;
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do."

IV

"6 Harley Street, W.

"My Dear Harry—

"I have glorious news for you. Who do you think I saw last night and spoke to? Why none other than Constance Goring. Don't start, my boy. Though her name has never been breathed between us during the last three years, I know as well as if you had told me a thousand times that she is still dear to you. It wouldn't surprise you, I suppose, to hear that you are still dear to her? Ah, it would, would it? Well, I can assure you she did not tell me you

were; but you know my diagnoses are seldom at fault, and I am something of a heart specialist, as all the world knows. But here am I joking, when I ought to be serious, and yet I feel so uplifted that, although I am just as serious as ever I was in my life, I find it almost impossible to get my feet on solid common sense.

"What a wonderful time we had last night, to be sure! No sooner had I got my eyes wiped and the lump in my throat swallowed, than I had to start all over again, until I began to think I must have really reached my second childhood. First of all, the Rev. Henry Stewart told the story of your escape with that poor woman and her children, and upon my word, dear boy, I felt proud of you. Then I got the next thrill when I saw a stately lady coming down the aisle and right on to the platform. I knew her the minute she lifted her veil, although you know I only saw her twice in your company, and had not set eyes on her since you went away, although I had come across her name in the papers and on the hoardings at every turn. I never was so much surprised in my life. There was no mistake about it; it was Constance Goring herself, and she stood and faced that audience like a hero—or heroine, I suppose it should be.

"My word, she must have been deeply stirred, or she could never have done it. You see, the meeting was open for any one to do anything or say anything they liked, and Constance told me afterwards that she felt impelled to do something—something unconventional—which would break down a barrier, a certain barrier she talked about. She did not tell me, but I guessed by the way she said it that it had something to do with what you had once said to her. Well, she broke down my barriers completely, and I was too much entranced to mop the tears up. She has a voice in a million, nay, in ten millions, and the way she sang "There is a green hill far away" was a hundred sermons rolled in one.

"But the best of it all is, Constance Goring was converted last night, soundly converted, Harry—no nonsense about it. I could tell by her eyes she had got the vision. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new to her. I know it will be good news to you, Harry, and I know too that it is in answer to your prayers that this great thing has come to pass. I will write to you again in a few days, telling you all the usual things, but this letter is sacred to the one thing; so with every good wish.

"I remain your old friend,

"Morton Bradley.

"P.S.—Her address is 5 Charlton Gardens, W."

And what about Constance? Oh, human love is very real and very tangible and very necessary to this little life. Constance felt this during the next five weeks. In coming into harmony with Harry's view of life, any love she had felt for him in the past seemed as moonlight to sunlight compared with her love for him now. Yet she had voluntarily put him out of her life. She could not think of writing to him. Had she not herself made him promise not to correspond? No, she could do nothing. She had wronged him too deeply. Nor was she worthy of him. How could she ever be a helpmeet to a man such as he was? Yet the barrier was down. She felt in touch with him, even though, perhaps, she should never be able to tell him so. They saw eye to eye. The miracle had been wrought, and the thing he had promised to pray for daily had come to pass.

But she reckoned without Dr. Bradley. Indeed, it says much for her new humility that she never dreamt of his intervention, yet it was to him that she carried a certain piece of flimsy paper, inscribed with magical words which had been flashed under oceans and over continents. They read, "Will you come? Meet steamer Hong Kong. Harry."

"Well, my dear, what will you say in reply?" said the good doctor, looking at Constance humorously over his spectacles.

"I have replied already," said Constance.

"Ah! Ah! you have then?" said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Constance, "an hour ago."

"Ah, my dear," said the doctor, "you should have come to me first. Cablegrams are expensive, and ladies never save words."

"I did," said Constance, laughing in her turn. "My cablegram consisted of two words."

"And they were—?" cried the doctor.

"Yes.—Constance."—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Current Topics and Events.

THE TRAGEDY OF MUKDEN.

RUSSIAN CARTOON.

Death leading the sons eastward to battle.
The fathers driven into exile.

Never before has the world watched with such intense and absorbing interest the dreadful tragedy of war as during the greatest battle of history, which has been waged upon the Manchurian plains. It seems almost incredible that, even allowing for the difference of time, we could read in Toronto at noon news dated at Tokio at 11 a.m. the same day. During the invasion of Russia by Napoleon—the event which comes nearer in magnitude to the present war than any other—long weeks and sometimes even months elapsed before details of battle were reported, but now we can almost be present on the battlefield—so full and vivid are the press reports. Never have such enormous armies fought since Darius, with his million of men, met the Greeks at Arbela, and never were such deadly enginery of war, such scientific instruments of slaughter employed for the destruction of mankind.

Surely after such crushing defeat the Czar will yield to the logic of events and give up the reckless game of Beggar-my-neighbor—while he most of all beggars himself. Yet we read that, like Pharaoh, he hardens his heart and determines to send another and another army to be sacrificed to his indomitable pride. Well may the Russians, as described in Herr Hugo Ganz's book, pray for a smashing defeat as their only hope of liberty—and they are like to have it. If with their enormous resources and position strongly fortified for months upon the Shakhe they were unable to withstand the intrepidity and skill and strategy of the Japanese, their routed and shattered armies cannot hope to rally against the victorious foe.

The Japanese, we read, still propose generous terms. Instead of being drunk with victory and planning to destroy the Russian power they ask little more than Russia promised all the world to give two years ago. Never were more strikingly fulfilled the words of Scripture, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

"ALL THIS MUST PASS AWAY."
—Opper in the New York American.

THE FALLEN IDOL, KUROPATKIN.

In his insolence of power the now discredited Kuropatkin threatened a year ago to make peace at Tokio. It now develops that it was the plan of Russia to subdue Norway and Sweden, as they had already subdued Finland, and to invade India, and seek a port in the Persian Gulf. But "vaulting ambition overleaps itself." Again is fulfilled the Scripture. "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

History in Cartoon.

Affairs in Russia continue to grow from bad to worse. The disaster to Russian arms in Manchuria but intensifies the disaffection at home. The chord of patriotism declines to vibrate, however pathetically the Czar may harp upon it. The people of Poland and other disaffected parts of the country rejoice as openly as they dare at the defeat of Russian armies. The last hope of the autocracy of a diversion from popular discontent by a victory has failed. The snarling big bear is awakening to a keener sense of his wrongs and of his strength, and will not hibernate again.

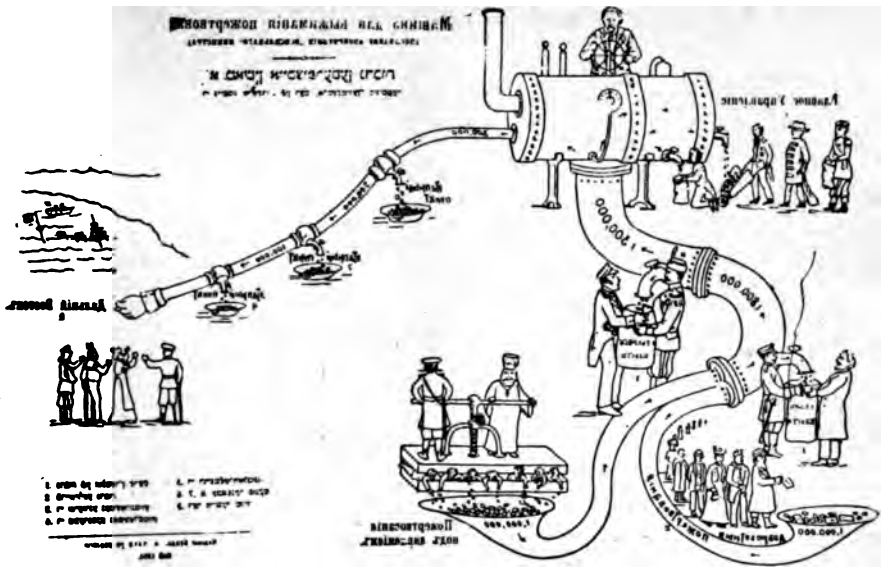
The cloak of pomp and splendor thrown over the howling wolves of official oppression, bureaucracy, and military cruelty can no longer protect these beasts of prey from the hatred of the people. A clever cartoon shows the great powers, England, America, France, Germany, Japan, all riding to prosperity in a twentieth-century automobile, while the poor Czar, weighted down with mediæval armor, is riding a knock-kneed, spavined, armor-clad horse, and wielding a broken lance. The legend reads, "Come on, Nick. Drop your old-fashioned truck, and get into the band waggon."

The native cartoons are more bitter still. One, reproduced from a Russian revolutionary paper, shows how the people are squeezed as in a wine-press by priest and soldier, and their very life-blood and treasure are distributed in pipe lines to the Far East, except where tapped by graft and greed on the way. Still another, entitled, "Father and Sons," shows a procession of stalwart young men being led by a skeleton towards the Far East, while the old men following a mourning genius are driven into exile.

A fatality seems to follow even the best of the Czars. Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs, was cruelly murdered by the Nihilists, it is said, at the instigation of the Court Party.

It is a fearful thing that one weak man —weak in body and mind—should have the despotic power of the Czar; that his word should send army after army across the wastes of Siberia to meet a cruel death on the snow-stained Manchurian steppes. A craven at home, shrinking

Nicholas (to Kuropatkin)—"Wave your flag and distract his attention until he begins to hibernate again."—Chicago Tribune.



Russian Cartoon—Squeezing the People to Enrich the Bureaucrats.

from the terror that walketh in darkness, he is valorous only in spilling the blood of the millions of his serfs. Whom the gods would destroy they first infatuate. The blindness and recklessness of the autocracy in waging at this crisis a relentless persecution of the Jews, and fiercer oppression of the great dumb weltering mass of the people, the closing of the schools and universities, are surely an act of national suicide.

Japan is fighting the battle of civilization not merely for herself, but for the oppressed people of Russia as well. Surely the colossal empire that controlled the whole of northern Europe and Asia had territory enough to develop, and nations enough to civilize, without invading Manchuria and menacing both China and Korea. Defeated alike by sea and land her history presents a tragedy—

> At which the world grows pale
> To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Again has been illustrated the description of Russia as a despotism tempered by assassination. Notwithstanding all the wrongs of the people, the public opinion of Christendom revolts at the cruel method of the Grand Duke's taking off. "Non tali auxilio"—not with such weapons as these is freedom won for a people. It is doubtless the answer of the revolutionaries to the massacre of the Red Sunday, but such terrorism only defeats its object, estranges sympathy and gives ground for excuse for greater restrictions. We have been shocked to hear

CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

What an irony of fate that the founder of the Hague Court of Arbitration should wage the greatest war in the history of the world! Can he send another army of 450,000 to "avenge" the defeat of the 750,000 despatched to the Far East?

THE MODERN GULLIVER.

the frequent expression concerning this murder, "Served him right." Even if it did, it is a dreadful thing to assume the role of executioner. Far wiser is the advice of Tolstoi to accept the Saviour's teaching, "Resist not evil." The Jesuitical argument that the end justifies the means, that it is lawful to do wrong to secure an ultimate good, is a devil's argument. The simple axiom remains, "It is never right to do wrong."

The old story of the giant Gulliver is re-enacted. The northern Colossus, whose tread seemed to shake the earth and menace the nations, is being bound hand and foot by the "pigmy Japs" and is no longer the terror of Europe. It is just as well that the gigantic egotism and conceit of the world's bugaboo are being exposed.

The Holy City of the Manchus.

The ancient city of Mukden, the scene of the great Japanese victory, is the capital of Manchuria, and is situated on a plain in the southern part of that province, two hundred miles north of Port Arthur, and three hundred miles south of Harbin. It has a population of 250,000, and is located in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded on all sides by vast fields of millet, which afforded a rich supply of food for the people. Mukden is a walled city. There is an outer wall of earthwork, circular in form, surrounding the entire town, and an inner wall of brick, in the form of a square, enclosing only the chief part of the city. The inner wall is entered by eight gates, two on each side.

Some of the things of chief interest in and around Mukden are the city walls and gates, the Chinese prison, the drum tower and huge bell, the tombs of the ancient kings, the imperial palace, the Russian post-office, the Roman Catholic and the Russo-Greek churches, and the Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland. But it may reasonably be expected that the small group of mission stations will grow, and that Gospel influences will multiply, as Japanese tolerance takes the place of Russian bigotry.

Mukden is a port of considerable importance, with a good deal of shipping, and with shops and bazaars that are filled with native and foreign goods. Its streets are broad and well laid out, and

THE WAR BURDEN OF THE MUJIK.

many of its buildings, especially those in the western and southern quarters of the city and the suburbs, are quite pretentious. There are eight city gates, and many fine monuments. It has witnessed many wars and undergone many changes. In the war with Japan, it was threatened with destruction by 40,000 Japanese troops, who landed on the Manchurian coast. China's army at that time amounted, on paper, to over 1,000,000 soldiers, and Mukden, with its force of 200,000 "Green Flag" defenders, armed with antiquated rifles, was considered impregnable.

THE LOFTY WALLS OF MUKDEN.

A Triumph of Peace.

The award of the international jury on the North Sea outrage is a triumph of peace more honorable than one of war. Britain might presumably have sunk or shattered the Russian fleet with a loss of thousands of lives—and that would not have decided the right of the case, only the might of the victor, and would have engendered an undying hate—and then would have to make a treaty of peace at a green table when the fighting all was over. By her self-restraint, her patience, her appeal to the Hague Tribunal, she has avoided this tragedy, and has won a verdict that for ever vindicates her integrity. There was no Japanese torpedo-boats; the Russians had no cause to fire on the harmless trawlers, and Russia now pays $350,000 indemnity. Surely this is a presage of a better day when reason and righteousness shall take the place of savagery and war.

THE FAMOUS "BELL TOWER," MUKDEN.

The action of the United States Senate in so loading the proposed reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland with conditions which make it absolutely useless, has provoked very hostile feeling in Britain's oldest colony. We hope that the island, so rich in resources of forest and fisheries and mines, will find that its truest interests lie by union with Canada rather than looking for any favors from Uncle Sam, whose attitude in all commercial dealings is well illustrated in the accompanying cartoon.

Our venerable kinsman south of the line seems to be waking up to the fact that the attractions of reci-

MUKDEN, AS SEEN FROM THE CITY HALL.

procity have not the fascination for Canada that he thought it had, that we have learned to trust to our own resources and to cultivate trade with the homeland. A cartoon in the Montreal Star illustrates this by showing Uncle Sam as a gardener saying, "Just look at this beautiful specimen of Reciprocus Americanus Canadensis, my dear. How is yours getting along?" But jaunty Miss Canada over the wall replies, "Oh, mine died long ago! I am cultivating a different kind of plant now," and she points proudly to the sturdy growth of British trade. Canada has learned to paddle her own canoe, and does not need the assistance of her kinsman across the line.

The Sturdy Twins.

What would have been a cause of universal rejoicing, the birth of two new provinces to the Dominion, the sturdy twins of the North-West, has been turned into an occasion of strife and rancor and ill-will by the maladroit efforts of the hierarchy to claim a large share in the training of these infants as peculiarly its own. But we must not in this strife of words forget the significance of the fact: two commonwealths, large as a European nation have been created. Like the infant Hercules, they will strangle the serpents that seek to invade their cradle, and grow up to be a sturdy Protestant power moulding, probably, more largely than any other section of the Dominion, the future of Canada.

The cartoon quoted from an exchange shows our great North-West, but recently a child, now grown to such stalwart proportions that he demands autonomy of a province greater in area than any in the broad Dominion.

The Public Library.

A writer in a recent number of The Outlook presents the merits of the public library with much force. Our public schools only afford the beginning of an education. A very small percentage of our population can get beyond the public schools. The need of a supplementary educational system is self evident. Our public schools should be an inspiration to continue study in this wider field of the public library. Certainly libraries and laboratories have come to occupy a position in our colleges that no one thought of fifty years ago.

What is of such importance to our col-

CAN PADDLE HER OWN CANOE.

Uncle Sam—"Waal, say, she d n't appear to be much on the flirt, does she!"—World, Toronto.

"Don't you think I'm big enough to boss my own ranch"?—World.

leges must be a boon when brought to our very doors in the public library. It doubles the value of the education a child receives at school. It opens the door to the adult whose education has been neglected in his youth. It substitutes the reading-room for the bar-room. It provides information for teachers, ministers, journalists, and others. If the cost were ten times as great, says the Outlook, it would be money well spent. We cannot do better than look to the increase and improvement of "the people's universities."

THE LATE E. F. CLARKE, M.P.

THE LATE O. A. HOWLAND, K.C.

It is a curious coincidence that within a few days two ex-mayors of Toronto, who had also served in the great councils of the nation, should pass "where beyond these voices there is peace." The generous tribute alike of political friends and foes of E. F. Clarke to his integrity and high character relieve the antagonisms of political life of some of their acerbities. Pity that one must wait till these kind words, which would have fallen with such comfort on the living ear, fall only on the dull, cold ear of death. The generous subscription for the family of the man, who served his country better than he served himself, shows that Canada is not ungrateful to those who give of their best for her benefit.

Dr. Withrow's excursion to Europe now numbers twelve—a small and congenial party. There is still opportunity to join this party, but early application should be made. For free programme address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

"THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THE WOMEN, FEAR NOT YE."

THE LORD OF DEATH.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

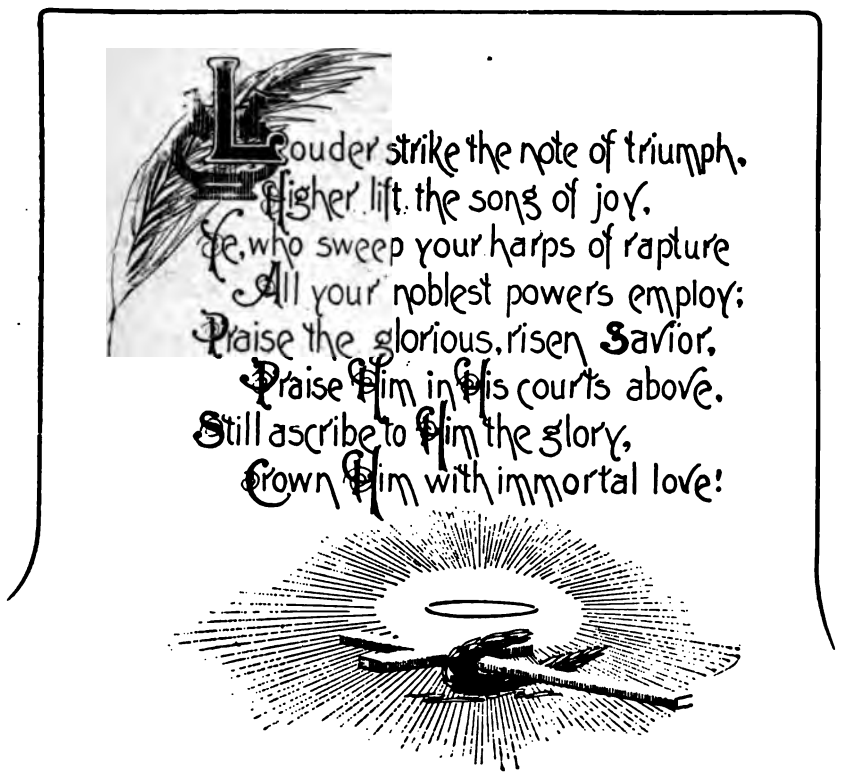
Within the garden all is still,
  As men at arms, in grim array,
Fulfil the haughty high priest's will
  Where Joseph laid his Lord away.
But see! the East bursts forth in bloom
  And earth responsive throbs beneath—
The soldiers reel, and from the tomb
  Jesus is risen—the Lord of Death!

The Roman guard kept watch below,
  Angelic legions watched above;
And direst hate of fiend and foe
  Falls vanquished at the feet of Love.
Death, who had all his arrows hurled,
  Now flees, a smitten, skulking wraith,
While seraphs shout around the world:
  The Lord and Christ is Lord of Death!

Then let us keep the Holy Feast,
  Of death of Death, on Easter Day;
Of love to man and God increased,
  Of sin and malice put away.
Aye, let our lives proclaim our creed
  As with a sounding clarion's breath,
And let us rise with Him indeed,
  Who is our Lord, and Lord of Death!

O mourning ones, lift up your heads!
  O breaking hearts, awake to song!
There is no darkness and no death
  If ye but list th' exultant throng
Whose endless hallelujahs ring.
  Hear what the Easter triumph saith,—
Hear Angel and Archangel sing:
  The Lord and Christ is Lord of Death!

EASTER READINGS.


Louder strike the note of triumph,
Higher lift the song of joy,
Ye, who sweep your harps of rapture
All your noblest powers employ;
Praise the glorious, risen Savior,
Praise Him in His courts above,
Still ascribe to Him the glory,
Crown Him with immortal love!

THE song of the Homeland never grows wearisome. Its melody sweetens as life runs on. Bernard's exultant and rapturous hymn breathes the joy of every confident believer:

> "For thee, O dear, dear, country,
> Mine eyes their vigils keep;
> For very love, beholding
> Thy happy name, they weep."

But the gates of this "Sweet and Blessed County" were opened to human vision and hope on Easter morn. After the stone was rolled away from the rock-hewn sepulchre the disciples first understood those wondrous words, "I go to prepare a place for you." "Where I am ye shall be also."

The world has been slow in getting at the heart of this comfort-bringing promise. The conspicuousness of the physical in our lives makes materialism easy and almost inevitable. The tangible and visible insist on holding the first place in our thought. The body is ever asserting itself in our philosophy of spiritual life and of heaven.

For ages the dominant conception of the resurrection was physical. Even the most spiritual preachers of the Church spent effort and argument to prove how a body scattered to the four winds of heaven, and perhaps forming the constituent parts of other bodies like itself, could ever be summoned back to life and to identity with its former self.

It seems strange to the luminous spirituality of this later age that great divines should ever have missed the whole significance of that wondrous miracle in the garden. The resurrection of Jesus was not for the sake of the body. It matters not whether the body is ever raised. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The body that now is is not the body that shall be. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a

spiritual body." Even before the ascension of Jesus his resurrected body had about it a wondrous mystery. The miracle of ascension completed the transformation, and he took humanity back with Him, in His own person, to the skies in a glorified and spiritual body.

The return of Christ's physical being to life was for the sake of demonstrating a spiritual reality. It was not in order to show that a body could again live, but to show that the spirit was not dead. The significance of Easter is purely spiritual. Immortality consists in the life of the soul. The death of Jesus' body in no way interfered with his existence or personal identity. He spent the three days in which his body rested in the tomb in ministry to needy souls in the spiritual world, even as he spent his time on earth in acquainting men with God.

THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN.

Our bodies hold too large a place in our thought. Personality is not physical. Manhood consists in something nobler than vitalized dust. Easter is not only a demonstration that the soul lives after death, but a nobler demonstration of how it may live before death, for, according to Scripture and experience, a dead soul may reside in a living body. Open eyes discover this in the wondrous words of Jesus to the sister of the buried Lazarus: "I am the resurrection and the life." Regeneration is the spiritual counterpart of the physical miracle of Easter. Like as Christ rose in body, so in spirit we are to "walk in newness of life." The miracle of Easter is the miracle of the soul's life. The invincible Christ rose to make us equally invincible to death. The world's last and greatest enemy is Death; not physical death, but spiritual. Death, physical, has no sting but sin. To an emancipated soul it is the portal to blessedness.

There is then no real Easter for mankind except as in spirit men are risen with Christ and experience "the power of an endless life," even the life "which is hid with Christ in God."

Our physical resurrection is an incident, not a primary fact. Its certainty is assured by the fact of the soul's immortality. Its blessedness is guaranteed only when, through the risen life, the "soul is made alive unto God." This

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.—James Tissot.

Contrast this realistic treatment with that by Gabriel Max in the famous picture reproduced on page 143 of the February number of this magazine.

spiritual quickening of humanity is the goal of Christ's ministry. Life is the portal of heaven. "I am the resurrection and the life," said Jesus. When the earth shook, and the rocks rent and the stone of His sepulchre rolled away, Life grappled with Death in mortal strife and for ever conquered.

Easter morning is the symbol of the soul's resurrection; the birthday of the hope, the natal day of its spiritual life. From the first moment of its dawning light sunshine illumined the world's sorrow and music cheered its march to the tomb. Every conqueror in Christ goes through life with a song and smile, while his heart and his hope are anchored in the skies.—Dwight Mallory Pratt, D.D., in The Independent.

The Nearness of Christ and of Our Departed.

We must not think of the Christ simply in relation to His historical past, but as the Ever-living One; not as One who was raised and who ascended to some remote heaven nineteen hundred years ago, but as One who appears to us on this Easter morning just as He appeared to the women and His disciples on the first Lord's Day, the day of resurrection. Margaret Sangster voices this thought very sweetly in these lines:

"The morning springs exultant! Christ is risen!
No bars for life in death's swift-shattered prison.
Lo! the day breaks, the shadows flee away;
Lo! Christ is with us, even as we pray.
Lord, come, Lord Jesus. He is with us here,
For ever present and for ever dear."

And she expresses the same faith beautifully with reference to those who have faded from our vision: who have been swallowed up in the light which is too intense for our mortal gaze, but who, nevertheless, need not necessarily be imagined as far removed and entirely disconnected from us. Rather is it natural and rational to conceive the opposite as the better probability. And Mrs. Sangster speaks in her poem "To One Gone Home" in such touching words as these:

" And often it is clear to me
. That here and there are not apart,
That somehow God's whole family
Have scarce the throbbing of one heart
To separate them ; just a breath—
The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death.

" To you, dear one, whose very tones
Still vibrate in your empty room,
To you, athwart whatever zones
For you are bright with fadeless bloom,
I send my whole heart's love to-day,
The day my darling went away."

Jesus said " Mary " as if He were resuming the thread of a conversation broken off by His death. The sound poured like a crystal river of sunlight and delight through all the murky wastes and gloomy reaches of her soul's dark landscape. It is true that not Mary, but only Jesus, was risen from the dead. But He alone is enough. His one word to her means that silence cannot lock for ever in her rugged cell the mute music of our dead. It shall become vocal again. The sigh for the sound of a voice that is still is not a hopeless heaving of the breast. The bitterness of death is past. The last enemy is destroyed. Mary turned and said, " Rabboni." And even when at a later hour she repeated the word to the disciples, so much of unspeakable ecstasy still lived in her tone that they, writing still later, did not venture to translate it into Greek. No other word seemed able to carry her tone and her joy. There is no word we know as yet that can carry the tone and the joy with which by and by we too shall greet the risen Lord.—Willard H. Robinson, D.D.

This Easter Day my message is the old, old message you have heard so often, but it is worth while to hear it again, at least every Easter. Life is continuous, there is no break ; the flower is not cut off by the sirocco ; the water is not spilled upon the ground never to be recovered ; the weaver's thread is not cut, broken, lost. No ! Death is Christ saying, Come, weary one, and I will give you rest ; death is Christ saying, Come, enslaved one, I will give you liberty ; death is Christ saying, Come, immigrant, I will take you out of the land of your bondage ; death is Christ saying, Come, lonely and solitary one, I will take you to your home. There are children waiting for some of you; parents waiting for some of you ; friends waiting for some of you ; the husband is there waiting for the wife, and the wife is there waiting for the husband, and the pastor is there waiting for many a friend ; and when we take the mystic ship and sail across the unknown sea, it will not be on a foreign shore that we shall land, but they that have gone before will troop out to welcome us and we shall be as at home.—Lyman Abbott.

The full Easter joy is given to those who walk daily with the living Christ, and to them alone. Through all the Easter music a note of expectation rings. It is joy in the midst of imperfection, because it is the experience of a hidden life. The church was never perfect. Every true heart knows the need of repentance and the need of a redeemer from indwelling sin. But we have our portion in a risen and prevailing life. Our great day is yet to come. The unfolding of the plan of which we are a part cannot be hurried. We are imperfect because the work is incomplete, yet the eternal life is ours.—Congregationalist.

Christ's resurrection is the cause, the earnest, the guarantee and the emblem of the rising of all His people. Let them, therefore, go to their graves as to their beds, resting their flesh among the clods as they now do upon their couches.—Spurgeon.

My risen Lord, I feel Thy strong protection,
I see Thee stand among the graves to-day ;
" I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,"
I hear Thee say ;
And all the burdens I have carried sadly
Grow light as blossoms on an April day ;
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
This Easter Day.

Religious Intelligence.

Hands Off the Public School.

Seldom has Canada been so stirred to the very core as by the attempt of the Dominion Government to force upon the new provinces of the North-West the incubus of separate schools. This is all the more surprising because it is a reversal of the policy of conciliation which Sir Wilfrid Laurier observed in the outset of his ministerial career. It gives evidence of the meddling influence in our institutions of the Church of Rome. Not satisfied with the dominance which for one hundred and fifty years it has had in the province of Quebec, it covets the whole broad continent for its own. The chivalrous generosity of the British secured to a conquered people, not merely the toleration, but the endowment and protection, of their language, their religion, and their laws.

It would have been better for Canada and better for Quebec if public schools had been established in that province. There would have been to-day a higher type of intelligence than we find in the unlettered French habitant. There would have been less racial distinction, not to say antagonism. The rights of the Protestant minority would have been better secured without the least wrong to the Catholic majority. They could both have all the religious instruction in the schools they wish, as both Protestants and Catholics can have in the public schools of Ontario, where priest and presbyter alike may teach catechism or Bible to his own flock in hours specially set apart for that purpose.

The Protestant minority in Quebec, in the rural districts, are practically denied education for their children, because there are not enough of them to maintain a Protestant separate school. Hence they have gone by thousands from the Eastern Townships to the United States, and whole sections of English-speaking Protestants, the best blood and brawn and brain of the community, have been extruded by the domination of Catholic schools.

And this baneful system the hierarchy wishes to saddle for ever upon the new commonwealths of the great west, to perpetuate in them the system of clerical teaching that obtains in French Canada, in Mexico, in Spain, in every country where the Church of Rome has been permitted to choke intelligence, to stifle inquiry, to substitute superstition for rational piety.

Sir Wilfrid avers that the prevalence of lawlessness, lynching and divorce in the United States is the result of their secular teaching. If that were true, it is due, as The Northwestern, of Chicago, has pointed out, to the attitude of Roman Catholics, united with atheists, to prohibit religious instruction in the public schools. But crimes of violence, as of the Mafia, and social immorality, prevail more in Naples and Sicily, where Rome has full control, than in any part of the United States.

The efforts of France and Italy to throw off the incubus of clerical domination show what an intolerable yoke it has become. But that is not the primary question in the present case. The question is the right of the new commonwealths springing into life in our great mid-continent, soon to be filled with millions of people, to choose for themselves. It is intolerable that a papal nuncio, or a group of bishops, should attempt to dictate what the free settlers on the prairies shall do for all time. We have had too much of the grip of the dead hand in Quebec to wish its repetition on the virgin soil of the great west.

If the Church of Rome were to have its own way in this regard, it would sow the seeds of discontent, of racial estrangement which would bring forth bitter fruit for long generations to come. But of that there is little fear. The sons of the prairies, breathing their air of freedom and enjoying their wide vision, would make short work of any such intolerable burden laid upon them without their consent and against their protest. They will give the widest religious freedom to their Catholic fellow-citizens, and those of every faith, but they will not bow their necks to a yoke neither they nor their fathers were able to bear.

That broad-visioned man, John Morley, expresses his astonishment at the manner in which the United States has assimilated the many millions of foreigners of diverse races and religions, and made them all patriotic Americans. It is the

public school more than anything else that has done it. In the foreign settlements of New York the schools rise like palaces amid the squalor of the surrounding slums. They are filled three times a day, morning, afternoon, and night, with successive classes of children or adults—so eager are the people to embrace their advantages. In one of these we were informed that forty-nine different dialects and languages were spoken. Yet English is rapidly superseding them all. The bright-eyed Jews and Italians, the more stolid Teuton and Russ, are winning their way to future success through the schools.

On the plains of Minnesota and Dakota the same is true. The schools are the pride of the people, in which the polyglot overflow from Europe are trained in civilization and citizenship. The same means will produce the same result in our own new west, if the hand of Rome is prevented from muddling and marring and blighting its future, stirring up racial and religious antagonism, from which the people are now free.

The intelligent American immigration, accustomed to the free schools of their own land, will certainly not accept the mediaeval system proposed in the new provinces. At a time when the development of the country needs all the statesmanship and union of heart and mind and men and means that we can have, it is a bigoted and suicidal policy to fling this apple of discord into the midst. Nothing menaces more the future of our country, its temporal prosperity, its intellectual freedom, its religious growth, than this meddling of the Roman Catholic hierarchy with the free and inalienable rights of the people.

Frances E. Willard Honored.

The unveiling of the statue of Frances E. Willard in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol, in Washington, was one of the events in the history of Congress. It is said that more people have named the name of Frances Willard than that of any other woman of her generation, except Queen Victoria. Miss Willard is the first woman in the history of the United States to be recognized by Congress as among the great of the nation. It is an indication of public sentiment on the temperance question that the first woman to be placed in Statuary Hall should be so honored because of her efforts in behalf of the victims of the liquor traffic.

The statue itself is of Carrara marble (See illustration on cover), and represents Miss Willard in the art of delivering an address. The inscription on the pedestal is from her own tribute to women: "Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of 10,000 prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

It is said that rarely, if ever, have better speeches been made in Congress than on this occasion. Both houses suspended their labors for the day. An entire gallery was reserved for the delegation from the W. C. T. U. Great crowds were unable to get through the doors, and stood waiting for hours in the hope of gaining admission. Perhaps the most touching tribute of all was that of the several hundred children from the public schools, each of whom, with bowed head, placed a lily upon the base of the statue. As was fitting, this statue is by an accomplished woman sculptor.

The Author of Ben Hur.

General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," who died recently at Crawfordsville, Ind., at the age of seventy-eight years, had a life of most varied and in-

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

teresting experiences. Governor of New Mexico, governor of Utah, U.S., minister to Turkey, major-general in the Civil War, surely these would have satisfied the ambitions of most men. Nevertheless, it is as an author, and more especially as the author of "Ben Hur," that his name is remembered.

In face of the discussion lately evoked by Dr. Osler on the comparative uselessness of man in later life, it is interesting to note that Mr. Wallace published his first book, "The Fair God," at the age of forty-six. Following this came "Ben Hur," with its enormous sale, reaching well up to a million copies, and its translation into many languages. Says an exchange: "Multitudes have been greatly helped by it to realize the truths of the New Testament story, and in thus honoring the Great Teacher, General Wallace worthily won honor for himself."

Gen. Wallace was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout his life. Almost his last words were: "I am ready to meet my Maker."

A Silver Anniversary.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently celebrated its silver anniversary. During its short life it has expended about three million dollars, and now holds property worth more than one million. At the time of the anniversary there was kept before the church the object of raising $200,000 for the payment of debts incurred as the result of the rapid progress of the work. To-day the Society is conducting forty-seven schools and industrial homes among the colored people; it sustains twenty-four deaconess homes, and three large national training-schools for deaconesses and missionaries. It manages four city missions and a home for immigrant girls.

Great Revivals in Small Places.

In Redwood Falls, Minn., a little town of 2,000 inhabitants, there were 600 conversions during the months of December and January. Union services were held in a tabernacle built for the occasion. Over fifty per cent. of the converts were adult men.

In one village where meetings were being conducted by some young people, fifty were converted out of a population of 250. Of the county officials, seven out of ten were converted to God. Echoes of revival from everywhere should encourage God's people to bear His banners forward.

The Salvation Army, among its many operations, conducts a Life Insurance and a Banking Department. It commenced active assurance business in 1894. For that year its premium income was £420. To indicate its surprising growth we have but to mention that at the present time its premium income amounts to £3,270 per week, or £170,000 per annum. It has found that it can come in touch with multitudes of people for their religious welfare through these organizations whom they cannot reach in their distinctly evangelistic work.

A Generous Sacrifice.

The mysterious death, by poison, of the late Mrs. Stanford, brings to notice an interesting page in the history of the Leland Stanford University. The property conveyed by the late Senator's deed of gift to the university was valued at $30,000,000. But soon after his death an action was brought by the Government against the estate for $15,000,000. Pending the action Mrs. Stanford was allowed $10,000 a month for personal expenses. She declared that she was familiar with poverty, that she could live on $100 a month, and she gave the balance of the allowance to the University. She was willing at the same time to sell all her jewels and to make any personal sacrifice. Inspired by her spirit, the Faculty of the University bravely faced the conditions, cut down running expenses, accepted greatly diminished salaries, and passed safely through the crisis."

Revival Echoes.

Echoes come to us of the revival that has followed in the wake of Dr. Dawson's meetings in Boston. Says The Outlook: "The religious life of the Churches has been profoundly stirred. It is evident that they are heartily accepting Dr. Dawson's leadership in efforts to revive the primitive enthusiasm of the Apostolic days." An interesting spectacle was a battalion of the Salvation Army heading a column of Boston Congregationalists, a thousand strong, with Unitarians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists in company. The object of this night march was to gather into a Gospel meeting the street loafers, saloon tipplers, the flotsam and jetsam of the city. Fifty of those thus gathered were convicted of sin.

Book Notices.

"Men of the Covenant." The Story of the Scottish Church in the Years of the Prosecution. By Alexander Smellie, M.A. Author of "In the Hour of Silence." London: Andrew Melrose. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-433. Price, $2.65.

No more heroic story was ever told than that of the brave men who kept flying through long years of persecution the bonnie blue flag of the Scottish Covenant. In an age of much laxity, not to say latitudinarianism of opinion, when depth and strength of conviction are largely lacking, it is a mental tonic to read of those brave days of old when men gripped convictions to their souls for which they were willing to live and to die. Like a waft from the heathery hills comes this tale of fidelity and fortitude.

Mr. Smellie tells the heroic story in the light of the most recent documents and data. "Surely we in our time ought to know," he says, "and knowing, to praise famous men, and women not a whit less famous than men, who, in Kipling's phrase,

> "Put aside To-day
> All the joys of their To-day,
> And with toil of their To-day,
> Bought for us To-morrow."

The setting of the story is of remarkable vigor and vivacity. Charles I., says our author, was the best of the Stuarts, yet he lost his life, while Charles II., the basest of the line, was restored to the forfeited throne amid the adulations of millions. "Put not your trust in princes" is a lesson the Scots have been slow to learn. They clung to the Stuarts, both regnant and Pretenders, with a pathetic fidelity.

The story begins with the chapter, "How the King Came Home," the restoration of Charles II. Then follows the long record of royal perfidy. The very titles of the chapters indicate the insight into the spirit of the times. "Marquis and Martyr" tells the heroic story of Argyll; "The Short Man Who Could Not Bow" is the tale of the valorous James Guthrie, a true counterpart of Bunyan's "Stand Fast in the Faith"; "Sharper of that Ilk," to use Cromwell's phrase, portrays the small, paltry, higgling archbishop, whose name described his character; "A Nonsuch for a Clerk" portrays the noble character of Johnston of Warriston, "God's Gift in Danger's Hour"; Ephraim MacBriar, who was satirized by Scott, is shown to have been a very Sir Galahad; "Blot His Name Out" is the epitaph of Lauderdale: "The Blink" describes the gleam of light in this strange history; and "Gloom After Gleam" describes its extinction. "Spokesmen of Christ" were the field preachers of the day who, counting not their lives dear unto them, freely sealed their testimony with their blood. "A Temporary" is one who tries year in and year out "to carry his dish level." "Claverhouse in a' His Pride" describes the character of the best hated man in Scottish history. The tale of the Killing Time is one that in its plain telling surpasses even the romance of Crockett's tragic story. "Those Women Who Labored in the Gospel" records the faithfulness of those sometimes called the weaker sex, who suffered even more than those made of sterner stuff. The long and tragic story ends with a chapter like the breath of spring, "Lo, the Winter is Past."

Some thirty-six illustrations are given, mostly from quaint old prints of places and persons memorable in this epic of Scottish history. Some of the quotations in the quaint spelling of the period take us back to the very time. Lauderdale this describes his visit to the home: "Wher I found them al weal, and was quikly encompassed with children striving who should be most mead of. Charles is grouen ane mighty kind child, and left al his frowardness, and, I think, squints not mor than he did. I asked Jhon if he knew me; he said, 'Ay, ay.' and clapid my cheek, and kissid both of them, and asked for his grandfather at London. Ann is grouen a pleasant and bewtiful child. My littel dawghter Jean, when she saw me mak mor, as she thought, of the rest than hir, said, 'I am a bairn, too.'"

If we are to merge our fortunes with those of the grand old Presbyterian

Church, we should be familiar with its heroic history, especially in this year when the fourth centenary of John Knox is being celebrated; and whether we are or not, it is well worth knowing for its own sake.

"The Land of Riddles." (Russia of To-day). By Hugo Ganz. Translated from the German, and edited by Herman Rosenthal. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-330. Price, $2.00 net.

Nothing could be more opportune at this time, when every one wants to know the truth about Russia, than this recent study—in 1904—by an intelligent traveller, who has had the special opportunities of studying the problem. Mr. Hugo Ganz, a well-known writer of Vienna, had introductions to leading persons in Russia—publicists, lawyers, judges, bankers, merchants, professors, and princes. He went without prejudice, but records his judgment that Russia remains in a state of semi-barbarism akin to that of the middle ages. "An empire of one hundred and thirty million prisoners and one million jailers—such is Russia." St. Petersburg he regarded as a colossal prison—brilliant in its veneer of civilization, but its dungeons echoing with the groans of many of the noblest spirits of the empire. There was luxury in which the gilded youth squandered in vice the wages of the starved mujik; there was misery inconceivable. The real Nihilists, he says, are not the noble young men and women who stake their lives in effort to redeem their nation from ignorance and immorality, but the autocratic cynics, who are not held back even from murder when it is of service to the system.

The palaces, churches, and art galleries of St. Petersburg are the richest in Europe, but the condition of the people is the most deplorable. "We are maintaining," said a Russian prince, an army against the nation." The real authors of the Kishinef massacres were Plehve and his underlings, who, in the name of the Czar, proclaimed the outlawry of the Jews. It is the omnipresent police who terrorize the Czar by placing threatening letters in his pockets and under his pillow. By similar tactics they almost drove his father insane.

The Grand Duke Sergius was one of the worst Jew-baiters, a man of odious life and morals, "the curse of the country," said a Russian professor, "whose inclination to torture human beings amounted to a disease."

A leading banker declared that the nation was practically bankrupt. It was paying its debts with new ones, and only able to obtain loans by paying the banks a commission of six per cent. when Prussia pays about one-half of one per cent.

The chief Russian paper, Novoe Vremya, is "branded with the deepest contempt by the flower of Russian intelligence as a well-poisoner, a worthless cynic. . . . It has not its equal in untruthfulness and diabolical business in the whole world." It finds no lie too infamous, no invention too childish to feed to its readers. It is the leading paper of the country, openly supported by the Government, "infamous, but indispensable," as its patrons say.

The beautiful enthusiasm, the almost religious fanaticism that makes martyrdom bliss, that was being shivered against the brutality of the Cossacks and gensdarmes, was for him the most hopeful he saw in Russia. The officials and police, and even judges, are so ill paid that they live by bribes and corruption It is, he affirms, a proof of the patience of the Russian people that assaults on official criminals are so rare.

The brutal persecutions of the Jews under Plehve involved unspeakable misery. A colonel of the Cossacks denounced the English as "a vile Jew-nation." The usurers, who advance money to the peasants at three hundred to two thousand per cent., are without exception Christians, not Jews. "Absolutism palliated by corruption" is the bitter description of police rule.

Eighty per cent. of the political indictments were against Jews, of whom there are only four per cent. in the empire.

"Every word that he speaks is a lie," is the assertion one oftenest heard about Plehve. "All Russia hopes he will soon be annihilated," a sentence which casts a lurid light upon his subsequent taking off. The present writer knew of his assassination before any one in America. The chief of the relay cable station at Placentia heard the news being repeated by the relay instrument and told us of the fact.

Plehve's rule was described as a regime of hell founded by a devil. "Misery, despair, inevitable collapse," was the

prophecy of a Russian professor. The students regard the Japanese as unexpected allies in their fight against tyranny. A student in prison emptied an oil lamp over his body and set fire to it only in order to protest against absolutism.

There is a revolt from the Church as well as from the State. In 1860 there were thirty millions of often fanatical Nonconformists. Three chapters are devoted to a visit to Tolstoi, who said: "Everything is done to suppress religion. Our upper classes have completely lost religious consciousness." He, too, thought the only hope of the nation was defeat by the Japanese. The revelations of this book seem almost incredible, but several of the chapters have been published in the Berlin Nation and the Frankfort Zeitung, and they cast a lurid light upon the Russian problem of to-day.

"Only Letters." By Francis I. Maule. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 325. Price, $1.10, post free.

These are among the most vivacious letters of travel we have ever read. They have all the fun of Mark Twain without his exaggeration, and give a vivid picture of unfamiliar scenes. Mark is all right, if you can only tell the fact from the fiction. Here it is all fact and no fiction, but brimful of sparkling humor. Of special interest at this juncture will be the graphic letters from Finland, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, which fill many pages, and give a vivid presentation of out-of-the-way places. We can bear witness to the photographic fidelity of the pictures of Egypt, and the Levant, and the classic memories of the Italian Peninsula. There is about them nothing stilted or pedantic, just the familiar letters home, full of fun and frolic, of a home-loving tourist abroad.

"The Right Life and How to Live It." By Henry A. Stimson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvii-255. Price, $1.20 net.

We read much of the strenuous life, the simple life, the beautiful life, but most important of all is the right life, on which all the others are based. Conduct and character are all there really is of life. The author of this book writes in a breezy, vigorous way on the facts of life, the individual, the family, the nation, the universe, of its laws, progress, habit, and character, of its moral equipment, duty, intellectual powers, the feelings, the domain of conscience, moral obligation, individual, social, and religious, and, finally, the rules of the game, the care of the body, of the true self, of sport, of the home, the state. This book is one which we have pleasure in strongly commending.

"John Knox." By A. Taylor Innes. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 158. Price, 35c.

The four-hundredeth anniversary of the birth of John Knox makes specially timely this study of the life of the great Reformer. The more we read of his character and achievements the more we are convinced of the truth of Froude's assertion that he was the greatest man of his age, and the greatest man that Scotland ever produced. The only thing cheap about this book is its price.

"The Changeless Christ, and Other Sermons." By Rev. Robert Forbes, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 116.

The Western Book Concern is doing a good thing by this series of Methodist Pulpit sermons. Sermonic literature was once a drug on the market, and much of it deserved to be, but preaching adapted to the needs of humanity will always find hearers and readers. These chapters distil the very dew of Hermon. They are instinct with evangelistic feeling and power. They are not only interesting reading, but get a grip upon the heart and conscience.

"The World as Intention." A Contribution to Teleology. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-346. Price, $1.25 net.
Reserved for further notice.

"Introduction to the Study of Christian Ethics." By A. Ernest Balch, M.A. London: Chas. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.
Reserved for further notice.

"The Eternal Saviour-Judge." By James Langton Clarke, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 353 pages. Price, $3.00 net.
Reserved for further notice.

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(See page 477.)

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MAY, 1905.

THE NEW WEST.

BY L'INCONNU.

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

I HAVE never got away from that memory of my childhood's home on the outskirts of the little country town. I can see it yet, the hollyhocks, and the long old garden, with the two steel rails at the foot, shining like gold in the sun as they drew nearer together till they passed out, between the drop in the hills, to the far North-West. There was a fascination about those rails for my childish mind, a something that drew me always after the two shining lines leading beyond the hills.

On the wall of the roomy old kitchen within hung an immense map of North America, the United States, on the lower half, all dotted with cities and lined with railways. On the upper half was Canada, for the most part a vast yellow waste, with just the rivers wriggling through. But ere long my childish ears heard talk of other steel rails than those at the garden end, of a great railroad that was to stretch across the continent on Canadian soil.

Gray-haired men sat and discussed the problem, the cost, the difficulties. These they talked of till the picture became quite plain to my imagination. I could see the vast rocky region about Lake Superior, the deep lakes and mighty rivers. There was the black line of the Red River on the map, and across that, they talked of a great plain stretching for a thousand miles, known only to the fur-trader and the Indians. Further still came range after range of mountains, gigantic and unexplored. The difficulties were legion, and to add to these, the question became one of domestic politics, dividing parties and creating political contentions.

A few years later thousands of

C. P. R. GRAIN ELEVATORS, FORT WILLIAM.

people were pouring into the West. Its timber, its coal-beds, its mineral deposits, but above all, its millions of acres of rich agricultural land, were becoming known. The demands of the growing commerce of the West made a railway imperative. In the year 1881 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was formed. Armies of men were soon working from Winnipeg westward, and from the point where the Government had suspended its labors, from the Pacific Coast, eastward.

One misty morning early in November of 1885, the two parties of workingmen met in Eagle Pass. The last rails of the C.P.R. were linked together, the last spike driven. The longest continuous line of railway in the world was complete. But even before this the completed sections of the road had proved its necessity by carrying a large and profitable traffic.

There was something like the touch of a magician in the march of these two steel rails, sometimes at the rate of five or even six miles a day. Right on the heels of the line-builders, villages, towns, and even cities, were springing up in the night, as it were. till to-day one finds at Winnipeg fifty miles or more of railway tracks all crowded with cars—a picture surely suggestive of the greatness of the West. Long trains are pouring in, laden with grain and flour, cattle, and other freight. The great West is the future larder and granary of the world.

At Fort William one finds looming up the great grain elevators, four monster ones, holding twelve to fifteen hundred thousand bushels each. Trading-posts have been transformed into cities. The railway has tapped, in the East Kootenay region, the largest undeveloped coal areas in the world.

Moreover, the Company has extended its lines so as to afford direct communication between Halifax and Vancouver. It has made connection with all parts of Ontario, the Western States, and the great Mississippi Valley. To-day the Company's lines embrace over 10,000 miles of railway.

Not content with carrying the trade

REAPING—WESTERN CANADA.

to and fro from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the young giant railway has reached across the ocean and is bringing us the teas and silks from China and Japan in exchange for our own goods. The mountains did not stay its progress. Neither has the sea checked its path. Last year witnessed the inauguration of a steamship service on the Atlantic, between Canada and London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Antwerp. It is Canada's iron girdle that has sent the pulsations of commerce through her forests, across her prairies and down into her mines, till the country awakens, as scenting danger, when the Dominion Government lays a hand on the future of the education of these new provinces. It is in a large measure the "iron girdle" that has developed the modest colony into the strong young nation that has come to be counted an important factor in the commerce and civilization of the world.

Moreover, Canada is attracting the

THRESHING—WESTERN CANADA.

tourist. Every year thousands of foreigners enjoy the beauties and sublimities of the Canadian Rockies. No Canadian need bemoan the fact that he cannot afford to go to Europe. We have mountains in our West beside which the Alps are insignificant. We have summer hotels, like that at Banff, with waterfalls beneath the balconies, and a magnificent range of mountains of different shapes and colorings. If we were foreigners we should rave over beautiful Canada.

Furthermore, there are few countries in which one travels with such comfort and ease as in our own Canadian North-West. For the Canadian Pacific, with all its commercial burdens, has not forgotten to see to the comfort of its passengers. The cars are large, commodious, and richly furnished. The dining and sleeping coaches are especially luxurious. The sleepers are built with a strength and security equalled by those of few roads.

And now, let us look at the scenic attractions on a C.P.R. trip from Montreal to Vancouver. It is a twenty-four hours' run from Montreal to the first glimpse of Lake Superior—a ride through a region of rocks and pines, pretty lakes, dark *forests, shadowed* pools and tumbling *cascades: through* pretty little French settlements, then through the lumbering districts. A little further and we near Sudbury, in the heart of the copper and nickel regions. Columns of smoke climb the sky where the mines are being worked, and lines of cars, heaped with ores, crowd the sidings.

On we pass through the never-ending hills and the burnt lands, where the pines stand charred and black against the clear blue of the sky. Now and again a long train rolls past us. There are cars and cars of cattle; others of flour and grain. We begin to awaken to the fact that there is a great country before us.

A WESTERN CANADA WHEAT-FIELD.

Then we catch our first glimpse of Lake Superior, and for many hours we are looking down upon the great inland sea, at times skirting steep cliffs, while to the right lie the rocks and the tree-clad mountains, to the left the limitless expanse of the unsalted sea.

We have only time for a fleeting glimpse of Port Arthur and Fort William, the latter with its great grain elevators before mentioned. But we shall carry with us always the memory of Thunder Bay, with its bright green waters and the black and purple basaltic cliffs rising abruptly from its surface.

Then comes Winnipeg. We have

only time for a brief visit here, too, though it is worthy a longer stay. We are surprised in this new-born city at the imposing stores, banks, churches, colleges; the long lines of warehouses; the air of progress and enterprise. The climate is bracing; the faces are bright.

But the West is just beginning. We are eager to see the vast areas of wheat that stretch for hundreds of miles. We take the train again, and are soon steaming westward behind one of the engines the C.P.R. has recently had constructed in Toronto. For the Company believes in patronizing home industries. At first we must pass across a great plain, "level and green as a billiard-table."

One hundred and thirty-three miles west of Winnipeg we cross the Assiniboine River, at Brandon. Then begins the great prairie in earnest. Not the long monotonous stretch of flat greens, and greys, and browns that we had imagined, but a great undulating sea of grass and flowers. Flowers! flowers! flowers! blue and pink and purple and yellow and flaming scarlet! We had no idea of Canada's flower-gardens in the West. Somehow, we don't quite want to believe it at first. We had associated such abundance of flowers with the tangled growth of the tropics, not with the tumbling grass of the prairies.

We are now in the region, too, of the "Hard Fife Wheat." You look across miles and miles of wheat-fields. Here reapers are at work. Here the numerous threshing-engines are all steaming away in one great field, as we have seen them in pictures. What a scene of toil and plenty! And oh! the freedom of it—this limitless space

CATTLE RANCHING—WESTERN CANADA.

—the great freshness of it! We recall the words of one of our ministers who had lived in the West some years. He said, when he returned to the East again, that he felt the need of standing up on the fence to get a full breath of air.

For a tonic for tired nerves we prescribe the rest and freshness of the limitless prairie. It is equal to the sea, only more varied, and without the plague of *mal de mer*.

It is not all wheat-fields, either, that meet our eyes. There are the wild scenes—the untamed lands. You see

the deep, narrow trail of the buffalo through the prairie grass and flowers, and the hollows where the monsters have wallowed. There is a toss of a white-tufted tail, a stir of excitement among the passengers. Antelope! You see them in plenty now. Sportsmen drop off at every station.

The landscape is dotted with lakes, some salt, some alkaline, but mostly fresh, and their surfaces are blackened with waterfowl. There is a long white line of pelicans on the shores. Flocks of wild geese, ducks, cranes, snipe, plover, curlew—this is the hunters' paradise. The ground is dotted with the holes made by the pretty little gophers. And we get an occasional glimpse of a coyote or prairie wolf.

Then for miles we near the purple line of the Cypress Hills. At Maple Creek we see the scarlet figures of the North-West Mounted Police keeping guard over an Indian encampment. At the station are the Indians and squaws themselves, in gay-colored *blankets, dirty* but picturesque, offering pipes and other like rude manufactures. The conical forms of their "tepees" are outlined against the sky.

We pass through Medicine Hat, the "Smokeless City," as it has been called, with its splendid supply of natural gas. Then begins one of the most attractive stretches of country in the world. We are in the region of the warm "Chinook winds." Cattle and horses graze at will all the year round in great herds. Here it is, in the spring and fall, that the cattle-kings and the cowboys gather for their famous "round-ups."

CALGARY, ALBERTA.

At Crowfoot Station we caught our first glimpse of the Rockies. And now, hour after hour, we are rolling on toward the great barrier of white-capped mountains. Their snows and their glaciers glisten in the midsummer sun. All the way to the Pacific the mountains will be with us. It is this region that Whymper described as "fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one." From five to eight thousand feet the mountains lift their heads above the plain. We are

speechless in the presence of such majesty. A feeling half of terror comes over one. Are they great live monsters that will rise in the night and crush you? You had meant to write notes to your friends and describe them accurately. But you can't. You are in the presence of the unutterable. Why speak at all when language fails so utterly? You are hushed before the mysterious, the majestic, the sublime.

We pass the Three Sisters at Canmore, in the mining region, and stop at the far-famed Banff. "Everybody stops here for a day or two at least, and we should do likewise. We shall find luxurious quarters in a large and handsomely appointed hotel, perched on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of the Bow River. The river comes down from its glacial sources at the west, plunges over a precipice beneath the hotel balconies, and, stretching away through the deep, forested valley, disappears among the distant mountains at the east. Half a dozen ranges of magnificent snow-tipped mountains centre here, each differing from the others in form and color; and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Well-made carriage roads and bridle paths lead to the different springs and wind about among the mountains everywhere."

"We climbed the rock-built breasts of earth!
We saw the snowy mountains rolled
Like mighty billows; saw the birth
Of sudden dawns; beheld the gold
Of awful sunsets; saw the face
Of God, and named it boundless space."

CITY OF NELSON.

Thirty-four miles west we pay a visit to the "Lakes in the Clouds," and the wonderful beauties of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. We cross the "Great Divide" at the summit of the Rockies; we pass Mount Stephen, rising 8,000 feet above the track, and enter the Yoho Valley, the Canadian Yosemite, with its wonderful falls 1,200 feet in height. "Takakkow!" ("It is so beautiful!") cried the first Indian who beheld it, and by this name it is known.

After the Rockies come the Selkirks, with their wonders and their

terrifying beauty. Here are great green glaciers, vastly larger than any Switzerland can show, and sparkling waterfalls tumbling from peak to vale among the mountains. Here, in the land of gigantic trees, we pause in another paradise of hunters about Okanagan Lake. Here are caribou and bear (great grizzlies), mountain sheep and goats, and waters abounding in fish. The Canadian Pacific Hotel at Sicamous is a favorite retreat for fishermen.

A little further on the journey and we pass through the terrible gorge of the Fraser River, so deep and narrow in many places that the sunlight seldom penetrates it and where the dark, fierce waters force their way in angry tumult.

We pass out of the black terrors of the canyon and see the Chinamen washing gold on the sand-bars, the Indians herding cattle in the meadows, Indian villages, Chinese huts, salmon drying on poles by the river, while sixty miles away and 14,000 feet above the sea gleams the white cone of Mount Baker.

A little later you enter the city of Vancouver, the western terminus of the C.P.R. We are surprised at the growth of this new seaboard city, surprised at the buildings, surprised at everything! It was here, in Wesley Methodist Church, of this city, that over $2,000 was subscribed to missions on the last missionary anniversary. We go down to the steamship dock, where lie the great ships come to harbor from China and Australia and Japan. The sun is sinking behind the mountain ridge of Vancouver Isle.

"Let me advise you," says a tourist friend, "not to fail, now that you are so near, to visit Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. A steamer will take you there in a few hours, and you will be rewarded in finding a transplanted section of Old England, climate, people and all; and more vigorous, perhaps, because of the transplanting."

We have finished our journey. We are convinced of the greatness of the West. We understand the feeling in those lines:

"Oh! wind that comes out of the West,
You sigh on your way to the plain,
'The mountain land is best,
Will you not come back again?'

"Glow, skies, with your golden light;
Blow softly, dear wind from the hill;
For my heart has a longing to-night
That only the West can fill."

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL SICAMOUS, SICAMOUS, B.C.

IN ATTENDANCE ON THE KING.*

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.

GARDEN FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

IN attendance on the King! The phrase gives place to all sorts of conjectures as to nature of duties and extent of privileges, as well as much wonderment as to the daily *regime* and the little details which never come before the public; which have, as it were, to be read between the lines of the Court Gazette, or the more prolific special report of the daily press.

Every royal official is one of a charmed circle, concerning the doings of which the average outsider is absolutely ignorant. If, however, any man imagines the holder of office which brings him into immediate contact with the King to fill a post that is a mere sinecure then he is vastly mistaken; for the helpers of a man who is an indefatigable worker and a systematic one at that, are, in a sense, wheels of a complicated and unceasing piece of machinery.

Few are aware of the real magnitude of the multitudinous business which must be dealt with year in and year out, necessitating a knowledge of men and events which is simply marvellous, and a grasp and tact far and away beyond the average. To deal with such the King must be surrounded by men of no common calibre, but men who are blessed with brains and know how to use them, who have not only profited by the best scholastic mentors, but have turned their acquirements to account with profit to themselves and their compeers.

No dullard would be eligible, not if he were to have the best blood of England in his veins and the recommendation and influence of every member of the Upper House. The

* Abridged from The Leisure Hour.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

man who holds a post in the immediate *entourage* of His Majesty the King must be a thinker, a worker, a diplomatist, and a courtier. He must also be a proficient in modern popular accomplishments, as these may often be called into requisition when the ordinary routine work is for the *moment in abeyance.*

Thus it will be seen that every prominent member of the royal suite is of necessity a man of exceptional ability, and that, though his position may be envied by many, he is eminently qualified to fill it, and must work hard to maintain it. More or less, these officials are admitted to a certain friendship with His Majesty, of

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

which there are, of course, degrees of intimacy; but undoubtedly the two or three who share the higher degree know more of the King's real thoughts and opinions on diversities of things than do any other men in the world.

In mentioning such, the name of Lord Knollys, private secretary to His Majesty for very many years, naturally occurs as one of the most prominent. From the very nature of his position and duties, Lord Knollys —next to the King—must know more of the inner wheels of the machinery of our own state and empire, as well

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, OSBORNE HOUSE.

as more of the political and friendly or unfriendly relations with foreign powers, than any other man. He it is who morning by morning opens the despatch bags and goes through the documents with the King, hears His Majesty's views, takes notes and indites replies; those which are of extreme importance being written by his lordship's own hand.

Thus, when a change of ministry is imminent, or a leading member of the Government is about to resign, Lord Knollys is the one man—apart from the King and the official concerned—who is cognisant of the fact. Also, this trusted member of His Majesty's household deals with his royal master's correspondence, opening all letters not carrying the hall-mark of relationship or privilege or marked private. And, truth to tell, even many of those which are so marked are subject to the discretionary powers of Lord Knollys, for obviously the "private" is affixed by many persons who are either cranks, people with a grievance, or who send petitions with which the King cannot constitutionally deal; applications for business patronage or autographs, and a never-ending stream of begging letters.

The major portion of these are dealt with in one stereotyped way; it goes without saying that the King cannot possibly be troubled with such epistles, so Lord Knollys goes rapidly through them to get the gist, passes

A BIT OF THE LONG CORRIDOR, OSBORNE HOUSE.

over such as should be answered to an assistant secretary, who in his turn directs one of the typists to despatch the formal set reply. Such as should come before the King do so in due course, the privileged private ones being at once sent to His Majesty, the others being retained by Lord Knollys for the King's perusal and decision.

Of course every happening in the royal household, whether it savors of public or private life, must be conducted on absolutely punctual lines, or the most utter confusion would reign supreme instead of the very admirable order which is now dominant. In no department is this more necessary to be exemplified than in that of the private secretary.

Let me give an instance in connection with the visit of an official of a public institution to settle the details of a visit with which the King was about to honor the place. 2.30 was the hour named, but the official did not arrive until a few minutes after that time, and then found that one of several other callers had been given the preference. Furthermore, he had to watch the whole number enter and leave the private secretary's room before his own turn came. All but himself had been punctual to their appointment, and so he had to submit to a long and tiresome delay, brought about by his own lack of punctuality. A little incident, perhaps, but exactly illustrative of the essentially rigid mode imperative at Buckingham Palace.

Lord Knollys from long experience

SANDRINGHAM.

can gauge to a nicety just how long it will take to get through with so and so. Always courteous, he yet conveys an unmistakable impression of no time to waste, gives the idea of a man who knows exactly what he is going to say, and has a very nice knack of quietly bringing to the point any one who is inclined to be loquacious. Thus he is generally able to make up a long list of appointments to cover a certain space of time—and gets them over as specified.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND SOME OF HER PETS.

Lord Knollys it is who, with the assistance of the equerries, sends out the "command invitations" to dine and sleep, spend a week end, etc. (The invitations to courts and other state functions are, of course, given through the Lord Chamberlain.) Thanks to companies and individuals are also duly despatched from his lordship's office; the aggregate of documents and letters which have his name affixed to them day by day appearing an imposing task of itself.

Lord Knollys has official residences at Colour Court, St. James's Palace, and in Winchester Tower, Windsor, but it is very little that his homes see of him, for he is in continual attendance on the King, and, generally speaking, dines with His Majesty, often afterwards forming one of the circle in the drawing-rooms.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to note that previous to the reign of George III. no British monarch had a private secretary. Then one was appointed at a salary of £2,000, and the office has been perpetuated until

the present day, although the holders had no very arduous duties to perform prior to the Victorian era.

Next in importance—if one takes length of service and friendship as a gauge—is General the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, who to the many letters after his name can add the glorious V.C. The office at present held by the General is that of Keeper of the Privy Purse, but when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, his post was that of Comptroller and Treasurer of His Royal Highness's household, which post he filled for many years. As Comptroller, Sir Dighton was naturally very much with the Prince, in fact, he was a constant companion; his Sandringham residence, too, is within the park, close to the doors of His Majesty's house, and he has at all times been almost as one of the family in the royal household. If there have been times when Sir Dighton was not in daily attendance on the King, it was on the occasions of the Queen's various trips to Denmark. Twice a year, generally speaking, has Her Majesty journeyed to her childhood's home, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn being her invariable attendants.

Almost immediately after the commencement of King Edward's reign the royal household was entirely remodelled, and Sir Dighton was nominated Privy Purse. At first sight, an outsider might wonder how this official could find sufficient work to engage his attention and take up practically the whole of his time, but that the duties are continuous and arduous is beyond a shadow of a doubt. In the first place, the General draws and signs all personal cheques, for, needless to say, this is one of the things which the King does not do for himself. With such a prodigious expenditure as must inevitably attach to His Majesty, this is a task in itself. Then he also duly makes investigation into the merits or otherwise of all societies, charities, and private persons the King has been asked to befriend, or is disposed to assist without having been previously solicited to do so.

Only Sir Dighton could tell what His Majesty's charities really are, and how much is sent to relieve private needs of which the world has no record. But the General's duties are by no means limited to financial affairs, for he also holds the appointment of Extra Equerry, and is a member of the Councils of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the revenues of which, as is well known, augment the incomes of the King and Prince of Wales respectively. General Sir Dighton Probyn has apartments at Buckingham Palace, a residence in the Norman Tower, Windsor, and a country home known as Park House, Sandringham.

Another official in attendance on the King, who may also be ranked as a personal friend of His Majesty, is Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Household. His duties are multitudinous, for he is not only the actual Master—as his name implies—but he veritably has the King under his care, for all functions within the palaces; that is, he is personally responsible for the well-doing of all the household staff, and for the prompt and thorough performance of all duties assigned. There are certain times when Lord Farquhar's office is a very onerous one, such being on the occasions of royal and distinguished personages paying visits to the King. Then the Master has to see that each and all are suitably accommodated in accordance with their rank—and, it must be added, their known likes and dislikes; some having decided preferances for certain positions, etc.

And the number of petitions Lord Farquhar has to deal with is truly astonishing—applications from all quarters on every imaginable subject, embracing suppliants for positions in the household, offers of all sorts of goods from aspiring tradesmen who have an eye to future royal patronage, and requests for permission to do this, that, and the other—things which often are quite outside the province of the Master. Lord Farquhar has a residence at Castle Rising, which almost joins the King's Sandringham estate, His Majesty having more than once honored it with a week-end visit. When in Norfolk for the shooting season, the King and Lord Farquhar, with other guns, are out together nearly every day, just in the same way as ordinary country neighbors who are on very good terms with each other. The Master has an able colleague in the person of the Deputy Master, Colonel Fredericks, this gentleman representing him on all occasions of absence, and assisting him generally.

Then we come to the Assistant Keepers of the Privy Purse and Assistant Secretaries, Lieut.-Colonel Davidson and Captain F. Ponsonby, gentlemen whose time and energies are fully taxed in the performance of their duties, which come under the heading as implied by the titles, and who also often act as equerries in attendance. Thus, they may be called upon not only to assist with correspondence, but to ride or drive with the King; to go to the station to meet certain guests beneath the dignity of royalty, or to attend His Majesty when such guests are of kingly rank. They must also help to receive distinguished guests at the Castle or Palace, or receive alone those of lesser standing; and in many instances conduct guests to assigned apartments. They must post visitors in points of royal etiquette before presentation or dinner, and, in fact, generally look after all men guests.

They are in attendance on the King at all functions, and when the family are alone they must be ready to play billiards or bridge with His Majesty, converse on literature and topical subjects as well as agriculture, military and naval matters, and the hundred and one things in which the King is interested; or they may be included in the general circle for private theatricals or music.

It is the hours that tell, too! From early morn until midnight there is no cessation of duties of some description, and though daily performance of such of course brings familiarity, yet there of necessity is a great strain and more than a little anxiety in connection with such an exceptional routine as here indicated.

Any of these gentlemen may be called upon to dine with the royal family when at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle; and at Sandringham, where state etiquette is not so much observed, they invariably do so. On all other occasions they take their meals in the household dining-room, the Master or his Deputy occupying the post of honor at the table. Of course, all have their own private apartments.

But sketches of what may be termed the civic officials of the King's household—as apart from the state and military—would not be complete without some mention of the physicians and surgeons, as well as the domestic chaplains. The first of these to be mentioned is Sir Francis Henry Laking, the Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, and, in fact, his trusted medical adviser. Sir Francis was born in 1847, and was educated at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. The popular physician is a tall, clean-shaven man, with a broad brow, keen

eyes, and open, pleasant face and affable manner. He is particularly fond of children, and is still consulting physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

Every one will be conversant with the terribly anxious weeks Sir Francis had to undergo at the time of the King's illness in 1902, a period that very perceptibly aged him, and during which he scarcely left His Majesty's apartments. He is also a great favorite with all other members of the royal family, and is often included in the court circle, even when not in the Palace for professional purposes.

Of Lord Lister and Sir Frederick Treves much has been written; but these, together with other appointed medicos, are not in such continuous attendance as is Sir Francis Laking; he may, in fact, be named "Keeper of the King's Health," for upon him devolves the actual responsibility. No light charge, when the unceasing activity of His Majesty is taken into consideration—an activity which cannot but conduce to a wear and tear of constitution already much tried by illness. Sir Francis is an amateur farmer, an enthusiastic geologist, and a collector of *bric-a-brac.*

Of the two Domestic Chaplains, the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Hervey, it is the latter who is more often in actual attendance on the King, for he is Rector of the Sandringham House Church, officiating and generally preaching when His Majesty is in residence at his Norfolk home. The Canon is also librarian for Sandringham, in that and other capacities being brought into frequent contact with the royal family, and he may, in fact, be counted as a personal friend of both the King and Queen. The Canon's residence is within the Park, just a stone's throw, in fact, from Sandringham House.

There are many nice points not generally known to the public, one of which is the question of departments. The Master of the Household, for instance, and the "staff below stairs" come under the Lord Steward's department, while the Lord Chamberlain of the Household has control of all officials "above stairs," including chaplains, physicians, etc. The State Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart—in the department of Master of the Horse—is in frequent intercourse with the King, and is responsible to His Majesty for the proper supply and equipment of all carriages and horses required for their Majesties and the royal family, Sir Henry's orders being transmitted to Captain Nicholas, the Superintendent of the Royal Mews, whose business it is to issue directions to the men, and to personally inspect every stable, coach-house, and harness-room, with all their contents, at least once every day.

RESPONSIBILITY.

O Holy Ghost, thy people move,
Baptize their hearts with faith and love,
  And consecrate their gold.
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,
And all their ranks unite once more,
  As in the days of old.

The Master's coming draweth near,
The Son of man will soon appear,
  His kingdom is at hand.
But ere that glorious day can be,
This gospel of Thy Kingdom we
  Must preach in every land.

They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
  In Christless guilt and gloom.
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When in the awful judgment day
  They charge thee with their doom?

THE NEW PROBLEM FOR MISSIONS.*

BY REV. C. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

UCH as has been written about Japan during the last few decades, and the movements of the Japanese army and navy within the last year or two, very few seem to have any idea of the modern developments in China, Korea, and Manchuria, the tremendous influence the triumph of Japan will have on the destiny of the Far East, and the possible effect on the Western world. The question to-day is not whether Japan is to be taken seriously, but what is to be done to meet the new conditions, not only in Japan, but in all eastern Asia, as the result of the rising of the Island Empire to startle the world into a new awakening and lead to a new era. Shall the new era be moulded by the powers that make for human welfare? Is it to be a new stage in the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth? Or shall it betoken a new deluge to overwhelm an unfaithful West, such as swept away the Roman Empire and ancient civilization?

The Situation.

The conglomerate of people known as "all the Russias," led by an autocracy without a heart, tyrannized by a Church without Christianity, inspired by an infatuation to dominate all Asia, had crept eastward, and, by lying diplomacy and heartless war, had swallowed Siberia and Mongolia, thrown its claws over Manchuria and gripped Korea, next door to Japan. If they succeeded, all China, Thibet, Korea, Japan, would not have satisfied them. All these nations would have been armed and led on to the conquest of India, and the civilization of Asia would have been rolled back for centuries, or the greatest war of all time, to which the present would be a flea-bite, would have been fought between the civilized nations and the Muscovite, possibly backed by France and Germany.

But, in the providence of God, a little rod was kept in pickle, and just at the right moment the world is astonished at a thunderbolt out of the blue. What was supposed to be a doll's-house nation hurls itself against the mountainous Muscovite, with all his century-old ambitions, and rolls back the portentous giant of evil. The Muscovite must retire. When converted and reorganized on a Christian basis, he may once more become mighty, a blessing instead of a curse to the world. In the meantime a new Orient is born, and Japan is at the head of it.

But, still more tremendous in its implications for us, the English-speaking world is back of Japan. Not merely in the direct political fact of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan, but in the fact that the touch with the English-speaking peoples has been the mightiest factor in the making of modern Japan, without which she never would have become what she is to-day. Japan gratefully acknowledges the obligation and is strengthened by the wider moral support of the Anglo-Saxons and all people thirsting for freedom in every land, more vitally important in the

* The many years Dr. Eby has spent as a missionary of our Church in Japan, and his prolonged study of missionary problems, give special weight and value to this paper on the *great crisis* in the Far East.—ED.

long run than the official alliance of any political treaty.

While there has been a wonderful providence in the timely development of Japan, there is nothing magical about it. The whole outcome is the result of years of preparation, the fruitage which has naturally grown out of antecedent factors. God moves and works according to law, but it is His law that we must study and find out, not our law, either of nations or of boards and committees. It is because these facts and factors are not intelligently studied in conjunction with the great laws of divine operation among men for the Kingdom of God on earth that mistakes are made and progress is so slow.

But the problem is not now simply with an awakened nation that has for thirty years or forty years ransacked the world for the best ideas in order to appropriate them for their own material advantage. That alone should have made "the wise ones" do a little thinking some time ago; but now we shall have to do with a modern and triumphant Japan, in control of Korea, with Manchuria nominally under the sovereignty of China, but open to the world and practically under the protection of Japan, with China as scholar and co-partner, and all combined to produce an advanced and civilized Orient by appropriating those elements of the West which have made the Island Empire great. The Far Eastern nations will form one united Bund, led by Japan, and will deliberately start out on a new career as one of the mightiest factors in the world-development of the twentieth century. A combination of one-third of the human race, one-half of the non-Christian population of the globe, becoming conscious of their power, reorganizing for self-defence and for progress, presents a problem worth studying—a condition of things that should arouse the Christian world into thought and action. The final solution depends on the attitude and enterprise of Christian evangelizing forces over against the more obtrusive powers of diplomacy, militarism and mammonism, the world-spirits now ruling the darkness of this age.

Newspapers and magazines teem with articles which attempt explanations of the situation in the Far East, and what will happen after the war. Some of them are intelligent to a degree, some are the opposite, descending even to a suggestion that the religion of Japan must have had much to do in making such good soldiers, and therefore Europe should learn and appropriate the same! Verily, the military mind is ever pagan! The difficulty with all these studies is that they are partial, and therefore defective, in so far as essential elements are overlooked which must be reckoned with to have a correct view of the whole problem.

The Political Chessmen.

Over two thousand years ago China passed out of the military feudal stage of development into the industrial, commercial stage. The mental culture of the Chinese at that early date brought to the land great advantages, creating a prestige which resulted in a mighty empire whose supremacy was undisputed for many "cycles of Cathay." It was able to lead in human progress up to a certain point; beyond that the huge mass resembled dough, and would have remained dough for ever unless some new leaven came to raise the mass into a capacity for better things, or elements of decay brought it to an end. The wilder tribes of the north, strong in primal brute force, came in conquering hordes, overthrew the dynasty, time and again, settled in

multitudes on the cultivated lands of the civilized people, to be digested down in a short time into the stolid mass of Chinese, an added quantity of dough.

Times have changed. A respite from northern hordes did not prevent another disturbing element. New world-powers have gradually come into being until they traverse the oceans seeking new fields to conquer, or new markets for commerce, and, incidentally, lands for a possession. Britain & Sons seem to have stumbled into empire. Elsewhere permanent Anglo-Saxon nations are planted; they do not seek to disturb the autonomy of any civilized land where fair play in commerce can be had. Russia has moved for centuries, stealthily, steadily, along one line of enlargement, with a premeditated purpose, not to colonize but to absorb and Russianize all Asia into one submissive mass under the autocracy of the Church and the Czar. It is the old movement of the hordes, but in modern, systematic form: absorbing Siberia, Mongolia, and almost Manchuria, through the tentacles of railway and the planting everywhere possible of the ubiquitous bureaucracy and militarism of St. Petersburg, until the Far East was apparently almost won. France and Germany have been knocking at every possible open door to get in and colonize—that is, appropriate. To them the partition of China seemed, and apparently still seems, the legitimate, inevitable thing. Which should win, ancient absolutism in possession of the whole, mediæval dissection and disintegration, or the "open door" in an awakened, renewed and consolidated East?

It has not been left to the West to decide this matter alone. Japan, awakened by the West, has caught on to Western ideas, and has resolved to solve the Eastern problem. Her ideal solution is an Eastern Asia preserving its integrity in all its parts, united by seeking progress along all lines of Western science and education, preserving the good inherent in the old Orient, borrowing the good of the West to make a modern East, and seeking to find in Korea and Manchuria a home for some of her swarming population, as well as a market for her industries. Anglo-Saxon peoples say "amen" to her ambitions; some from selfish motives, for that means the open door for world commerce; some for higher reasons, for it means an open door for the message of the Gospel, and the advance of the kingdom of love upon the earth. And Japan will win.

When she has won, what will happen? There is no danger of a Japanese horde overrunning any part of the continent, as the Mongols and the Manchus overran China. But the immense territory of Manchuria, larger than all of France and Germany together, rich in forest and arable lands, and in every possible type of resources, with climate and many other features resembling Canada, with a comparatively sparse population of 18,000,000, capable of sustaining 100,000,000, will offer a needed opportunity for colonies of enterprising Japanese emigrants and will relieve the overcrowding of the Island Empire. That will be a mutual benefit and an injury to neither. Nor is there any need of another fear, sometimes expressed, that immense sums of capital, either their own or borrowed, will be spent by Japan on developing vast resources, to become afterwards an excuse for perpetual control.

As to Russia, there is at this moment (March, 1905) a great deal of deciding never—no, never!—to pay an indemnity to Japan. That would be a humiliation too great to bear!

But Russia will have no peace until she agrees to pay an indemnity or to give an equivalent. But "What if we evacuate Manchuria, and simply refuse to pay? The Japanese cannot compel payment because they are not on Russian soil," says Russia. Russia would be doubly dishonored before the world; would be driven out of all touch with the Pacific and gradually pushed back towards the Urals would lose before long more than the indemnity would cost. But in any case, no matter what the terms of peace may be, to pay the indemnity and restore her army and navy, or simply to regain lost ground and prepare for revenge, she will need immense sums of money and many years of preparation. To get money she must borrow from France or Germany. But to borrow from either there must be promise of a period of peace and the development of internal resources.

If Russia takes some years to prepare for revenge, what will Japan be doing in the meantime? Her plan has been made and has been in process for years. Japan will unify all Eastern Asia; reorganize the armies of each of the nations included therein on the model of her own; her experienced army will become the military ideal for the ranks; her generals will give the military genius for organization and mobilization, the military leadership for any possible emergency. So that by the time Russia is where she was two years ago, the Far East will be twenty years ahead, with an army tenfold that of Japan before which her hosts went down. For when Russia faces Japan again, it will be Japan plus all Eastern Asia, awake and organized for a far bigger fight.

General Gordon showed that a little generalship, a little drill, and a little stiffening of a very few experienced veterans, could turn Chinese into first-class fighting men. Under the direction and inspiration of the experienced veterans of Japan, the ever-victorious armies of the Island Empire, it will not take long to prepare a host of five or ten millions of soldiers, who will be ready to perform just such deeds of daring and endurance as made the Mikado's troops invincible.

There is only one contingency that will turn the new world-force into a "yellow peril." That will be the selfish aggressiveness of Europe. The statesmen of China are essentially materialistic. "If Russia wins against Japan, make common cause with Russia; if Japan wins, make an alliance with Japan," was the advice of that astute old man of the world, Li Hung Chang. China will follow his advice. But China has no love for war; no desire for aggression; no hunger for glory; no lust for colonies. Nor has Japan any desire to conquer the territory of any nation. But together they are determined to be no longer browbeaten by brutal foreigners, nor allow their land to be carved up for European colonies.

It would not be surprising if China should demand the return of Mongolia before many years, and make the Central Asian Mountains her frontier as before Russia stole that immense area. Manchuria and Mongolia at peace and open to development, would give splendid scope for Chinese industry and relieve the overcrowding of the congested provinces. The economic and social conditions of the whole of those lands would immediately be greatly improved and give a field for pent-up energies of enterprise.

If Russia makes a second attack she will be met with an army ten times as large as that before which her legions have already failed, with other hosts behind that could over-

whelm Europe, if nagged to the effort. It is to be hoped that Russia will turn her attention to internal reforms until she experiences a permanent change of heart, and therewith a change of policy.

There is, however, one other possible contingency. Russia is persistent in her plans for final and complete Asiatic conquest. Having failed to run the "little dwarfs," as they scornfully called the Japanese, into the sea, it may be they are anxious to make an alliance with Japan. If England could be ousted from the place of Japan's ally, and Japan could be got to unite with Russia in managing China and attacking India, what a splendid chance to beat the British after all! And then take time for crushing Japan! But Japan is too wise to fall into any such trap as that, let us hope, for her own sake as well as for Eastern Asia. Japan seeks the fruits of civilization and not the booty or power resulting from the unnecessary wars of conquest. That result will best be reached in other company.

But, taking for granted that in a short time the continent will be at peace, what will be the attitude of the rest of the world towards the consolidated Imperial Bund of the New Orient? Russia will need financial help, and will need all her wits for problems at home and in the Near East. France may draw off, or be neutral, as a money-lender. It may be the opportunity for the Emperor of Germany to head a combination making a European Imperial Bund—Germany, Russia, and Austria—with William as Primus. On the other hand, in more or less combination with the Great East, would be all Anglo-Saxondom with the rest of Europe and the popular heart of France and Germany.

The German Emperor would be more than pleased to break the bond between two possible enemies, one on either flank, and pose as friend to his brother emperor in distress, in place of republican France. Now that the fear of a possible attack from Russia for many years has been removed by Russian disaster, the Kaiser is losing no time in wooing France to closer friendship and possible alliance.

To make a long story short, we are within measurable distance of a combination of three empires, Russia, Germany, Austria, with the German Kaiser at the head, on the one side, with Anglo-Saxondom, France, Italy, Japan, and all the Far East on the other. Absolutism against democracy; the land powers against the sea powers; reaction against progress.

The immediate storm-centre would shift to the "Near East," and rage around Turkey and the blighted but awakening lands rent and torn between Mohammedanism, Greekism, and Romanism. The imperial powers would have enough to do in reorganizing home affairs and reconstructing Russia to keep them from aggressiveness for many years. Meanwhile the yeast of modern thought and freedom at work in the universities and among the people would have a chance to undermine the brutal and reactionary elements of absolutism. William may have his way in financing for Russia, but the German people will have a chance to do some fine missionary work, and from underneath a revolution will take place that will make old absolutism obsolete for ever, after, say, twenty years.

The Present Objective.

In the meantime, while Japan may be reorganizing the triple Eastern empire on lines of militarism, and may show her leadership there, China will very soon take the lead in all questions of industry, commerce, and great finance. Because a people are extraordinarily successful on military

lines is no reason why they should be expected to be equally successful in other lines. In matters of war Japan will easily lead; in all essential activities of peace China will just as easily lead away out of sight. But behind these material figures on the chessboard of a hemisphere, there lie unseen the psychic forces which control the movements that are seen. These unseen movements are the more important: they are creative. The material movements are phenomena, evanescent figures on a stage.

Japan awoke in the fifties to the weakness of her isolation. During the sixties she began to study what it all meant. During the seventies, the whole energies of an empire, from beggar's hut to imperial palace, from cradle-babe to tottering age, were concentrated on the one thought of learning how to appropriate that in the West which would make her strong, to preserve intact their ancestral heritage. During the eighties she fought with ever-increasing tenacity and purpose on diplomatic lines for recognition as a civilized nation. Early in the nineties she tried her implements of war and her newly-learned tactics in a contest with China. Both she and China learned a lesson in war; and then a lesson in the damnable diplomacy of the West. From 1894 to 1904, the recognition of her commercial rights gave her great material advantage, and every effort was redoubled to prepare for the inevitable war with Russia. For this purpose the science of the West was brought into requisition, and the culture of the West analyzed for elements suitable for her purpose.

In the meantime China has been slowly awakening. For thousands of years her culture was unquestioned, supreme; schoolmaster of nations for thirty centuries. With haughty pride she refused the culture of the West during a whole century of incessant and increasingly persistent contact, until aroused by the blows of the Japanese army and navy. The young Emperor launched an edict opening the empire to Western learning. The Empress Dowager suppressed him and his edict for the time, and Old China made another struggle against the inevitable New China in the Boxer rising. Again they were punished by the West. Now an edict, for some time in force, has been filling the land with schools in every province, culminating in an immense Imperial University, in all of which Western knowledge and culture will be taught. The old, old type of official examinations, which looked only to the past, is giving place to new examinations which look to the culture of the West and to the future of China. A revolution, simply beyond the power of description, has already begun. What has occurred in Japan on a small scale during the last forty years is being re-enacted in China on a scale colossal and portentous. A mountain moving means an avalanche; China moving in mass means—what?

There is, however, one overlooked feature, important for the purpose of this paper and ominous for every thoughtful mind. This whole development of Western culture in the Eastern mind, so far as it is national and popular, is anti-Christian, determinedly materialistic. The educational department of Japan, so far as possible, has wrought for the exclusion of Christian influences from the national system, and, when able, cripples the mission schools. The result may be seen in the religious census of two schools, typical of the whole. And let it be remembered that 92 per cent. of the boys of school age, and 83 per cent. of the girls are in these schools. "In a school of 200 students, whose average age was 18½

years, there were: Christians 2, Buddhists 9, Shintoists 1, Agnostics 140, Atheists 27, non-committal 21. In a school of 130 students, average age 21½ years: Christians 0, Buddhists 3, Shintoists 0, Confucianists 1, Agnostics 95, Atheists 26, non-committal 5."* Thus it will be seen that the old religions are passing, and that the gospel to-day accepted in Japan is that of Herbert Spencer and Professor Haeckel. In China they have not gone so far in that direction, but cling to Confucius, with his earth-bounded ethics and culture of the "natural," the psychic man.

But to such an extent does the old hold sway that no Christian child and no Christian teacher can remain in their national system of schools. From the common school to the university the Christian is excluded, and, of course, Christian teaching is impossible. The culture of the West is accepted in the curriculum, deliberately and of set purpose, for its materialistic advantage, in the war against aggression and in the wider field of industrialism and commerce, in order to preserve their ancestral inheritance, mental, ethical, religious.

What the ultimate result of such a method of contact between East and West will be, unless controlled and changed by some higher set of forces, we can easily imagine. The "yellow peril" will materialize. The evolution of the ages will be re-enacted on a tremendous scale. "That is not a wisdom which comes down from above: it is of the earth, psychical, demoniacal." (Jas. iii. 15.) Is there a wisdom which comes from above that can be made available to take possession of the field of culture, and bring the soul-life of the East and West into harmony with one central controlling Spirit? Can these peoples be brought thus into harmony with each other amid the endless variety of the phenomena of matter and mind? Let us see!

Spiritual Forces.

When the contact of East and West was at its first climax in Asia Minor there came One who claimed the allegiance of the world. "All authority has been given unto Me in heaven and upon earth: go ye therefore and make all nations My disciples: teaching them to make My words their universal law." Paul was the first to grasp the world-statesmanship involved, and sought to weld all races into one new type of man for a new type of nation. He wrought wonders and made history. We pass over nearly two thousand years and find the conditions which Paul found in a microcosm magnified into a world-wide macrocosmic scale, with vast means and experienced workers to face the problems in it, with all its new and larger demands.

The missionary has been bringing to the Orient another kind of contact with Western ideas and unseen forces. The propaganda of the Greek Church has ever been supported by Russian Government money, for a purpose. In Tokio the ground given for the legation was used to erect a church. The mission in Japan won converts, but failed to Russianize them. The Roman Catholic propaganda has generally been French, and France has not hesitated to make use of their work and the persecutions they have met as a method of aggression. The scientific work of the Jesuits in China is the chief outcome of long years of service. The Protestant missions have had only one aim, the advance of the Kingdom of God and, incidentally, the betterment of the people. In pursuance of their work they have been compelled more and more to build for

* "The Heart of Japan," p. 151.

a long siege. They have been misunderstood; misrepresented at home, misapprehended and persecuted in China. But they keep on at their work of love. The whole of one long century of self-denying work in China has been the right kind of a preparation for just such an emergency as we are face to face with to-day. The same may be said of Japan for the shorter time since missionary work began. It was confidently predicted that the excesses of the Western soldiers and the severity of Western powers after the Boxer rising would make future missionary work impossible in China. But the conduct of the missionaries and the native Christians was such as to remove hindrances and open the whole land for immensely larger work.

While it is true that the educational departments of both Japan and China ostentatiously reject all contact with Christianity as such, the Christian missionary is still one of the mightiest factors working along the lines of intellectual culture in both these lands. That influence is backed and emphasized by growing religious, moral and humanitarian results of the self-denying labors of the missionaries. In China hundreds of mission schools are crowded with boys and girls, and if ten thousand more could be opened they would be crowded to the doors; the thirty mission colleges are crowded with paying students, while the thirty government colleges have difficulty in getting students, though giving free tuition and support. The mission presses have been multiplying apace, and such is the demand for literature dealing with Western matters, including religion and ethics, that the presses, working night and day, cannot keep up with orders. One mission press in Shanghai celebrated its jubilee in 1894; it then had a force of ninety-six printers and thirty binders, and for the preceding five years had sold 200,000,000 pages, of which 123,000,000 were Holy Scriptures, 43,000,000 religious books and tracts, and 18,000,000 magazines.

The Rev. Timothy Richard, nearly twenty years ago, unfolded to me, in my study in Tokio, his plan to reach the higher classes for the enlightenment of the literati, on which his heart was set, and to accomplish which he was making a special appeal to his Board. He is to-day secretary and moving spirit of a great "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," of which Sir Robert Hart is president. Its object is to provide high-class literature for the more intelligent and illustrated books for families. They published an ably edited magazine, The Review of the Times, for the general reader, and one specially for Christians. The output of the society and the range of its work increases every year. Last year one of its books was sold in six pirated editions in one city! And yet they sold over $54,000 worth during the year. This, with kindred methods of spreading Western culture imbued with Christian sentiment, is flooding the land with influences to counteract the anti-Christian efforts to introduce Western learning without Christ. They are meeting an awakened popular demand.

The bare statement that there are 1,000 Christian workers and 60,000 Protestant Christians in Japan, and over 2,000 foreign workers and 250,000 believers in China, does not begin to convey an adequate idea of the effect produced among the people along spiritual, ethical, intellectual, medical, social, humanitarian lines, indicating a steady and permanent growth of the Kingdom of God in the Far East. But 60,000 nominal Christians amid the 45,000,000 of Japan, though among them there is

an unusual number of men of influence and power, is, after all, only the promise and proof of great possibilities in the future if the battle is pushed with energy by Anglo-Saxon Christians. To imagine that the Japanese are Christianized, or that the native Church is able to finish the work without more help from abroad, is simply preposterous. And to imagine that the evangelization of the continent can be left in their hands is the utterest insanity. It is true, as a Shanghai secular paper states, that the missionary workers constitute "a buffer state between what are considered to be the dangerous literary and official classes of China, and the dangerous and diplomatic classes of the West."

Summary.

1. We are face to face with the rise of a New China which is to be homogeneous, self-governed, reformed by the science of the West. Ten Japans in one in process of transformation.

2. There will be a combination of China, Korea, Japan, including Manchuria and, perhaps, Mongolia, with the control of the Pacific, militarily reorganized and led by Japan. China is preparing to spend $200,000,000 annually on a new navy, and is able to put 5,000,000 soldiers in the field. A solid one-third of the human race, arming, drilling, ready for what?

3. Sir Robert Hart asserts, and no one has a better right to know than he, that "the only salvation from the 'yellow peril' will be either the partition of China among the European powers, or a miraculous spread of Christianity that shall transform the empire." The partition of China will not take place. Our only alternative is a Christianized Far East.

4. The battle-ground where the East will be lost or won, between the materialism of war and mammon, on the one hand, and the forces of peace and goodwill on the other, will be on the field of intellectual culture. Shall Christianity win the mind of the thinking East, or shall Confucius become mightier under the name of Agnosticism, and heathenism triumph for ages to come under the garb of modern atheism?

5. If Christ is to win it will be by means of the Anglo-Saxon Christian peoples moving forward with workers from all Protestant lands. The "miraculous spread of Christianity," demanded by Sir Robert Hart, will come when, and only when, true mission statesmanship shall be able to organize the vast forces of Christendom for a new and overwhelming crusade, that shall co-operate with and strengthen all the institutions and agencies now in the field, energize them into greater power, and add thereto an army of fresh workers, mobilized for new methods of advance. The spiritual element must ever be to the fore and prayer be an unceasing and increasingly momentous factor. But this is a time when Jehovah speaks once more to the leaders of His people, "What are ye crying to me about? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

6. How a divine advance can be inaugurated, that shall multiply the Christian workers in the Far East one hundredfold within five years; how to provide for them, utilize them to the best advantage, arrange for an indefinite increase for fifty years to come, and lead them in an invincible campaign of peace and goodwill, so as to win the Orient for Christ, will be the theme for a succeeding article.

At such a crisis as this, with such a Saviour as we have, and with such omnipotence of spiritual power as is at our command, "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

TO DRIVE OR TO DELIGHT?

MAN CAN DRIVE A CHILD, HOW MANY CAN MAKE HIM THINK?

BY GEO. A. DICKINSON, M.D.

ows where is no pleasure ta'en ;
, study what you most affect."

R ANDREW CLARKE has said the criterion of true instruction is not acquiring but thinking. This suggests to one's mind the question, How can I make a child think? With many teachers, apparently, the effort is often wasted. It is a repetition of the old story of leading the colt to the t utterly failing to make

To get a child to think t there is produced an the faculties or nerve cen- brain; there is created a knowledge which is analae hunger for food.

e a hunger for food, often ply that we see food, smell it being prepared; so denowledge means that an created in a faculty by the f appropriate stimuli actneously through the senses. for taste is stimulated by of tasting liquids with the nerves in the tongue; the nteresting things to look at; g, interesting sounds. The es and faculties have an oduced in them by the varipriate impressions. Likeings of aversion, desire, e, sympathy, anger, pride, fear, ambition, will, reness, hope, faith, justice, n, etc., are aroused in our nature by different impressions acting throughout our senses.

This activity varies much in degree, according to the kind of impression or experience causing it, and according to mental endowment of the individual. A word or look which shows kindness, sympathy, hope, or faith, almost constantly arouses like feelings in another. Where a child is possessed of a bold, determined, aggressive spirit, these traits of character are quickly awakened on the least provocation, while in one differently constituted different feelings are aroused.

The senses vary much in degree of perfection. To some persons all teas taste the same; the sense of smell may be poorly developed, and fragrant odors are not noticed. Likewise, those things which we like to see, or those sounds which please us—those things required to create activity in our mental faculties—vary greatly, according to our peculiarities of mental endowment. The artist is interested in pictures, the machinist in things mechanical. the tailor in clothes, the farmer in things appertaining to his calling, and so each of us shows very different feelings, according to his mental make-up.

Every child in a school varies in some degree mentally from every other—no two are alike. So their interests, their likes and dislikes, are shown in many ways. In order to train a young child with facility, you must use appropriate means; in other words, you must interest the scholar if he is not interested, or, as they say,

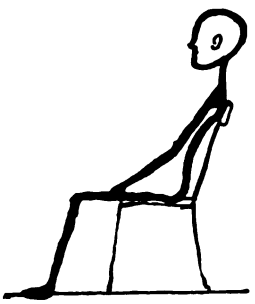
you must create an appetite. It seems that teaching is somewhat like eating —it appears to be to satisfy an existing appetite. But a first-class teacher is something like a good cook: he can create an appetite when the child is apparently not hungry. You must get his attention, your subject must be made pleasing, or you cannot create an intense activity. By teaching a child those subjects in which he is interested, in time he can be taught to take an interest and thus be instructed in almost any subject, however dry and uninteresting that subject may be.

As M. Ribot has pointed out, interest or attention may be said to be of two kinds, one of which is natural, innate or spontaneous, and exists in our nature, is inborn, is a part of our character, and is not the result of artificial agencies acting on our mind, is not the result of education.

Before external influences could have any effect, all children show peculiarities of character and mental traits. These are shown spontaneously in desires, likes or dislikes, tendencies, gratifications, etc. Children may be of a mechanical turn of mind, or show a liking for art, poetry, music, or an aptitude to learn languages, etc., and may take a spontaneous interest in these pursuits.

On the other hand, attention or interest may be said to be artificial when it is acquired as the result of environment, of schooling. It is acquired by making interesting that which is not really so by nature. For example, a child does not wish to study such a subject as Euclid; now, if he likes drawing, he will be pleased to draw cubes, squares, oblongs, etc., or if he is of a mechanical turn of mind, he can be asked to build various geometrical figures out of cardboard and thus be educated to take an interest in and acquire some knowledge of geometry.

We know whether a child is interested in a subject or not by the effects which close attention or reflection have on the countenance; these are usually characteristic, and consist of contractions and relaxations of the facial muscles. These have been summarized by Mantegazza as contraction of the eyebrows; fixation of the eyes and muscles of the face; exaggerated opening, closing, or partial closing of the eyes; extreme elevation of one eyebrow only; dropping of the under jaw; partial or total twitching of the muscles of the face; to open the mouth, slightly lower the head and render it fixed without any great alteration, and turn the eyes to the subject which causes attention. In addition to the above changes in the countenance in close attention or profound thought, they are often accompanied by certain movements of the limbs or body, such as scratching the head, forehead or nose; touching the hair; striking the forehead or holding the head in the hands; rubbing the eyes; shaking the head; rhythmical movements of the legs, arms, hands, or feet; slapping the side of the nose with the finger; pulling moustache or beard. Persons who are thinking earnestly may chew or smoke tobacco, take snuff, or, maybe, eat candies, fruit, etc., or sip some favorite beverage. Doubtless these immobilizations or movements of muscles of the body, changes of position, etc., help to increase the supply of blood to the brain and thus to stimulate the faculties to activity; the apparent opposite methods of proceeding being quite reasonable, if you take into consideration the peculiarities of constitution of the persons who do the different things. Sir Lauder Brunton says, "The instinct of people generally has taught them to lower their heads when engaged in thinking." This is shown in diagrams, Figs. 1 to 4.



ATTENTION.
Fig. 1.

Not uncommonly they rest their chin upon their hand, as in the diagram, Fig. 5.

INTEREST.
Fig. 2.

When the circulation is weakened by the action of grief, or other de-

EAGERNESS.
Fig. 3.

EXCITEMENT.
Fig. 4.

pressing emotion of the heart, the head is usually lowered still further, and pressed against the temples. Fig. 6.

REFLECTION.
Fig. 5.

If a child is interested in a subject, he is thinking, so that we might say attention and thinking are synonymous terms. In order to get a child's close attention, to get him to think profoundly, it is necessary: (1) that

GRIEF.
Fig. 6.

his hereditary endowment be such as gives him a spontaneous interest in the subject; (2) that he be healthy, that the faculties be not fatigued, and that the brain be supplied with the energy required for reflection; and (3) that he be possessed of the special senses, organs which are necessary to create an activity in the brain centres. If the child is not interested, is not giving attention, he is not thinking, and no amount of forcing, scolding, or chastisement of any kind will make him think. These have rather a deadening, paralyzing effect on his mental activity, while snappy, harsh, unkind words have almost invariably the effect of producing the same feelings in the child as were manifested by the person who uttered them. On the other hand, good humor, vivacity, sympathy, love, and a real personal interest in the child's welfare, work like magic in making children good-natured, obedient, happy, active scholars, who will think and succeed.

A child may possibly be deprived of some of the special senses, or be poorly endowed in some of the faculties, but, nevertheless, be taught so as to acquire interest in a subject, and to a great extent be educated. For example, Miss Helen Keller, who is deaf and blind, and at the age of six or seven became dumb, has, through the sense of touch, learned to think, study, write, and, in a way, talk.

In passing, I might say that the noble, industrious life of Miss Keller should ever be an example for boys and girls to follow. She is now a senior student in Radcliffe College, the woman's department of Harvard. She has been honored by being elected vice-president of her class. She is pursuing four full courses of study, two in Latin and two in English. She has, thus far, passed all her examinations with as much credit as if she had all her faculties, and is accomplishing more in scholarship than any other person in the world so handicapped. If any little girl who dislikes the dry details of uninteresting book work could be taught as Miss Keller was, and get more facts direct from nature, doubtless she would have greater desire to study. This is how Helen Keller studied geography. She says: "Our favorite walk was to Keller's Landing, an old tumbledown lumber-wharf on the Tennessee River, used during the Civil War to land soldiers. There we spent many happy hours and played at learning geography. I built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes and dug river beds, all for fun, and never dreamed I was learning a lesson. I listened with increasing wonder to Miss Sullivan's description of the great round world with its burning mountains, buried cities, moving rivers of ice, and many things so strange. She made raised maps in clay so that I could feel the mountain ridges and valleys and follow with my fingers the devious course of rivers." (Ladies' Home Journal.)

There are children whose capacity for acquiring knowledge is as deficient as the faculty for speech in Miss Keller, yet through perseverance, the proper exercise of deficient faculties and the assistance of the well-developed ones, very much can be done to strengthen and develop the brain.

Port Hope, Ont.

TRANSFORMATION.

A little seed, a little earth,
A little sun and shower;
And lo! there sprang in joyous birth
A flower.

A little form, a little grave!
We wept—so weak we are,
God, smiling, shaped from what we gave
A star.

THE LIVING MUMMIES OF THIBET.

TYPICAL THIBETAN MONASTERY.

LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL, author of "The Buddhism of Thibet," and a member of Colonel Younghusband's expedition, writes thus of his visit to some troglodyte convents of a strange class of the monks of Thibet, who existed for years immured in underground cave-graves. He well describes them in The Leisure Hour as the "living mummies of far Thibet."

A few days after our arrival at Gyantse in April, 1904, the people of that town and the neighboring villages—men, women and children—came flocking in scores into the Mission camp, bringing in all kinds of available stores for sale, laden on their backs or on strings of yaks and asses. They brought large quantities of grain and fodder for the transport animals, provisions and vegetables for the men, besides handsome carpets, woollen rugs and other local produce. The almighty rupee worked wonders. There was nothing the people were not willing to sell in exchange for it. They would take off their turquoise earrings and other ornaments and press you to buy them as curios. Even the sleek lamas or priests brought out their sacred scrolls and images and bargained them for cash, and everybody seemed supremely pleased, never having had so much money in their lives before.

When this amicable state of affairs had been going on for about a fortnight, and everybody appeared so friendly, and our scouts reported that all was quiet up and down the valley for over a day's journey on either side, we thought it was then safe for us to venture out for a little sightseeing in the vicinity. One of the first places we decided to visit was a

curious hermitage we had heard of amongst the mountains, about fourteen miles down the valley on the road to Shigatze, the western capital of

A THIBETAN MONASTERY AND FORTRESS.

Thibet, where it was reported that the hermits were sealed up in dark caves like burial-vaults and kept imprisoned there, never seeing the light or any human being until they died, "ruined in body and shattered in soul."

On April 30, 1904, four of us formed a party to go and see this peculiar community of anchorites in their living tombs. We started off, after breakfast, mounted on shaggy little Thibetan ponies, accompanied by a guide and four of the Sikh mounted infantry, the latter to hold our ponies and assist in our defence in the remote possibility of our encountering any hostility.

Our road at first led past the town of Gyantse, dominated by its towering castle, which from afar glittered in the early sunshine like a jewel on the bosom of the plain. Thence we cantered through suburbs out on to the open plain beyond, where the many-armed Nyang river wound in curving links through the rich meadow-land, three or four miles broad, and dotted freely over with the trim whitewashed cottages of the farmers nestling in clumps of trees—for this is one of the many misleading fallacies of travellers' tales which we have had to get rid of, namely, that Thibet is a vast treeless and barren plain, peopled by roving pastoral nomads, whereas here we have a settled peasantry engaged in agriculture in a fairly well wooded and hilly country. Here we now reined up and went along at a walk to enjoy the scenery and drink in the piquantly fresh air. From the meadow, hemmed in by bare brown hills, the glistening white monasteries which studded the hill-sides of the priest-ridden land led the eye up to the harsh peaks softened by freshly-fallen snow gleaming against the sapphire sky.

It was a perfect spring morning! All nature was vibrating with the joy of new-found life. The frost-bitten land had thawed under the few weeks' genial sun, and from every hamlet the cottagers had swarmed out into their

THE LAMA'S CHAPLAIN IN HIS CELL.

and were busily ploughing and
g in the glorious sunshine, form-
easant bits of bright color. The
were ploughing with oxen
y bedecked with tufts of wool
scarlet and blue, with tassels of
yaks' tails and jingling bells:
the women followed close be-
s the sowers. Some were hum-
snatches of song in light-heart-
, or at pleasing visions of the
season's crops. Amongst the
and tall willow trees surround-
the trim homesteads neatly
ied and picked out with red
and amongst the pollarded wil-
ushes fringing the numerous
ion channels, flitted rose-
s, pert little tits, cinnamon spar-
doves and warbling thrushes, all
pairing and nest-building. Occa-
flocks of snow pigeons whirred
y past us, and a few wild ducks
eese, scaring the partridges and
from their cover and the terns
their trout-fishing, settled
gst the reedy hummocks fring-
ie turquoise pools on the river,
they breed.

From this genial valley, brimming with life, our guide turned us abruptly, about the twelfth mile, up into a small, lonely glen, and at once the scene was changed. A bare stone-strewn valley stretched away up to savagely grim hills, and up in its throat, where it narrowed into a rocky ravine, we could discern, about a mile away, the hermitage we were in search of. The small streamlet of the valley was hushed and silent, choked by the stones fallen from the hillside and from the moraine of a dead glacier above. On the rocky cliff were dotted about irregularly the sombre cells of the buried anchorites, and the smoke from the fires of their attendants hung ghost-like in gauzy drifts over all. Below, as if in

MINSTREL MENDICANTS.

LAMA WORSHIP.

mockery, in a grove of wild rose-bushes, blasted-looking as their dead foliage of last year had not yet drooped, some peach trees had burst into luxuriant pink blossom, whilst above, a hoary willow tree watched solitary over the living graves.

Disturbed by our clatter over the stones, some of the attendants came out and met us. They had not the appearance of the ordinary Thibetan monks or priests—the "lamas."

They were thinly clad, not in monkish robe, but more like laymen. Their hair was not cropped or tonsured; it hung down in long matted locks on the shoulder, giving a shaggy wild look, or it was loosely knotted upon the crown as with the Indian ascetics, the *jogis* or *fakeers*. It was not plaited into a pigtail as with laymen. Altogether this mode of doing up their hair gave them at once the look of Indian devotees, rather than Thibetans. They told us that they too were hermits of the order. They had only undergone, so far, entombment for the first or second stage, namely, for six months or for the period of three years, three months and three days, and had not yet taken the vow for the third or final stage, the plunge for life. Meanwhile, they attended upon their holier brothers, carrying food for them, entombed for life. The euphemistic name they gave their hermitage was "The Cave of Happy Musing on Misery" (*Nyang to-ki P'u*).

We were then led up a narrow winding path and across a stone-flagged court to their small chapel. Above the door hung two stuffed bear-skins, which they explained were their symbols or coat-of-arms as "cave-dwellers" in the mountains. Inside the chapel the chief place in a large fresco-painting of semi-nude In-

AN AGED ABBOT.

dian-looking ascetics on the wall above the altar was given to the patron saint of their order, the Thibetan hermit Milarapa. This hermit was a sort of wizard poet who lived in the eleventh century A.D. and had his chief hermitage on the flanks of Mount Everest, about 150 miles from here. The next place was given to an Indian wizard named Saraha, who they said founded this particular hermitage.

From this chapel we were led at our special request to the "caves." These to the number of over twenty are perched irregularly on the rocky hillside, and have their entrance built up solidly with stones and mortar, leaving a stout padlocked door for entry. The only other opening besides this, and a small drain as a sewer, is a tiny doored opening, about six inches square, like the door of a rabbit-hutch, only just sufficiently large for the hermit to pass out a hand for his daily dole of parched grain and water. The former food is tied in a napkin, and deposited on a narrow sill outside the small window hole, and the water is poured into a small saucer-shaped depression on the same place.

Immured in this dark cell, from the moment the door closes on him, the hermit remains in total darkness throughout his imprisonment for the first or second stages or for life. He has no means of distinguishing day or night or the passage of time. His only communication with the world is when his daily food is left on the sill, and then he is bound by his vows not to let in a stray ray of light or peep out. He can see or talk to no living person whatever, throughout this confinement.

In the first cell we were led to, there was confined an old hermit who had not seen the light or been seen or spoken to by any one for over twenty-one years! Whilst we were standing

THIBETAN PRIEST, WITH TRUMPET OF HUMAN THIGH-BONE.

A PRIEST ON THE PROWL.

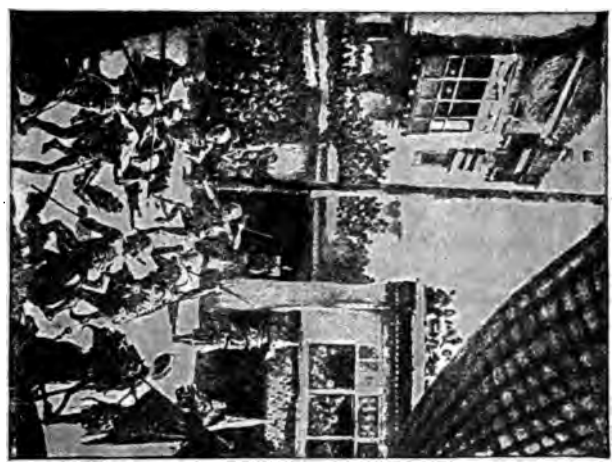
outside and pitying the poor man who voluntarily pent himself up in this prison, one of us asked to be shown evidence of the hermit's presence within. Thereupon the attendant gave the signal which they use when they deposit the food. He tapped very gently thrice on the sill, so softly that it was almost inaudible to us, and then —after ten or twelve seconds whilst we held our breath in a silence like that of the tomb—the tiny rabbit-hutch door of the window in front of us trembled, then began to move, and was gently pushed ajar about half-way, only three inches or so, and from

the deep gloom within came slowly faltering forth a gloved hand! This was all! It protruded about four inches on to the stone-slab sill, and

treating into its shell, and nothing broke the agonizing silence save, as I fancied, a suppressed moan.

The whole action was muffled like

TIBETAN WOMEN DANCERS.



THE DEVIL DANCE.

LAMAS MASKED FOR THEIR RELIGIOUS PANTOMIME OR UEVIL DRAMA.

slowly fumbled there for two or three seconds, and finding nothing it returned trembling, as in a palsy, and the door slowly closed like a snail re-

a dream, so slow, so stealthy, so silent and creepy. In the daylight it was unearthly and thrillingly horrible. Only a gloved hand! so the stimulus

of light is even denied to his hand, another drop in the cup of his misery. It was difficult to realize that a human being could be so confined voluntarily. It was only fit for a caged wild beast.

From this cave we went to four or five others, and it was all the same sickening sight, and it was remarkable that the gloved hands of even the younger men trembled as much as the older.

The last cell at which we stopped was that of a very old man, who had been in this cave for over twenty-two years and had just died the previous day. He had not removed his food for several days, when the senior attendant, getting no response to his taps, knocks and inquiries, unlocked the door and found that the poor old inmate was dead. Our request to be allowed to see the body was not acceded to, as it was alleged that no one, not even another monk except the senior one, was allowed to look on the corpse, as it was deemed too sacred. A funeral banner was being erected at the entrance to the cave, and lamps lighted for the soul of the deceased.

Several young hermits accompanied us on this round, boys of twelve to eighteen years old, each of whom had already put in their imprisonment for either the first or second stages. Each of them aspired to become eventually like this wretched old man who had just passed away and who was being held up to them as a model for them to imitate. Of these poor boys one seemed almost an idiot, and no wonder. Indeed the only wonder is that any one can remain sane after undergoing this terrible ordeal even for six months.

THIBETAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

Now what does it all mean? And why do these poor men, illiterate peasants all of them, voluntarily give up their liberty, their home and all that enriches life and sacrifice themselves in this horrible way?

The reason why volunteers are forthcoming for such a revolting purpose as this is, I think, doubtless owing to the fact that about one in every three of the male population of Thibet is practically compelled by the present rulers of the country, the lamas or priests, to adopt one or other form of

religious life as a profession. For this particular form of hermitage the "volunteers" are chiefly children recruited at the age of ten or twelve, when they cannot be supposed to realize what it is they are apprenticing themselves to, and once in the grip of the order they are unable to escape its obligations. Thus there is nothing of a religious mania about it.

The evolution of so repulsive a form of hermitage as this is, offers, it seems to me, another instance of the clumsy and mistaken and mechanical seize upon the mere externals, and interpreting these in a crude and grossly materialistic way imitate them mechanically and make these outer formalities an end and object in themselves. This superficial mimicry has led them into absurd perversions of the original. So, I think, it has been in the present instance.

The method of retirement for a time, like John the Baptist, into solitude in the wilderness or into hermitage, was advocated not only by Buddha but by other sages of old,

A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE.

A sandy plateau surrounded by high mountains, in Western Thibet.

way in which the semi-savage Thibetans, sunk in the depths of ignorance, try to imitate the religious rites and practices of Indian Buddhism, which is their great model for orthodoxy, but which they so imperfectly understand.

The average Thibetan, and especially the priest or lama, is extraordinarily low in intelligence and practically incapable of conceiving any new abstract idea, or the rationale for a particular practice if it requires much mental effort. Thus the lamas, in copying Buddhist practices, often

East and West. It was for the purpose of escaping for a time from the bustle and counter-attraction of the world, partly as a matter of religious discipline, but chiefly for a little quiet thought, to adjust their mental focus for mental and moral introspection, and so lead to constructive independent thought and a clear-eyed formulating of it for personal use or for the teaching of others.

In this way, by resorting to hermitage for a short time Buddha himself evolved his doctrine of the "True Way" of Salvation, and formulated

the metaphysical basis on which it rests. So too the patron saint of this particular hermitage, Milarapa, composed in his mountain cave his rough religious hymns which are still sung by the people all over Western Thibet.

But these poor men here! They are gifted with practically no intellectual assets to start with, yet they imitate the old philosophers in going into retreat to develop them, and then not only for a short time, but for life. It is almost humorous were it not so pathetic. This, for them meaningless, he was going in for life, replied that it was over fifteen years since he had done his second stage, but he added with a smirk and a shrug of his shoulders, that he was uncertain whether he would go in for the final stage at all.

As implements and utensils for use in the cave, the hermit is given a rosary, a human thigh-bone trumpet to summon the devils, and, ghoul-like, as a bowl for food a goblet made out of the top of a human skull. The task set him to perform in the cave con-

A CHINESE CITY GATE.

confinement, instead of improving their mental and moral nature, can only result in the gradual disintegration of what little mind they have got. In fact, it was noticeable that none of the men who had passed through the first and second stages were above the average of the low general standard of intelligence, whilst most of them were even below this. One who had passed the second stage was of the low type of congenital criminal, and one boy was decidedly imbecile. But all of them were not fools. The fat old senior attendant, when asked when sists chiefly in the mummery of repeating some millions of times a spell in meaningless Sanskrit jargon with certain attitudes of the fingers and limbs for the purpose of expelling devils. After doing this, and at certain stages before he has completed the requisite number of repetitions of the spell, he is to fancy that he sees the most malignant of all the devils, those painted grotesque monsters which disfigure and defile the walls of all the temples in Thibet. Then he is to vanquish the devils by these spells. To conjure up such a vision should

be somewhat easy to the credulous and superstitious Thibetan, who believes he lives in a world full of devils all scheming to do him harm, and the exorcising of which is a profitable source of income to all the village priests. As a result of this practice in exorcising devils in the cave, the hermit is supposed to earn good marks towards raising himself to Paradise in his next birth. The food for all the occupants of the hermitage is supplied free by the villagers as an act of pious charity.

How pitiful it is to see such wicked abuse and waste of life as this monstrous working theory of life entails on its wretched victims! These poor misguided men from a mistaken sense of duty leave the working world outside and turn themselves into animated ghosts in an underground world where, soaked in the atmosphere of the tomb, their feeble intellect, still more benumbed, sinks into a lethargy of drivelling imbecility.

Glad were we to get away from this morbid "Cave of Happy Musing on Misery" and out again into the healthy fresh air and sunshine, and back through the pleasant Gyantse valley safely to our camp.

We were, indeed, fortunate in getting back *safely*, for within the next three days the whole valley down which we had been was up in arms against us, and swarming with some thousands of Thibetan soldiery from Shigatse hurrying up to attack our camp at Gyantse, which they did with savage and very unBuddhistic ferocity on the night of the 4th of May.

"THE SOUL'S AWAKENING."

BY E. N. MINKLER.

Methought 'mid gardens, bright and fair,
I walked in spirit, fancy-free;
The dew was on the red-rose tree
And sweetest fragrance filled the air.

And happy birds, full well I ween,
With joyous notes to heaven upborne,
Arose to greet the gladsome morn:
Such dawn Creation ne'er had seen.

And, murmuring softly through the grove,
A fairy brooklet took its rise,
I looked and lo, before mine eyes,
The whole wide world did blaze with love.

A voice of sweetest music came,—
I trow in heaven it had its birth;
It was not as the sounds of earth,—
And wrapt my spirit as with flame.

London, Ont.

"O soul," methought it cried, "awake!
No longer nurse the peevish night
Of blind unfaith, of secret hate;
Still trust in Providence,—not Fate;
See, see, the outward sun shines bright;
Awake, O soul, the morn doth break.

"Awake to nobler thoughts of life;
Awake to deeper faith in man;
Be good, be true, be beautiful;
Be one with Love and dutiful
In all; thy life is but a span;
For him no crown, to whom no strife!"

As from on high a heavenly ray,
Even so the cheering accents fell;
I could not, would not, dare not tell
The Son of Man to go His way.

THE "DON QUIXOTE" TERCENTENARY.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

A BOOK which has been one of the most widely read in the world in many lands and many tongues for three hundred years, and a big book at that, must have some solid qualities of merit. A copy before us fills a volume of 790 pages and has nearly 700 illustrations. We must confess, at the outset, that we have never found time to read this bulky book. We know it only at second-hand and through the pictures. We are dependent, therefore, on the criticisms of those who are more familiar than we

are with this great work. Sismondi, in his "Literature of the South of Europe," devotes three chapters, or nearly fifty pages, to the genial Spanish humorist, Miguel de Cervantes. His life, however, has more of romantic interest than even that of the Knight of La Mancha. It was a perfect Odyssey of adventure and Iliad of disaster. Like Othello, he could tell

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history."

To these "poets, prophets, seers," of whom Cervantes was one, Longfellow has thus written:

"Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

"Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and saddened.

"Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavor,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men for ever,

"Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
Honor and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms benighted
As they onward bear the measure!"

"It is not because three hundred years ago Cervantes revolutionized the Spanish book trade that Europe rings with the echoes of his fame. It is not even that he invested the age of chivalry with the wizard moonlight of the breaking day. No, it is because in shattering a dream he gave substance to that human enthusiasm which survives all dreams."

"Don Quixote," says a writer in the London Academy, "is Spain's patent of nobility in the world of letters. . . . There would be a Spanish literature without Cervantes; but then it would have no life outside the peninsula. He has raised his brethren by excelling them, for, thanks to him, they do belong to the family which has produced one member who ranks with Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Moliere."

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, SANCHO PANZA.

"No work was ever produced by human art," says Mr. H. E. Watts, "so perfectly simple and sincere, so utterly devoid of self-consciousness or any vulgar trick of authorship. The wit, the humor, the good sense, and the human nature which are the distinguishing characteristics of 'Don Quixote,' are so carefully blended and rise so naturally out of the situation as to defy analysis. Don Quixote himself is the most lovable personage in all fiction. He has stood as the model which all who have followed Cervantes have never been tired of copying. Hudibras and Uncle Toby,

DON QUIXOTE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURES.

Colonel Newcombe, and Mr. Pickwick—what are all these, and many others, but the descendants of the hero of La Mancha, who stands as much higher than any of his progeny as Amadis does to his children and grandchildren?"

"Don Quixote" was first published in January, 1605, and was translated into English seven years later. Translations were subsequently made into every modern language, and more than three hundred editions have now been printed.

We quote largely the "Life of Cervantes," by Charles Jarvis, one of the best translators of his works.

The following is the critical estimate by Sismondi of this famous writer:

"Every one is acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha, who, losing his reason over his books of chivalry, imagines that he lives in the times of the Paladins and enchanters; who, resolved to imitate Amadis and Orlando, whose histories he has read with such delight, mounts his lean and ancient steed, braces on his rusty armor, and traverses woods and fields in search of adventures.

"Every common object is transformed by his poetical imagination. Giants, Paladins and enchanters meet him at every step, and all his misfortunes are not sufficient to undeceive him. But the Don, with his faithful Rosinante and his squire, Sancho Panza, have already taken their places in the imagination of the whole world.

"Don Quixote is described as an accomplished man, who is, notwithstanding, the constant object of ridicule; a man brave beyond all that history can boast of; who confronts the most terrific, not only of mortal, but of supernatural perils; a man whose high sense of honor permits him not to hesitate for a single moment in the accomplishment of his promises or to deviate in the slightest degree from truth. As disinterested as brave, he combats only for virtue; and when he covets a kingdom, it is only that he may bestow it upon his faithful squire. He is the most constant and most respectful of lovers, the most humane of warriors, the kindest master, the most accomplished of cavaliers.

"With a taste as refined as his intellect is cultivated, he surpasses in goodness, in loyalty, and in bravery, the Amadises and the Orlandos whom he has chosen for his models. His most generous enterprises, however, end only in blows and bruises. His love of glory is the bane of those around him. The giants, with whom he believes he is fighting, are only windmills; the ladies, whom he delivers from enchanters, are harmless women whom he terrifies upon their journey and whose servants he maltreats."

Of all Spanish prose writings, the immortal "Don Quixote" of Cervantes may be said to be the only one which has had any influence in

Europe. Montesquieu epigrammatically said that it was written to prove all others to be worthless. The remark is no less true than terse; but its signification must, of course, be limited to works descriptive of the knight-errantry of Spain—those picturesque romances of chivalry called into existence during the struggle waged between the Cross and the Crescent — the old Froissart-like chronicles begun by Alonzo the Learned, on which were grafted the more ornate productions, at the head of which stand "Amadis de Gaul," and the "Poema del Cid." These paved the way for Miguel Saavedra de Cervantes, whose "Don Quixote" reveals in every page how intimate was his acquaintance with the knightly legends and romantic lore of his country, and how deeply he was imbued with the true spirit of knight-errantry.

The influence of the two chivalrous tales we have named was all-powerful in Spain for more than two centuries: but their reign was over when Don Quixote entered the lists. Amadis de Gaul and the Cid himself both succumbed to the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, before whose long lance of ridicule and trenchant sword of sarcasm the spirit of Spanish chivalry fled affrighted, never to return. This powerful satire, it has been asserted, has exercised no mean influence in extinguishing the high and manly bearing for which the Spaniards of that period were remarkable, and in superinducing the traits which characterize him in our day. It is a point, however, which we will not stop to entertain, but come at once to the consideration of Cervantes himself.

It may generally be said, remarks M. Viardot, that the history of an author, like that of an artist, is confined to the works which survive him:

DON QUIXOTE CHARGING A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

that his writings are his actions, and that the man is absorbed in the author. This is not so in the case of Cervantes. Distinguished as a man, before he became illustrious as a writer, he performed great actions before he gave to the world an immortal book. His history would interest without the superadded recommendation of a glorious name; and his life, no less than his work, is replete with entertainment and instruction.

Unknown till his death, indeed, it may be said, not until long after that event, Cervantes had no contemporary biographers: and all the efforts of a tardy posthumous admiration were necessary to supply, with the aid of tradition, authentic documents, and conjecture, a memoir, at last incomplete, of a long and active life.

Even now, the place which contains the tomb of Cervantes is unknown, and the world was long ignorant of the place of his birth. Like Homer of old, eight cities claimed the distinction of being his birthplace. It is ascertained, however, that he was born in Alcala de Henares, October

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS STEED, ROSINANTE.

9th, 1547. His family, originally of Galicia, afterwards established in Castile, without belonging to the titled nobility, was at least reckoned among those respectable houses the members of which are called "hidalgos." From the thirteenth century, we find the name of Cervantes mentioned with honor in the annals of Spain. There were warriors who bore it at the time of the great conquests of Ferdinand, at the taking of Seville. Others of his ancestors are celebrated among the conquerors of the new world, as having carried into those distant regions some branches of the ancient stock.

Few incidents connected with the youth of Cervantes are known. He himself tells us that he had, from his most tender years, a great taste for letters, and he was so fond of reading that he would pick up scraps of paper in the street to peruse them. The young Miguel, having been sent to Salamanca, he passed two years there, and matriculated among the students of that celebrated university. Here he became acquainted with the manners of the students, which he has so well depicted in the second part of "Don Quixote." Somewhat later, we find Cervantes at the school of a professor of considerable note, Juan Lopez de Hoyos.

Cervantes assures us himself that he served the Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, in quality of chamberlain. It was a very common practice for Spanish young gentlemen to accept such situations, either with the view of visiting Italy at little expense, or in the hope of gaining Church preferment, from the favor and influence of their patrons.

Notwithstanding the luxurious indolence which the ante-chamber of the Roman prelate afforded to him, and the opportunity, more delightful still, which it afforded him for indulging his taste for poetry, Cervantes did not remain long in this situation, but he enrolled his name among the Spanish troops who then occupied part of Italy.

Of the military achievements of Cervantes little is on record. In the memorable battle of Lepanto he received three arquebus wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was maimed ever after. He regretted the loss of his hand, but often declared that he applauded himself for having paid this price, that he might be counted among the soldiers of Lepanto.

Cervantes, sick and wounded, was compelled to remain six months in the hospital of Messina. It appears, however, that his wound was not so severe as to incapacitate him from further service, for in the disastrous campaign of the following years we find he also bore a part, and returned to Spain, having been absent seven years.

From his connection with these military expeditions, Cervantes was enabled to travel through Italy. He visited Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo, and the College of Bologna, founded for Spaniards by Cardinal Albornoz. He acquired the

Italian language, and applied himself assiduously to the study of Italian literature.

Cervantes was now twenty-eight years of age, and Don John of Austria gave him letters to the King, in which he entreated Philip to confer on him the command of one of the companies then being raised to serve in Italy or Flanders. Cervantes embarked at Naples in the Spanish galley "El Sol" (the Sun), with his elder brother Rodrigo, a soldier like himself. But new trials awaited them, for on the 26th of September, 1575, the galley "El Sol" was captured by an Algerine squadron, and he, with the rest of his countrymen, conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, where the captives were divided among their conquerors. Cervantes was loaded with chains, thrown into prison, and subjected to all kinds of privations and tortures. This disastrous termination to his voyage, though it depressed, could not extinguish his indomitable spirit. He became the life and oracle of his companions, and under his leadership several attempts were made to escape. They were recaptured and received severe punishment for their attempt to escape.

Rodrigo de Cervantes, his father sold or mortgaged the small patrimony of his son, his own property, and even the dowries of his two unmarried sisters—thus condemning the whole family to poverty—and sent the produce of the sales and the mortgage to Cervantes to purchase his freedom. His master, Dali-Mami, however, set so high a value on his captive, and his demands were so exorbitant, that Cervantes was obliged to renounce the hope of purchasing his liberty. He generously appropriated his share of the money to redeem his brother, a lower price being set upon him, and he was liberated. On leaving, he promised to fit out from Valencia or the Balearic Isles, an armed frigate, to liberate his brother and the other Christians. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers, and, standing off at sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, to communicate with the captives. Unfortunately, however, some fishermen perceived the Christian vessel, notwithstanding the darkness. They gave the alarm, and the frigate was obliged to stand out to sea. She subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but the Moors were on their guard; they surprised the ship, and made prisoners of all on board.

Thus far Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all their privations, but hope now failed them. Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace. The Dey employed alternately the most flattering and the most terrific threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices; but Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The Dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and doubtless in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison.

Notwithstanding the rigor of his captivity, notwithstanding the imminent peril which threatened him on each attempt to escape, Cervantes never ceased using to that end all the means which offered. In the course of the year 1578, he contrived to send a Moor to Oran, with letters addressed to the governor of the fortress; but this emissary was arrested and brought back to the Dey of Algiers, who caused the unfortunate messenger to be impaled, and condemned Cervantes, whose signature was attached to the letters, to receive

two thousand lashes. Some friends interposed their good offices, and the usually pitiless Hassan pardoned him.

Notwithstanding these repeated disasters, Cervantes was unceasingly occupied with plans for effecting his own emancipation and that of his companions. He formed an acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, who had assumed the turban. In concert with him Cervantes formed a new project for effecting their escape, and they applied for aid to two Spanish merchants established in Algiers. An armed frigate was purchased, the crew engaged, and only waited for the signal to embark, when a contemptible wretch named Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, like another Judas, attracted by the vile hope of gain, betrayed to the Dey the scheme of his countrymen.

When brought before Hassan Aga, Cervantes resolutely refused to disclose who were his accomplices. He remained shackled in his dungeon for five months, when his liberty was effected by the ordinary means of ransom, chiefly through the exertions of his mother and sister. On the 19th of September, 1580, Cervantes was once more a free man, and experienced, to use his own expression, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world—that of returning after a long period of slavery safe and sound to his native land."

But misfortune soon drove him from the bosom of his family. His brother Rodrigo had re-entered the service, and our author resolved to follow his example. Accordingly, notwithstanding his mutilated arm, he resumed the musket of a private soldier.

In 1584, Cervantes, then thirty-seven years of age, married the heroine of his poem, "Galatea," Donna Catalina. He was now become a private citizen of Esquivias, and, like his neighbors, employed himself in superintending his estate. The dull monotony of such a life, however, ill accorded with the activity of his mind, and we find him soon returning to literature, devoting himself exclusively to the drama. He did not find the drama so productive of either profit or fame as he had imagined; besides, a greater favorite than he, Lope de Vega, claimed that province as his own.

He was now about forty years of age, and, burdened with a large family, which was increased by two sisters, he accepted an offer of a situation as clerk to a victualler to the navy at Seville. Previously to this, he had petitioned the king for employment in America, which he called "the refuge for destitute Spaniards," but he met with the common treatment of those who put their trust in princes—no notice whatever was taken of him or his petition. It was at Seville, and under the depressing circumstances we have narrated, that Cervantes wrote most of his novels, which were the first ever written in the Spanish language, preceding writers having confined themselves to translations of the licentious tales of the Decameron, and to effete imitations of Boccaccio. The occasion of Cervantes' departure from Seville was an accusation of malversation of office while employed in the victualling department of the royal dockyard; but, although he was arrested and thrown into prison at Madrid, there is reason to believe that no stain of dishonor attaches to Cervantes.

Nothing is known with certainty of the fortunes of our author from 1598 to 1603. It was during this period, however, that he undertook the work which has made him famous through all time, the immortal "Don Quixote." Out of Spain, it was for a long time the generally received opinion that he

conceived and commenced his admirable work in a dungeon of the Holy Inquisition.

The first part of "Don Quixote" was published in 1605. Cervantes had applied in vain for the patronage of the Duke of Lerma, who was all-powerful at court; but the claims of the soldier of Lepanto were ignored, and the haughty favorite treated him with the usual superciliousness of men in high places to postulants for favors. His straitened circumstances necessitated him to hasten the publication of "Don Quixote."

Its success in a short time was perfectly dazzling; and as a consequence the shafts of envy were thickly showered at the fortunate author. The writers and the readers of the monstrous tales of chivalry against which Cervantes had couched his lance, considered themselves insulted, and the various dramatic authors of whom he had made unfavorable mention were deeply incensed—the friends of Lope de Vega, in particular, were highly indignant. The efforts of the detractors of "Don Quixote," however, served only to increase its popularity; it rapidly made its way into the hands of young and old of all ranks.

The second part of "Don Quixote" was issued in 1615. In the dedication Cervantes alludes again to his poverty and infirmities. "Why is not such a man enriched from the public treasury?" asked a gentleman, when another shrewdly observed, "If poverty obliges him to write, heaven forbid that he should be in affluence, since by his works he enriches the whole world."

It is said that one day Philip III., being on the balcony of his palace, observed a student who was walking on the banks of the Manzanares with a book in his hand. The volume seemed completely to absorb him, and to afford him huge delight, for at intervals he would, in his walk, strike his forehead with his hand, and burst into a fit of laughter. "That student is mad, or he is reading 'Don Quixote,'" said the King. Inquiry proved that the latter was the fact. It did not occur to the monarch, however, that the all-admired author was in circumstances little removed from indigence.

Perhaps no other book has been translated into so many languages as "Don Quixote."

Though more than sixty years of age when the completion of "Don Quixote" was published, it would appear that Cervantes was even then engaged in writing several works, one being entitled "Persiles and Sigismunda." Strangely enough, this romance, which was published by his widow in 1617, is every whit as absurd as the most absurd of those which he says turned the brain of his own hidalgo. Not less strange is it that this production was his chief favorite, affording another striking instance that authors are by no means the best judges of their works. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the second part of "Don Quixote," Cervantes was attacked with the malady which terminated his life. In his dying moments he dictated the following letter to the Count de Lemos. It is translated verbatim:

> "One foot already in the grave,
> And in the agonies of death,
> Great lord, I write these lines to thee."

"Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and to-day I write this letter. My time is short; my sufferings increase, hope fades; and with all this to deplore, I sustain existence from a wish that I have to retain life a little longer, and to stay the progress of my disease, till I can approach to kiss

the feet of your Excellency. Perhaps the joy of seeing you well and in Spain again would be so great that it would restore me to health. But if it is decreed that I should lay down my life, why then let heaven's will be accomplished."

Cervantes now sank into a state of insensibility, and expired on Saturday, the 23rd of April, 1627, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

It has been stated as a singular coincidence, that Miguel de Cervantes and William Shakespeare both died on the same day, the 23rd of April. But it should be remembered that, as the Gregorian computation of time was not adopted in England until 1752, and that, consequently, up to that period we were behind the Spaniards in dates, there was, in fact, an interval of twelve days between the respective demise of those two world-famous men.

THE TERCENTENARY OF "DON QUIXOTE."*

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Advents we greet of great and small,
Much we extol that may not live,
Yet to the new-born type we give
No care at all!

This year, three centuries past, by age
More maimed than by Lepanto's fight.
This year Cervantes gave to light
His matchless page.

Whence first outrode th' immortal Pair—
The half-crazed Hero and his hind—
To make sad laughter for mankind;
And whence they fare

Throughout all Fiction still, where chance
Allies Life's dulness with its dreams—
Allies what is with what but seems—
Fact and Romance—

O Knight of fire and Squire of earth!
O changing give-and-take between
The aim too high, the aim too mean,
I hail your birth,

Three centuries past, in sunburned Spain,
And hang on Time's Pantheon wall,
My votive tablet to recall
That lasting gain!

* Published at Madrid, 1605.

CHURCH HYMNODY.

ITS RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY THE REV. A. E. HAGAR, B.A.

II.

THE so-called Seven Great Hymns of the Latin Church are: (1) "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis," by Bernard of Cluny; (2) "Veni Sancte Spiritus," by Hermannus Contractus, though generally, and in our own hymn book, attributed to King Robert II. of France; (3) "Veni Creator Spiritus," ship very uncertain, probably is Maurus, Bishop of Mainz; e "Dies Iræ," by Thomas of ; (5) "Stabat Mater," and Stabat Speciosa," by Jacobus iedictis; (7) "Vexilla Regis," tunatus.

hese the "Dies Iræ" is by far t known, and a truly magnifi- ymn. Its author was a Fran- monk of the thirteenth cen- Thomas of Celano, so called he place of his birth, a little itan village. Passing a goodly : his life amid the quiet and on of his beloved monastery, ily godly man has left a monu- o his name that has made him in every language of Chris- as the author of what has appropriately termed "the ledged masterpiece of sacred and the sublimest judgment of the ages." Of it Dr. Robert- his Annotations, says: "It pre-eminent, not only because grandeur of the theme, but also ne perfection of its form and ." And an English critic says: "The metre, so grandly devised, fitted to bring out the noblest powers of the Latin language, the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, like blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the majestic, unadorned plainness of the style—these merits, with many more, have given the 'Dies Iræ' a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song."

There are about one hundred and sixty translations of this hymn in our own language, it having been rendered into English by some of the most celebrated writers of the Anglican Church, including Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, Archbishop Trench, and the Rev. W. T. Irons. Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Earl Roscommon, Mrs. Charles, and Abraham Coles, M.D., of Newark, N.J., have all rendered it into English in a manner more or less acceptable; but with all the merits that the best of these translations may possess, it is far within the bounds to say, that in sublimity and power of expression, in the marvellous adaptation of rhythm to meaning, which so well drives home the thought with mighty effectiveness, the original has not yet been equalled nor its grandeur attained. As one critic has well said: "Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to be so transferred." And the greatest of its translators would in all probability be the very first to acknowledge the truth of this criticism.

Of the many excellent English versions of this remarkable poem, the

one by the Rev. Wm. Irons is conceded to be the best, by its close edherence to the original, and its truly beautiful and impressive phrasing. It is superior to Dean Stanley's as being written in the iambic measure and triple rhyme of the original, and it early found its way into many hymnals. By close comparison with the original Latin it will be seen how closely the scholarly Churchman has kept to his text.

" Dies Irae ! dies illa !
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

" Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

" Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

" Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura

" Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

" Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus !
Huic ergo parce, Deus !
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eos requie."

" Day of wrath ! oh ! day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

" Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

" Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

" Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To their Judge an answer making.

" Lo ! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded,
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

" Ah ! that day of tears and mourning,
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him,
Spare, O God, in mercy, spare him !
Lord all pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them thine external rest ! "

Mr. Irons seems to have written his version under very solemn and impressive circumstances. I quote from one of my references:

" It is well known that the Revolution of Paris in 1848 led to many scenes of terror and shame. Foremost was the death of Monseigneur D. A. Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot on June 25th on the barricades of the Place de la Bastile, whilst endeavoring to persuade the insurgents to cease firing, and was buried on July 7th. As soon as it was safe to do so his funeral sermon was preached in Notre Dame, accompanied by a religious service of the most solemn and impressive kind. Throughout the service the Archbishop's heart was exposed in a glass case in the choir, and at the appointed time the Dies Irae was sung by an immense body of priests. The terror of the times, the painful sense of bereavement which rested upon the minds of the people through the death of their Archbishop, the exposed heart in the choir, and the imposing ritual of the service and the grand rendering of the Dies Irae by the priests gave to the occasion an unusual degree of impressiveness. Dr. Irons was present, and, deeply moved by what he saw and heard, on retiring from the church he wrote out this translation of the sublime hymn. The surrounding circumstances no doubt contributed to produce this, which is one of the finest of modern renderings of the grandest of mediæval hymns. In popularity and extensiveness of use this translation of the Dies Irae is surpassed only by Sir Walter Scott's."

This translation by Sir Walter Scott is undoubtedly the next most popular rendering of this sublime judgment hymn into English. It occurs in our own hymn book as No. 885, and forms the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto in " The Lay of the Last Minstrel," being headed, " A Hymn for the Dead." After the publication of the " Lay," in 1805, this hymn attained a high degree of popu-

larity, and in a very short time it found its way into the hymn books, becoming the best known version of the hymn in the English tongue. Indeed, most of the hymnals published in the last half-century contain this version of the immortal hymn. The author leads up to these notable verses in the following lines:

" Then mass was sung and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song,—
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeclum in favilla;
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:—
That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

" When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

" Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

It will be seen that, while Scott has given us a very excellent poem, and one which has become deservedly popular, we cannot honestly say that it is the " Dies Iræ "; in other words, he has not kept very close to his text.

Scott is said to have been a fervent admirer of this sublime hymn in the original, and to have repeated a few of its lines just before his death.

I ought not, perhaps, to leave this hymn without a reference to the version of it by Dean Stanley, which also appears in our hymn book as No. 882, and one of which hymn writers speak in universal praise. It is written in the six-line stanza, with rhyme couplet, which makes it, to my mind, out of comparison with the original, and certainly destroys its effect. That the celebrated Churchman has, however, given us a truly magnificent poem is beyond all question; notwithstanding, the criticism holds good that it is not the " Dies Iræ." An examination of a few of his verses, and a comparison with the original ones by Thomas of Celano, will, I think, bring out the truth of what has been said:

" Day of wrath, oh, dreadful day,
When this earth shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
Long foretold by saint or sage,
David's harp and Sibyl's page.

" Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;
Then at her Creator's call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise,
Waiting for the great assize.

" Then the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light."

Referring to the seven great hymns of the Latin Church, we mentioned, as the third, one by Rebanus Maurus, a Latin poet of the ninth century, entitled, " Veni Creator Spiritus." It has been translated into English, with conspicuous ability, by Dryden, who has given us " a spirited and elegant version of a hymn well worthy the efforts of the best translators. Dryden's verses appear as No. 187 in our hymn-book, the first verse being:

" Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every thankful mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee."

The hymn published as the work, as some say, of King Robert II. of France, is a splendid version of the

same poem, though the English rendering is too loose and inaccurate to pass for a close translation. It also occurs in our hymnal as No. 203:

"Come, Holy Ghost, in Love."

Wesley has likewise several hymns on the same theme, notably No. 188, which is cast in the same mould as Dryden's.

The two hymns, "Stabat Mater," and "Mater Speciosa," are so decidedly Roman in their phraseology and ideas as to be discountenanced by Protestant collectors.

We are, however, far within the bounds when we say that, notwithstanding many very excellent hymn-writers, and some decidedly superior ones, which the early Latin Church produced, there are two to whom the Church militant owes a greater debt of gratitude than to any others, and these are the two Bernards. It is little enough to say that the legacies they have left us have been treasured by the Church for ages, and that their beautiful and comforting words, in our modern translations, are sung in every denomination throughout Christendom, "in the true spirit of worship and in the most devout thankfulness to their authors."

Of these, the one who holds the premier position is Bernard of Cluny. We do not know much about him, except that he was born in Morlaix, Brittany, of English parentage, and was a monk between the years 1122 and 1156. Like so many other great hymn writers, he wrote but one poem, but it was a masterpiece. The title by which it is generally known is "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis," which, however, is not his own, but was affixed by Archbishop Trench to the selected one hundred lines with which the Church is most familiar.

The original poem contains nearly three thousand lines in all, under the title, "De Contemptu Mundi," the verses suiting well, in thought and phraseology, so suggestive a theme. It is written, as well, in a somewhat peculiar metre, which renders it exceedingly difficult of reproduction in English, and more than one author has found it a rock upon which he has well-nigh shattered his reputation as a poet and translator. An examination of a few lines will show the difficulty of an English version at all true to the original:

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.
O retributio! stat brevis actio vita perennis;
O retributio! coelica mansio stat lue plenis.
Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus."

Here is one way in which this last couplet has been done into English by some aspirant for fame:

"These are the latter times,
These are not better times,
Let us stand waiting;
Lo! how with awfulness,
He first in lawfulness
Comes arbitrating."

Whereof one critic justly remarks: "This is very faithful to the original, but it is wretched English poetry. So it is with the entire poem when one attempts a literal version."

The beauty of diction and pathos of expression in the first four lines above quoted are well brought out in the English rendering by Dr. Neale, who has given us by far its best translation. It appears as No. 619 in our collection. Dr. Neale has departed from the exact form of the original Latin only so far as was necessitated by the difference of the two languages in the expression of thought, as the first verse will show:

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur:

O retributio! stat brevis actio vita perennis;
O retributio! coelica mansio stat lue plenis."

" Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:

" Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!"

The hymn so familiar throughout Christendom, "Jerusalem, the Golden," is taken from the same poem. Again we are indebted to Dr. Neale for the marvellous way in which he has caught both the beauty and thought of the original. In our hymn-book it is No. 621:

" Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea,
cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis,
et cor, et ora.
Nescio, nescio quae jubilatio
lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria
quam specialis."

" Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress;
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare."

He who holds second place in importance is the other Bernard—Bernard of Clairvaux, of whose life we are able to give a more complete account. Born of a noble family in Burgundy in the year 1091, he became the first Abbot of Clairvaux, in 1115, at the age of twenty-five, and throughout his eventful life was one of the most notable figures of his time, a man whose words and works have made a very deep and lasting impression upon all subsequent ages of the Church's history. The achievements which have united to give him so great fame, apart from his poetry, are his founding of a distinctly religious order, his discomfiture of Abelard, and his preaching of the Second Crusade. To quote the words of Archbishop Trench:

" Probably no man during his lifetime ever exercised a personal influence in Christendom equal to his; the stayer of popular commotions, the queller of heresies, the umpire between princes and kings, the counsellor of popes."

But, better than all this, he was a writer of hymns—real hymns, hymns that have lived, and are bound to live, as long as a church spire points heavenward; and it is this fact, after the strife, the commotions, the heresies, and the wars of the times have long since passed away, that makes his name dear to the hearts of Christendom. The verses that have given him a place in the front rank of the masters of sacred song are those entitled, " De Nomine Jesu," which in its original form consisted of fifty stanzas of four lines each. It is safe to say that no translation of it into English, excellent as those undoubtedly are, can come anywhere near the original.

We have, however, two versions of its opening verses, which for beauty of diction, sweetness of melody and dignity of expression are unsurpassed in the realm of English sacred poetry. The first version is that by the Rev. Edward Caswall, appearing as No. 110 in our Methodist Hymn Book. In its present form I place it beside the elegant verses of Bernard that the reader may compare them. He will, I think, agree with me that both the original and the translation are inexpressibly beautiful and melodious.

" Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia,
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

" Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesu, Dei Filius.

" Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus!

" Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litera exprimere.
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

" Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurum premium;
Sit nostra in Te gloria,
Per cuncta semper saecula."

" Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

" Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

" O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

" But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

" Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity."

Surely, here we have a poem which, in the realm of sacred verse, is almost without rival, certainly without peer. Dr. Johnson, sturdy, blunt and unaffected though he was, used to say that he never could repeat the third verse of Bernard's hymn without tears. What a marvellous pathos, what an inexpressible beauty and subtlety of refinement are in the lines:

" Jesu, spes poenitentibus!
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus!"

And surely the translation is only second to it.

Dr. Duffield says of this translation: " It is inexpressibly fine in spirit and expression," and Robinson adds, " One might call this poem the finest in the world and be within the limits of all extravagance."

Dr. Ray Palmer has added another wreath to his laurels as a poet in his translation of this hymn beginning,

" Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts."

In our hymnal it is No. 127, and while not as true to the original as the version by Mr. Caswall, it well becomes alike the loftiness of the theme and the fame of the writer.

There is another hymn of Bernard's, scarcely inferior to this, entitled " Salve Caput Cruentatem." It is the second part of a poem in seven portions, in which the author addresses the several members of our Lord's body as He hangs upon the cross. The translation, with which we are all so familiar, comes to us through the German, the English version being by the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander. In our hymn book it is No. 163:

" O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine!"

One of the biographers of Bernard has well said: " They canonized him in 1174; but it is better to have written a song for all saints than to be found in any breviary."

There are two Greek hymns that should be spoken of as belonging to this period, and once again the Church is under obligation to Dr. Neale for his excellent translations of both. The first is that written by Anatolius, of whom very little is known, except that he belonged to the seventh or eighth century, and was a hymn writer of unusual merit, even for a Greek. It is No. 812 in our collection, and as Greek is not as readily transferred as Latin, we must

content ourselves with the excellence of Dr. Neale's version:

" The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night!"

The other is by St. Stephen, the nephew of St. John of Damascus, who, when only ten years of age, was placed by his uncle in the monastery Mar Sabas, which still towers aloft on a high cliff overshadowing the valley of the river Kedron. There, in shelter and seclusion, free from the civic strife and worldly passions raging around him, he was truly caught up in the Spirit, and lived and wrote in the realm of the divine. Of his beautiful hymns, the one that is loved most and is known more widely than any other he has written, is that whose English version by Dr. Neale is found in all modern Church hymnals, and which is No. 213 in our own:

" Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.

" Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

" Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless!
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer: 'Yes.'"

Portage-du-Fort, Que.

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING.

BY DONALD GRANT.

" Whilst I live Springtime . . . shall never cease."

The earth lies dead!
A cold, grey mist steals softly o'er the vale,
Like funeral pall; and in the barren dale
Stand leafless trees.
Earth-brown the plains, and bleak the mighty hills;
The woodland's silent; e'en the running rills
Seem hush'd and still.
The wailing wind, in wistful, plaintive strain,
Whispers its dirge, the requiem for the slain.
The earth lies dead.

To rise again!
For now the grey gives place to sunlit beam;
And scattered mists reveal the wondrous gleam
Of new-born world.
Not lifeless now, but lifeful are the boughs,
Verdant, leaf-covered; and the zephyr soughs
A blithsome song,
Through forest glade, green fields and winding dells.
All Nature's glad—the joyous chorus tells—
To rise again!

To every man
There comes from God the "promise of the Spring."
A miracle of Love; no little thing
This gracious gift.
As from the inmost soul of Mother Earth
Life, beauty, strength, is surely brought to birth,
And lives again,
God's Breath of Spring will come to earth-stain'd men,
Will touch their hearts and make them live again.
To every man!

"THE FUTURE OF THE INDIANS OF CANADA."*

BY THE REV. JOHN LAWRENCE.

THE article on this subject, as found in the issue of the Methodist Magazine for March, 1905, written by Rev. Dr. McDougall, is to me worth its weight in gold. At the same time, in my estimation, it stops one step short of where it ought to go. I am, as a teacher and missionary, completing my seventeenth year in Indian work, and in that time I have arrived at certain conclusions, and with every day's experience become more and more settled in my convictions as to the course which should be pursued toward the Indians of many of the more advanced reserves of our Dominion, if not of all. Of course, I will admit that there may yet be tribes in some parts not quite ready for what I feel ought to be done with many of our Indians at the present time.

In the article referred to, Dr. McDougall says: "Give the Indian full liberty in all matters except the disposition of his lands and the trafficking in intoxicants." Now, had I been penning that sentence I would have said, "Give the Indian full liberty in all matters," and I would have stopped there. Not that I would want the Indian to traffic in intoxicants, but if the unprincipled white man is allowed to do so, why restrict the Indian?

Then I would divide up the land called Indian Reserves amongst the male members of the band residing on said reserve, and give every man his deed in fee simple, and his just share of what capital money he may have claim to, and send him out into the world as a man, and not as a minor and ward of the Government. Then he can hold up his head among his white neighbors and feel that he is somebody for himself. This will also lead to a manly honesty, an uprightness of character. Every Indian knows that he cannot be proceeded against, under our present law, in any court of justice for any debt by him contracted. This is a handicap to the honest Indian, as it prevents him from being trusted by his white neighbor, even in times of his greatest pinch, the dealer knowing that he has no redress in case of the temptation not to pay being too much for the Indian.

Then again, it is a means of sore temptation to the dishonest Indian, said temptation being of a twofold nature: (1) The temptation of falsifying to the man from whom he wishes to procure supplies, or what-

* We have pleasure in presenting the following contribution to an important subject by one of our experienced and judicious missionaries to the Indians. The corroborative testimony of such men as Dr. McDougall and Mr. Lawrence show that our present method of dealing with the red men is not the best. Any people kept in tutelage for generations as they have been would exhibit the same lack of independence that many of them exhibit. They have acquired, in many instances, the qualities of the white men among whom they have lived. The untutored Indians of the far North-West, it is well known, are men of scrupulous honesty. The Hudson's Bay Company furnishes them, year after year, a whole year's supply of flour, powder, traps, blankets, everything they need, simply on their pledge to pay for them on their return from their months of absence in the limitless North-West on their far hunting excursions—and almost without exception their pledges have been redeemed. We hope that the considerations presented in these papers will lead our Government to be less paternal in its dealings with the Indians and let them stand upon their own feet.—ED.

r it may be, he at the time know- that if he can induce the man to e him supplies on his note, that ıll the creditor gets, viz., the pro- e to pay and nothing more; (2) the ptation not to pay, even if, at the e of procuring, he honestly meant o do. Now, by making the Indian full citizen, all this would be nged. Therefore, I say, take off swaddling clothes and let him k alone.

once advocated this course to one ɔur Indian Agents who was draw- a fat salary from the Indian De- ment for his labor as such. His ument was that the Indians were sufficiently advanced to be treated hat way. I challenged him to go r the names of the Indians on the rve he had charge of, and I would ertake to place beside each one he ıld name, a white man of no fur- advancement in education and lligence. This he did, I naming man one for one. At last he came vhat he considered the most defec- Indian on his reserve, in morals, lligence, general education, and ity to work his own way in the ld. I immediately pointed out to a poor specimen of a white man, hung around the village hotel, ılged in all the drinks others paid and at times slept in the stable, n too far gone to sleep in the se. I think I got the best of the ument, and so think to this day. ere, then, is the solution of the an problem, from my standpoint. e off his fetters and make him a . Give him the deed of his land; his name on the municipal assess- ment roll. Let him run for school trustee, township councillor, reeve, warden of the county, member of parliament, Minister of the Interior, and Premier of the Dominion, and let him get there as soon as he can. This will give the boy (the minor Indian) a chance which he has not now. Then he can travel without a permit. He can raise cattle and sell them. He can cultivate the soil and own his own produce. He can sell firewood or hay if he has such to dispose of. He can catch fish and use it in feeding his family therewith, and he will not then be under the necessity of being taken by the hand and led up to such elevation as some who might find it difficult to examine a school class in the second reader could give, the Indian himself being, perhaps, able to teach the white man.

Of course, the argument against this may be that some Indians, given such liberty, would become subjects of poverty and want. I reply, Do not white men do the same? Then give the Indian a chance, the chance of the negroes, the Doukhobors, the Galicians, the Scandinavians, the Japanese, the Chinamen, etc., who all inhabit our country, not as wards, but as free men. Teach them to work their own way and make their own living. Do not coop them up on reserves, but give them, as they first had, the right of all this broad Dominion in which to live, and I will venture to say that at no distant day they will be the equals, if not the superiors, of many of their white neighbors in all the arts and improvements of civilized life.

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who so tenderly were sought,
ıll we not joyful seekers be,
to Thy feet divinely brought
lp weaker souls, O Lord, to Thee?

Celestial Seeker, send us forth,
Almighty Love, teach us to love,
When shall we yearn to help on earth
As yearned the Holy One above?

SHOEMAKER AND NATURALIST.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT. A.M., PH.D.

TO work at the shoemaker's bench for the greater part of a lifetime, yet be a member of learned societies and have his life story told by such eminent writers as Charles Reade and Samuel Smiles, was the remarkable fate of an obscure Scotchman. Thomas Edward was his name, and he was a born naturalist. Truly has he been called "a hero and a martyr." Wholly uneducated, he was an extraordinary man. "With half the advantages enjoyed by college men, he would have won renown." His life was one long struggle with poverty, and in old age and infirmity he still toiled as a cobbler, cheerful and uncomplaining, "having done more for science than two-thirds of the men who tack a whole alphabet of society initials on to their names."

Thomas Edward was born of very poor parents at Gosport, Portsmouth, Scotland, on Christmas Day, 1814, his father being a private in the militia, and a linen weaver by trade.

Never was the adage that the boy is father of the man truer than in the case of young Edward. He early began to show his love for animals, and from birth he was hard to manage. His mother declared him the worst child she had ever nursed. His feet and legs seemed to be "set on springs," and he began to walk when hardly ten months old. He soon was upon intimate terms with all the chickens, hens, ducks, and pigs in the neighborhood. Often, when asked where he was, his mother would reply, "Oh, he's awa' wi' the pigs."

When Tom was but a little fellow the family removed to Aberdeen, and there Tom was in his glory. The place abounded in animal life. Being near the sea-shore, there was no end of bandies, eels, crabs, and worms. In the town's heap of refuse the boy naturalist found beetles, rats, and numerous kinds of flies. In the fresh and muddy waters in another part of Aberdeen, there were horse-leeches, tadpoles and frogs. Many of these things he would bring home in his pockets, to the dismay of the family and neighbors. There was no little complaint, but Tom's mother scolded and begged in vain. She threw away his pets, and he brought in more. Whipping did no good. His clothes were taken away, and, almost naked, he escaped from the house and was soon at his old pursuit, hunting for leeches, crabs, paddocks, and sticklebacks.

Thomas Edward was born with a genius for the study of nature, as some are with a genius for music or art; but his peasant parents did not understand him, and he was constantly getting whipped. School was tried, but with no better results. Tom hated confinement, and often played truant. From the first school, taught by an old dame, he was thrust out and the key turned on him. From the second he was told to go home as fast as he could and never come back. It was little wonder, for Tom was ever bringing various creatures, as crows, centipedes, and horse-leeches, into the schoolroom.

A third effort was made to give Tom some schooling, but with no better success, and, although only six years of age, he was allowed to go to work. He was employed at fourteen pence a week in a tobacco fac-

tory, and the master being a bird-fancier, Tom got on very well.

After remaining in this factory for two years, he went to work in another about two miles from Aberdeen. Here the wages were higher, but the hours were from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. It will give some idea of child labor in those days, to know that the boys, Tom and his brother, had to rise at four, get their breakfast, and walk to the factory. After two years at this place, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, named Charles Begg, a dissipated, quarrelsome and cruel man. Tom's fondness for birds, butterflies, moths, and other living creatures brought him into constant trouble with this wretch, who sometimes knocked him down, and often beat him cruelly. One day, in a fit of furious anger, he threw the poor lad into the street, and Tom wisely resolved that he would serve the brute no longer.

After a few years' service in the militia, Edward, as we must now call him, a young man of twenty, settled down to work at his trade. In course of time he fell in love with "a comely, bright, and cheerful lass," and after a brief courtship, they were married, and began house-keeping upon two and a half dollars a week. But married life did not cure our hero of his trampings in search of bugs, shells, insects, in fact, of all forms of life. He had somehow acquired the art of preserving insects and birds, but knew almost nothing of books, and was unable to write. He did not own a single work upon natural history, and often did not know the names of the animals and birds he studied. An old rickety gun, a few bottles, some boxes, and a botanical book for plants, constituted his scientific outfit.

After doing a full day's work, his nights were spent in scouring the country, looking for any living creature that came in his way, even sleeping out of doors, waiting for the dawn, that he might renew the search. In four years Edward secured a collection of nearly a thousand insects, but, alas! one day he found that rats and mice had destroyed it all. A second and larger collection, that it took another four years to get together, went in payment of a debt.

After this long period, in which he toiled on alone and unknown, it began to dawn upon a few men in the scientific world that in the humble Scotch shoemaker there was a naturalist of no mean order. The clergyman in the town lent him books, and he, having by this time learned to write, published some of the results of his observations in a local paper. Occasionally his name was mentioned in scientific journals. But little material good came to him from these things. Sickness compelled him to give up his night rambles, and he was forced to sell his third, and best, collection. In spite of all these difficulties, he made many valuable discoveries. Twenty-six species of crustacea and a large number of new fishes were discovered by this poor shoemaker.

Old age came prematurely upon him, and unable to prosecute his researches, he went back to the shoemaker's bench, happy and cheerful. In a worldly sense his life was a failure. He himself said, "I dinna think there will be sic a feel (fool) as me for many a lang year to come."

From a higher standpoint, was not his life a noble lesson? It shows how much can be done in spite of every obstacle.

Such a life also throws a side-light upon the question of immortality. Must there not be a life beyond, in which the faculties and possibilities that were dwarfed upon earth, can have a fuller and larger development? Earthly life is a delusion and a farce if "death ends all." Surely God hath provided some "better thing for us."

A CANADIAN SCULPTOR.

BY ROBERT BARR.

FOR years I have watched the career of Dr. McKenzie with interest and admiration. He is the sort of young man I like to know or to read about. Temperate, industrious, capable, of unfailing good nature and geniality, he has overcome obstacles with a grim determination and unflinching will which probably came to him through his Highland Scottish ancestry, and which have been admirably directed by the somewhat Spartan training a boy without money gets in Canada. He came over to Europe on a Canadian steamship, a professor in McGill University, Montreal; he returned on a United States liner, a professor belonging to the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

McKenzie's father was a clergyman in what was then one of the poorest districts in Canada, and he died leaving a widow and young family totally unprovided for. Poverty-stricken as was the locality, it nevertheless raised a fund for the minister's widow which enabled her to tide over the first hard year or two and keep the lads in school, which, to a Scottish mother, is ever the main thing. It is the Scottish mother who instils ambition into the heart of the young Scot.

On the shoulders of Robert, as the eldest, there fell early the duty of providing for the family, which duty was faithfully performed, the boy shirking no work offered to him so long as it was honorable and brought in the cash; but never for a moment did he relinquish the desire to get the best education his country could provide; so whatever spare time he had was used in study preparatory to an attack upon some university. In due time he made the assault upon McGill College, and passed the preliminary examinations with credit to himself. There were no vacations for young McKenzie, because he had not only to pay his own way through college—a sufficiently difficult task, one might think—but he had to keep the pot boiling at home as well. As before, he did not pick and choose his occupations outside the university course, but took whatever was the most lucrative, no matter what physical output was required.

The Lord does not intend a man to work both night and day, but during part of his first year in college McKenzie accomplished this feat, so anxious was he that his educational campaign should not be interrupted. He took a job as night watchman in one important section of the wharfs of Montreal, tramping all night and keeping up with his classes during the day. And, singularly enough, during this period of strain he was at the head of his class, for he kept a book or two in his pockets through the night, read for a few minutes under each lamp on his beat, and thought over the paragraph as he plodded to the next resting-point of his round.

However, even a man of iron could not stand this sort of thing, and our young student realized that he would either have to business-manage the situation or give up the job, which he did not wish to do, for night work is always well paid. He therefore business-managed it. He had two collaborators in the science of watching. He was engaged by the Dock Company,

and the other two were in the employ of the shipping interests and the insurance associations respectively. The three men covered the same territory.

McKenzie, always genial and extremely persuasive, convinced the dock, shipping, and insurance companies that the work would be more efficiently done if the night were divided into three watches, when each man could sleep two-thirds of the night and remain very wide awake during the remaining third. His argument was that one man thoroughly alert was preferable to three men walking in their sleep. From that time forward he received the same money and also got two-thirds of a night's rest, besides earning the thanks of the companies and the gratitude of his two fellow employees. Thus may a man's brains save his eyes and his heels; and during the time he was on guard neither theft nor fire visited his bailiwick. I think that when the future Dr. Smiles writes the future "Self-Help" he should include this story in the volume.

This strenuous life turned McKenzie's attention very early to the absolutely absolute need of physical culture. If he were to succeed in his four years' contest with Necessity, he should have to take the utmost care of himself. There is little use in possessing the mind of a Milton if you haven't a body to carry it. In addition to his regular course at the schools, he made a special study of the human frame and its requirements, and here, although he did not know it at the time, were the lines upon which his future activity was to run; for he goes to the University of Pennsylvania in charge of what is probably the finest gymnasium in the world, where he will exert a beneficial influence on the health of the thousands of students who seek an education in that centre of learning.

It is encouraging to know that the authorities of McGill College speedily recognized the abilities of this young man, who was so persistently and good-naturedly pressing himself through their mill. He was soon enabled to give up all such occupations as that of night watchman, and he got opportunities of earning money by methods more in keeping with the knowledge he was acquiring. From then on the way became easy. There is no greater coward than Opposing Circumstance. If it sees you are determined on a fight, it will retreat; and if you advance, Opposing Circumstance will knuckle under altogether.

McKenzie did some tutoring and some lecturing. He became an assistant in the College, and finally, on achieving his degree, was installed full-fledged professor, which position he held until September, 1904. During the years that have elapsed since he took his degree he has acquired an enviable reputation and has built up an important practice as consulting medical specialist. This summer he lectured before the students of Cambridge University in England, and I believe it was in that educational town that he resolved to accept the offer from Pennsylvania of which I have spoken.

I now come to a very astonishing phase of Dr. McKenzie's genius. A short time ago I left London for Paris in order to see for myself how the Doctor's latest work was coming on, and I stayed by him until it was completed. He is well known in the capital of France, not as a medical man nor as a college professor, but as an artist; and here I found him in a large studio in the Mont Parnasse quarter, arrayed in the clay-smeared blouse of a sculptor, putting the finishing touches on his statue of "The Boxer," a wonderful figure in every sense of the word.

Three years ago Dr. McKenzie resolved to construct a mathematical man, as it might be termed; so he set about the making of him out of clay, the original material from which man was first fashioned. He secured the bodily measurements of one hundred representative American runners, which measurements were accurately taken by Dr. Paul C. Phillips, of Amherst College, and included nearly all the great sprinters of recent years. With these data McKenzie proceeded to build up his man by mathematics, and the result was "The Sprinter"—the stooping figure of a runner, with toes and fingers on the ground, tensely waiting for the pistol-shot. It is of such vivid actuality that on looking at it one feels like believing that at a sudden clap of the hands it would disappear down the track.

This effort was much praised by anatomists, but McKenzie was anxious to know what artists thought about it; and as it was accepted for exhibition in 1902 by the Society of American Artists and by the Copley Society of Boston, he scored a favorable verdict. Later, he finished, on the same plan, "The Athlete," a gracefully posed standing figure, corresponding to the average of the fifty strongest men in Harvard that year. Observations of four hundred men were taken by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent to furnish the mathematics out of which "The Athlete" was formed.

Last year he boxed up "The Sprinter" and sent it to the Committee of the Royal Academy in England. There was nothing to show that the sender was a doctor or anything else, but simply an unknown artist who sent his work in the usual way for the annual exhibition. "The Sprinter" was given a prominent place in the sculpture rotunda of Burlington House, the palace on Piccadilly where the Royal Academy holds its exhibition.

At the same time he invited criticism from a body known to be much more severe than even the authorities of the Royal Academy. He forwarded "The Athlete" to the judges for the Salon in France. It was accepted and exhibited. This year he had one statue in the Royal Academy and three in the Paris Salon.

Such a thing has probably never happened in this world before. That a man who has received no artistic training should produce work which not once, but on four occasions, has received the seal of commendation from the artistic experts of two European countries seems incredible to people over here. I have quit telling French artists about it, because they so evidently don't believe me, and, being too polite to say so, I feel that I am taking an unfair advantage of them. It is such a consolation to tell a man he lies if you are sure he is not telling the truth, and you cannot persuade a Frenchman that any untrained artistic amateur from the west ever got into the Salon except by paying his franc and going in with the general public.

When I was searching the Rue Fulguerie for his studio, I asked an artist who was coming out of the courtyard if he knew where Dr. Tait McKenzie was to be found. He said:

"There is no doctor of that name in this neighborhood, but there is a young sculptor named McKenzie at No. 9."—The Outlook.

O, not in circling depth nor height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith though veiled from sight,
There doth his spirit rest.
O, come, Thou Presence infinite,
And make Thy creature blest.

OMAR REPENTANT.*

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

NIGHT falls, the stars are rising, and full soon
Over New York shall float the simple moon ;
How bright the streets are with the women's eyes,
And the false friendship of the smart saloon !

Lo ! Broadway like a lane of fallen stars ;
Hearken the roaring cataract of bars,
The scented rustle of the prowling face,
The cling-clang and the moaning of the cars.

See the bartender with his subtle face !
He smiles at me—ah, yes, I know the place,
And me the place knows well—Sir Pandarus
Of Troy is he—of far-descended race.

He is a minor devil of this hell
We call the world—his part here is to sell
Death and damnation—and if you *will* buy,
Why in the devil's name should he not sell ?

Say, what is yours ?—no ! no ! the drinks are mine :
Shall it be whiskey, or shall it be wine ?
How young you look—whiskey for you, you say ?
So be it, stripling, whiskey too for mine.

What is the book I saw you with but now ?—
" The book of verses underneath the bough" !†
So that old poison-pot still catches flies !
"The jug of wine, the loaf of bread, and Thou" !

Boy, do you know that since the world began
No man hath writ a deadlier book for man ?
You smile—O yes, I know—how old are you ?
Twenty—well, I just measure twice your span.

How musical it sounds in Omar here,
Roses and viols, and the sacred sphere
Of the clean moon above the silent trees,
And in the hush the river talking near.

How sweet it sounds—O what a pretty lie !
Wine and the Well-Beloved—Thou and I,
And lo ! the nightingale—as though the moon
Dropt silver tears adown the listening sky.

The Grape ! the Vine !—O what an evil wit
Have words to gild the blackness of the pit !
Said thus, how fair it sounds—the Vine ! the Grape !
O call it whiskey and be done with it.

Here is the lie—now listen while I tell
The truth of this vine-trellised path to hell.
Would I could harrow up your soul with it—
You want another whiskey ?—ring the bell.

" Your health "—great God ! your health ! and straight you drink
Disease and Death—upon the cesspool's brink
I cry " Your health "—and with a laugh you drain
The poison that makes soul and body stink.

Listen ! your eyes are clear, your skin is fine—
Compare your eyes, compare your skin, with mine ;
'Tis not the years between us—no ; it is
What you grandiloquently call the Vine.

You laugh—your treasure-chest of youth o'erflows ;
You, with your boy's complexion like a rose,
You know so well this danger is not yours.
You know—as only twenty ever knows !

I know that you know not—but can I save
Your soul and body from a certain grave,
Filled full of bottles and of dead men's bones,
Where savage grass and the coarse nettle wave ?

Twenty, you say—and as an apple sound,
Your shoulders straight, your feet firm on the ground,
As though you trampled this terrestrial globe,
A king, with youth magnificently crowned.

The women love you for your manhood's sake ;
There are a thousand hearts for you to break.
Like a young lion eager to devour,
You look around and wonder which to take.

* It is significant of the new place which temperance sentiment has in the community that one of the leading American magazines, The Cosmopolitan, should devote eight pages to the accompanying striking poem, with illustrations.

† The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Now let me tell you what may come to pass
If you continue draining yonder glass—
  The Vine—I beg your pardon—yea! the Grape;
Something like this will surely come to pass:

This glorious garment of your youth shall rot
Little by little; you will know it not—
  For the moth hides that feeds upon the silk—
And so the garment of your youth shall rot

Unnoted, till there comes a day you call
Out on your youth to help you—and lo! the small
  Trickle and trickle out of yonder glass
Upon the rock of youth has wasted all.

. . . . . .

Hearken to one who hath the winepress trod:
Nights shall you cry to your forgotten God,
  And wring your hands and weep hysteric tears,
Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

Day shall be made of danger, night of dread;
Faces and fears shall gibber round your bed,
  And tears and sweat alike shall sourly stain
The fevered pillow of your furnace head.

Awake at morn—awake, and so athirst,
Awake as though this last drink were your first—
  A fire only to be quenched by fire—
Athirst with the fierce drought of the accurst.

To your own self your body a burning shame,
No lustral water long shall cool its flame.
  A moment in the bath you say, "To-day . . "
At night—this day as yesterday the same.

. . . . . .

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall break
The woman's heart that loves you, it shall take
  Away from you your friends—sad, one by one,
And of your own kind heart an agate make.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall steal
Subtly the kind capacity to feel.
  As it to brittle stone your arteries,
So sense by sense in turn it shall congeal.

This shall the Vine do for you—this good brain,
By usury of chance favors, it shall drain
  Of all its proper powers to think or dream,
And hold it captive by a vinous chain.

By smaller robbers of power and peace,
The Usurer Vine doth make him much increase
  Of mortal souls, ripens and purples him,
And takes on bloom; such robberies as these:

Straight limbs he makes falter and fills with aches,
Proud backs he bends, and the strong framework shakes
  Even of doughty captains of the war;
No strength beneath the moon but what he breaks.

. . . . . .

"Night's candles are burnt out"—O cleansing words!
I quote you here in town instead of birds;
  The soul of Shakespeare lives in yonder dawn
After a night of pigsties and of sherds.

Night, with her moths and nightmares and the moon,
Is almost gone—the sun is coming soon;
  Night-watchmen and night-women and the stars
Are slinking home to sleep till afternoon.

And you and I that talked the short night through,
What in this coming day are we to do?
  I, being old, shall go on as before,
But you, dear lad, O tell me, what of you?

You are so young, you know so little yet,
You are the sunrise, I am the sunset;
  It matters little what my end shall be,
But you—but you—you can escape it yet!

Listen—and swear by yonder morning star
To fight, and fight, and fight for what you are,
  Straight, trim and true, and pure as men are pure—
Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star!

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

—*Timon of Athens.*

O NOSHI SAN.

A TALE OF JAPAN IN WAR TIME.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.

IT stood in the suburbs of Matsuyama, on the Inland Sea, a large house with its wide, overhanging roof of tiles, its balcony of polished wood, and walls of sliding paper screens. These walls were open in the long, front parlor, and the two women sitting there, on thick, soft, white mats, which covered the floor, looked out across the quaint, dainty garden.

There was a tiny, artificial lake of very clear water, with its splashing waterfall, and cluster of little islands, the centre one shaped like a tortoise, and each island had its stone pagoda, or daimio lantern, or toy shrine, and all were joined together by impossibly quaint tiny bridges.

Round the lake, on artificial promontories, were graceful maples, and firs cut to grow in fantastic shapes—one near the house was an easily recognizable representation of a junk under full sail—and beyond the garden was the highway, with beyond it the gilded curves of a temple roof, showing above a grove of plum-trees—brave old trees they were, bowed and gnarled with age, yet still blossoming out white and pink in the warm March sunshine.

On the road between the sacred grove and garden, a company of little soldiers —reservists on the way to join their colors—had halted, and were calmly cooking their noontide meal in the road. Helen Gordan, who was sitting on the floor of the house in the garden, with Madame Hayashi, watched them interestedly. They looked so small and gentle to be soldiers, sitting there smiling and talking softly as they ate their rice, evidently under no restraint, yet indulging in no horse-play or boisterous shouting.

The little peasants returning from market bowed to the soldiers as they passed, and the soldiers bowed very low in return ; and the children just released from school flocked round them like flies to sugar. One enterprising baby, travelling on all fours, wriggled himself into a pile of knapsacks, and a little soldier carefully removed, not the baby, but his equipments, out of the way. Then three or four deer came out of the grove—they and their ancestors for centuries had known men only as beings out of whose hands good things might be eaten ; and so they strolled among the soldiers, mildly curious as to whether these oddly dressed things were men ; while a bevy of white doves, also from the temple, fluttered overhead, one dropping down softly, and resting for a moment on the stacked rifles.

"War and peace," sighed Helen ; "is there anything as unnatural and out of place in this world of God's as war ?"

Madame did not answer, and a band of little girls, most of them with a baby tied to their backs, began to sing as they skipped together ; singing as children sing, shrill and carelessly, with no thought of the meaning of the words they sang. But Helen shuddered a little, for she knew their language enough to know they sang "Russia Seibatsu" ("Russia Chastised"), the new war song, which the government of Nippon had ordered to be taught in all the public schools ; and it was no wonder that soldiers can neither retreat nor surrender, when in the land they are defending, the very babes are singing :

"Murdered babes, and shame of women,
Burning homes that rise no more.
Such the acts of Slavic victor,
Acts which gods and men abhor."

Gaily the children sang, the babies' heads bobbing up and down violently as their energetic elder sisters danced faster in the excitement of the last verse—

"Break the ramparts of Port Arthur,
Tear the walls of Harbin down,
Plant upon the Ural mountains
Nippon's banner of the Dawn."

"I think," said Madame, in her soft, very precise English, "that in some cases war seems unavoidable and necessary."

Helen looked at her ; she was a very

little person, dressed in the pale gray affected by the older women of the upper classes. A dainty, charming little creature she looked in her silken kimona, too delicately pretty, and too young and untroubled, to be the mother of one son just appointed to the command of the gunboat "Maya," and of another who had gone down with his fireship in the narrows of Port Arthur. Madame had smiled when they told her, "for it is so good to die for Nippon."

Now, still smiling, she looked at Helen. "No natural function is improper," she said, quaintly; "and I think it is only natural that we should fight now; yet war always seems to me such an insignificant thing in God's sight, that it is not necessary to talk much about it, especially when I, like you, am a Christian."

"And what things do you think, Madame, are significant in God's eyes?" said Helen.

"Those blossoms for one thing," said Madame, looking toward the plum-trees. "We talk as if our work of destroying the lives of men and beasts and trees was the most important thing in the world, yet God makes no sign that He even knows we are at war. All His almighty power is given to work this yearly miracle of spring blossoms." Madame paused, then with her eyes shining with the gentle enthusiasm of her flower worshipping people, she said:

"Is there anything more wonderfully beautiful than those blossoms? Or anything more soothing than to fill eyes and mind with the sight of them? Some of our poets compare an aged plum-tree, covered with bloom, to the character of a woman, made more beautiful because of her sorrow and care."

"Madame," said Helen, "if my question is not impertinent, What is the position of women in Nippon?"

"I am honored by your asking anything of me. But this matter is rather big to be put into little words. I would say that women are not treated brutally among us. Oh, no, but with great indifference."

"But entire indifference is brutality," objected Helen; "and I can't believe that even in Nippon men and women are generally indifferent to each other."

Madame smiled. "I meant," she said, "that as regards brutal crimes and abuse of women, our national record is good. But we are of the East, and marriage to *us is a necessary*, and, therefore very proper thing, only we do not, as a rule, idealize it as you do, nor speak as if love must always be the prompter of it."

"Yet," said Helen, gravely, "how can a woman keep her purity, and give herself to a man, unless she believes that her love for him makes her marriage holy?"

"Because, I think, we are trained from babyhood to self-control and submission; and because boys, as well as girls, are taught to distrust and subdue any feelings of passion of any kind. And, pardon me, but are not many of your marriages really the result of natural passion, which you have mistaken for, and misnamed, love?"

"I grant it, but we can never raise ourselves by lowering our ideals. And it is this idealizing of marriage, and subsequent dignity of women, that is, I believe, the corner-stone of our civilization."

"I have no doubt it is, but here we are taught that a woman's ideals are the three obediences: when a maiden, to her father; when a wife, to her husband; and when a widow, to her eldest son, or nearest male relative."

"Will you pardon me, Madame, for saying that that makes your women virtually slaves — kindly treated, no doubt, for their masters are the gentlest of men, but having no rights nor claim to respect whatever?"

Helen's blue eyes flashed, but Madame laughed softly. "Your Kipling's words are true of English women as well as men," she said. "You are 'slower to bless than to ban, and little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.' I think the position of women among us is not sufficient high. But no man, nor woman, nor nation, was ever yet enslaved unless they did it themselves. No position, however exalted, can make a woman free, when she is helpless to control her own passions. And no one can be a slave, who has found soul-freedom. I know men can hurt the body of another, and if that goes so far that it may degrade the soul, we are taught that we should die. I have followed the three obediences always, yet I do not feel myself a slave, because I know the Truth, and it has made me free."

While Madame spoke, a part of the wall slid open, and walking softly on her stocking feet, O Noshi San entered, and stood bowing very low before her father's guests. She was young, and as delicately beautiful as the flower she was

named for—Noshi being Nippon's name for our morning-glory—and her small, perfectly proportioned, splendidly trained body was as hardy as the graceful vine, which seems able to bloom and be beautiful under almost any circumstances.

She made a pretty picture bowing there, in her robes of turquoise blue, with peeps of orange lining showing at neck and sleeves. And her magnificent black hair piled up on her head, with its pearl and ivory combs. Yellow was certainly a misnomer for the clear olive of her skin, with the rich blood damasking in her cheeks. And her dark, soft eyes looked at all men with the gentle fearlessness of a fawn used to eat out of its keeper's hand. She was Dr. Toshio's daughter, and the promised wife of Yamato, Madame Hayashi's eldest son.

With Noshi was another little woman, also young and dressed in blue, but all manner of gay colors showed in her linings and underskirts, and the baby tied on her back was radiant in imperial purple, with a sprawling pea-green dragon embroidered on the back of his dress.

The mother's round, chubby, pretty face contrasted with Noshi's more delicately featured oval one, but her hands were as clean and well-kept as Noshi's own. And after the proper ceremonial bowings to Madame Hayashi, she said:

"Honorable house mistress, my husband, Yamamato Gato, was with the soldiers, who passed just now, called out to go wherever it is the will of the Emperor, and for the glory of Dai Nippon; and I have this belt of a 'thousand wishes'"—

She held out a broad strip of coarse linen, covered with black dots, in most of which a stitch of white cotton had been set and tied in a knot.

"For," she continued, "I am asking of each woman I meet, that she set a stitch in it, wishing him safety and success. And when it is finished I will send it to him, hoping that it may help him in the time of danger."

With many protests as to her unworthiness to aid in so honorable a work, Madame Hayashi set her stitch, and then Helen held out her hand.

"My honorable sister," she said slowly, for her knowledge of Nippon's speech was limited, "I also am a wife, and my husband, though of western blood, is serving your emperor. I ask you to let me set a stitch in your belt, and will you wish for my husband what I shall for yours."

Madame Yamamato's answer was so profuse and flowery that Helen lost the sense of it altogether, and smilingly set her stitch. Then as the little visitor exchanged elaborate farewells with Madame Hayashi, Helen looked up smilingly at a man who came into the garden, resplendent in gold braid and glitter. There had been some naval function in Matsuyama, and Hayashi Yamato had come in all the glory of full dress to the kite party O Noshi San and her sisters were to give that afternoon. He and Helen were very good friends, and she did not like him any the less because, though his dress and manner were a careful copy of western models, all his years of English training had not changed the man himself. Simply and readily he slipped off his shoes before he stepped up into the parlor, and then kneeling, his forehead touched the ground at his mother's feet. Then he stood up and shook hands with Helen, all with the same impassive ease. Then she went down into the garden with him, for the guests were arriving, and a dozen of the daintiest of little maidens were running to and fro on the toy bridges, managing their great bird-shaped kites with such skill that they rose high enough to be hardly distinguishable from the real eagles that soared overhead.

And highest of all the kites rose those flown by Noshi and her sisters—Shawa and Taye—two graceful little creatures of ten and fourteen, wearing the native dress, only with elastic sided boots, and with their hair hanging in a pigtail—the badges of the mission school pupil. Noshi's schooling was finished, and now she waited for Hayashi to claim her, which might be very soon, for certain repairs would keep the "Maya" at Matsuyama long enough for her captain to be married, if he wished.

Madame Hayashi watched the kite fliers, well pleased at the choice she had made for her son's wife; but Helen was not so satisfied; she also had tried to fly a kite, and kept Hayashi busy disentangling it from all the near-by trees with a long bamboo. Then Noshi came to assist her, and neglecting her own kite, it fell down on the verandah roof, and caught in the eaves. With a little laugh at her mishap, Noshi easily climbed upon the low roof, but Helen frowned to herself, for Hayashi stood still, looking at nothing in particular, with his usual conventional smile. She did not doubt that if his betrothed had been in danger, he would have been

ready enough to go to help her, but because she was quite as able as he to climb a low verandah, he did not see why he should do it for her, though, Helen knew, he would not have let her do anything of the sort while he looked on, and with a sudden irritation at his indifference, she laid down her kite, and went in to sit with Madame.

Hayashi looked after her gravely, and Noshi came softly to his side. Her guests had gone with her sisters into the house, and she came to her betrothed, waiting with folded hands for him to speak to her.

Hayashi looked at the plum-trees, and made the regulation remarks on their beauty. Then as a girl crossed the road, and disappeared among them, he added, "Do you know her?" with some curiosity, for she was young and would have been pretty, had not her hair been closely cropped, and her teeth blackened.

"That is O Nume San, your cousin, Yamato," answered Noshi.

"O Nume San," repeated Hayashi; "I heard of her marriage to Asso Hondo, and I saw him in Matsuyama to-day. Why has she cut her hair, as if she was a widow vowed not to marry again, and blackened her teeth as though her husband was jealous?"

"She was married to Asso Hondo," said Noshi, "and they loved each other so much that when this war came, and he was called to join his regiment, it was hard for them to part. Then when at last he left her and reached the station, he found the train was delayed, and at the risk of missing it altogether, he hurried back to see her for a minute again. One of his comrades, fearing for his honor, reported the matter to his father, and he wrote to Nume begging her to examine herself to find what lack in her manners had caused his son to be so bewildered by passion that he had run the risk of doing that which would have compelled every member of his family to commit suicide. Nume at once sought for a divorce, giving as a reason that she feared her husband's desire for her might make him seek to live, when it was for Nippon's glory that he should die. And when it was granted, she returned to her father's house to live as a widow, disfigured lest any man should seek her, until she hears of Asso Hondo's death, when she will follow him."

"She is certainly an honorable and virtuous woman," said Hayashi; "and wise as well, for during war is not the *time for men* to think of women. It is not enough for a soldier to be brave, our honorable enemy are as brave as men can be, but he must always be cool and composed, and able to think quicker than the men he hopes to defeat. It is far better for a man to go to battle filled with a calm longing for his country's glory, than nervous because of his passion for a woman—a passion which is liable to agitate and confuse."

Noshi smiled at him gently, for she came of a race that could smile under torture, and she loved this man.

"I came here when I knew Nume would pass to the temple," she said, "and I told you her story, because I fancied it was your wish to discard me also."

"Assuredly not," said Hayashi; "I came here to-day thinking that now would be a suitable time to fulfil the pledges made by our honorable parents for us. And you need not fear to trust me, Noshi, for I give you my word, that from the hour which makes you my wife, till death parts us, I will treat you with kindness and consideration, always looking to your comfort before my own, and putting your interests second only to those of my Emperor."

"Yet if I followed the example of O Nume San, and repudiated you, Yamato, would you not be better able to serve Dai Nippon?"

Noshi spoke in her calm, measured voice, but she felt that the man beside her was glad, though he sighed gently, as he answered:

"I certainly should be no longer torn between my longing to die for Nippon and live for you, Noshi. And if, as I doubt not is the case, you voice the sentiments of your honorable father, I can do nothing but submit to his decision, and endeavor to control the distracted despair I feel."

He sighed again and Noshi smiled.

"Then, Yamato," she said, "I will obey what I think is your unspoken desire, and tell my father of my wish to repudiate you, lest thinking of me you should be less ready to die in the time of battle. Love is an agitating emotion, and, perhaps, it would be better for you to feel that I was for ever beyond your reach."

There was a little gentle irony in the girl's voice, but the last bit of hope she had clung to died, as he answered instantly, in a very sad tone, "Then I have no choice but to submit to your decision."

Noshi looked at the plum-trees. "Are

not beautiful?" she said. "Parny changing the subject of our contion, but it is difficult to think of erent matters, with beauty so divine e one's eyes."

yashi agreed with her, and after a ninutes of describing to each other eauty of the flowers, Noshi said:

nd is it true that Madame Gordan ılly a Russian?"

he *was*," said Hayashi, emphasizing ıast tense. "She was the Princess ı Gregoryevna, but her mother was h, and Rab Gordan ran away with after the manner of Lochinvar; he kidnapped her young brother, ay, for there was need. It cer- is a satire on Russian Christianhat these two, one a woman, and the a blind boy, and both loving Christ uly and purely as they do, should to flee from Christian (?) Russia, ek safety in heathen (?) Nippon."

shi did not seem very much interin Russia's shortcomings, for she said: "Madame Gordan is coned very beautiful, I understand; I been trying to think of a flower mpare her too, but they all seem mall and delicately colored. Tell hat blossom you think she is like, ıto?"

yashi looked to where Helen sat by nother, with the sunshine on her old hair, and answered gravely:

arth flowers for earth women; me Helen should be named Naniwa ve blossom. Those who do not the sea love it best when it is th as a sacred mirror, but we who g to it adore it when the waves t out in blossom, long miles of s crowned with flowers, white and ning. Ah! round the black rocks ippon the beloved the seas are alin flower, a white smother of blosand so I would call Madame, wa, our lady of the crested wave."

oes he love her, or does he not?" ght Noshi, as she stood by herself e the garden lake. "If love is a ty, then I think he does not; but ıat we call love is only imagination, perhaps, he does, for he has lived ng among foreign people that their or is over him, and he sees in me Gordan the personification of all dmires in them. Yet, if he could wish put away all that now parts rom him, I do not think he would; vould rather have things as they when he can look at her, and dream r, calling her in his heart, Naniwa, and seeing in her the soul of the sea he loves, until his eyes are bewildered, and he cannot see anything to be desired in me."

Noshi caught her breath with a little gasp, for the dull bitterness in her heart was very hard to bear. When a little child she had been chosen as his wife, and formally betrothed to him before he left Nippon, and all the years that he studied on the foreigner's side of the sea, she was being carefully educated in Nippon for him.

Hayashi Yamato's wife must be altogether of his people, yet she must not be distasteful to a man who probably would think a tincture of foreign manners pleasant. So they had lived and been trained, those two, he for Nippon only, and she for Nippon and him.

And that was the pity of it, she would have as soon thought of feeling reluctance to be his wife as he would have hesitated to obey the summons that called him home, and sent him into that wild night battle in Port Arthur, when through the darkness and snow the Destroyers of Nippon came, and taught Europe that Asia had awoke from her four centuries of sleep. He came back from that battle unscathed, and she loved him with all the intense controlled passion of her soul, and he did not want her. They had both prepared themselves faithfully to serve their country, but while he was accepted by his Emperor, and given high honor and every chance of dying for his flag, she, who had studied as devotedly as he, was rejected, and left in bitter shame, not because she failed to meet any test, but because another woman had golden hair.

"She is not really beautiful," thought poor Noshi, "and she has no' manners at all. Why, she makes him, who is noble, and an officer of the Emperor's, wait on her, as if he was a coolie, and he—he likes it."

There was the sound of a slow, careful step on the walk behind her, and a hand touched her very gently, then dropped quickly.

"I beg your pardon," said a tall, fair-haired boy, smiling at her, with blue eyes that had never seen anything but God. "But I am trying to learn the geography of this garden, and will you please speak, that I may know who you are?"

"It is Noshi, Murray," said the girl, with her soft little laugh, "and I beg that you will condescend to hold my hand while you complete your studies.

Our house would be dishonored should you, its guest, walk into the lake."

"I might scare your poor goldfish, eh," laughed Murray, as he took the hand that touched his. "I supose you are admiring your wonderful plum blossoms. You are very fond of flowers here in Nippon."

"Each month has its flowers," answered Noshi. "Now, the plum blossoms are with us, and in your April is the time when the cherry blooms, and the land is covered with the pink mist of those blossoms, the sakura, our own flower."

"I thought the chrysanthemum was your national flower," remarked Murray.

"It is the Emperor's flower, and he is Nippon," said Noshi; "and its month is September, while August has the morning-glory, my name-flower, which belongs to our poets and æsthetic cult. But the cherry blossom is the flower of the samurai, and we are taught that our honor should be as pure and sensitive as its petals, we should feel ourselves too soiled to live at the least touch of shame, and be as ready to lay down our lives in their prime, for Nippon, as the sakura scatters its petals on the breeze, glad to make way for the fruit to come."

Noshi's voice was never more cheerful, and her face would have told nothing to the keenest eyes, yet the feel of her hand as she spoke told the blind boy's quick sense more than she dreamed, though he only repeated softly—

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
And man for man hath calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
Which hovered o'er my Master's head."

"Your flower-creed is very beautiful, Noshi, only, of course, the cherry blossom can be soiled by any one, and we can only be disgraced by what we do ourselves."

Noshi smiled. "I would not presume to dispute your wisdom," she said, "though you never seem to have known of any one suffering because of another's action."

"Is suffering shame?" said the boy, quickly, "Noshi, legally I am an escaped convict. I was sentenced and sent to prison, and there I would be now, if it were not for three very good reasons, called Helen, and Rab, and Captain Hayashi. Yet, I did not, and I do not, feel that I was ever disgraced by anything men tried to do to me."

"Because you suffered for Christ's sake," said Noshi. "The disgrace of your imprisonment rests on the honorable Russian government, who are so deficient in good manners that they persecute those who live as Christ commanded in His Sermon on the Mount. The only reason why Russia is not a dishonored country, is because shame is ashamed to stay with her."

"Then tell me how a man could be disgraced, except by himself, Noshi?"

"I knew a man well, Murray, he was a soldier of the Third Division of the Imperial Bodyguard, and when his company were sent to the front, he was ordered to stay at home, because of a physical defect. He begged that he might be beheaded, and when that was refused, he took his own life. In his place could you have lived?"

Privately, Murray thought he could, but he only said, "I know it would be awfully hard on a fellow, and being blind I know a little how it feels to be outside most everything a man naturally wants to be in. But about suicide, you are a Christian, Noshi, and so am I. We are Christ's soldiers, and like most soldiers we've got to take some pretty hard knocks sometimes. Our lives are all ordered by Him, and to sneak out of the world without orders, looks to me rather like deserting your colors, because your commander has not taken you into his confidence."

"Murray," said the girl, in her soft, untroubled voice, "I have lost my honor, and if you were my brother, would you want me to live, a shame?"

"I don't know," stammered the perplexed Murray. "Please won't you ask somebody else? I'm only fifteen, and there are lots of things about girls that boys don't know. But I couldn't bear the idea of your killing yourself; why, your the dearest, jolliest girl I know, except Helen, and you mustn't think of doing such a thing. And, I say, Noshi, excuse me asking questions, but is it anything to do with your blessed country? Have you been studying for a nurse, or something, and they don't want you?"

"All my life I have given to prepare myself for one thing, Murray, and now—I am not wanted."

Murray squeezed her hand sympathetically. "Well, that is rough on you, little girl," he said; "but I wouldn't commit suicide. I remember yesterday, just before Rab went, he was saying it was giving your government lots of trouble, this feeling people had of being

dishonored if their services or money were not accepted. And Mr. Kanij, your poet neighbor, was telling Rab that he had been commissioned to write a poem, showing how in such cases a man could keep his honor without taking his life."

"Did you hear the poem?" inquired Noshi, with some interest.

"No; but I heard what it was to be about; and fancy, Noshi, of having the job of putting all this into beautiful soul-stirring verse. Russia's population is two and a half times as large as Nippon's; and her revenue and army are eight times as large. Nippon requires, roughly speaking, a million and a quarter dollars a week to carry on this war, and if she is to win, every citizen, man, woman, and child must place themselves on a war footing, giving up every luxury, and prepared to suffer any privation cheerfully, for whether they work in farm or factory, home or school, they are as truly toiling and suffering for the honor of Dai Nippon as though they were her soldiers on the battlefield. Say, but that last is grand, and I believe Rab, when he said that no power on earth could stand against an army with the dynamic force of such a national feeling behind it."

Noshi looked across the garden thoughtfully. Like almost every home in Nippon, they had felt the pressure of the war there. There were strange, empty spaces, where heirlooms, which no poverty could have forced their owners to part with, had gone to the eager foreign collectors, that their price might swell the war fund of Nippon. And, then, Toshio Fujiwara, the doctor's eldest child and only son, with the honors of his college graduation fresh upon him, had joined the great army of spies, which, in 1903, covered Korea and Manchuria with a network of espionage, and made the possibility of victory possible to Nippon. And as a detected spy he died.

They did not mourn for him in his home, because he died for the glory of Dai Nippon, and even as he had died, very gladly, Noshi knew now that she must live, if she would truly keep faith with Christ and her country, so very gravely she said:

"I think I understand, Murray; I am to live and be cheerful always; being glad that others have their heart's desire instead of mourning that I have not mine; this, I think, is following Christ. And, indeed, it would not be honorable to die, when it is plainly the will of the Emperor that I should live."

And with this brave resolve in her heart Noshi went into their neighbor's garden that evening to find her friend, O Nume San.

Nume looked up, startled at her visitor's face, which looked strange and boyish under its crop of short, dark hair, but her surprise did not prevent her making the proper ceremonial bows, before she exclaimed, sadly:

"And is my cousin, Yamato, no more than other men, that you have cut your hair, vowing yourself to celibacy, because you feared his passion for you might make him shrink from death?"

"No," said Noshi, smiling, "but his life was of value to Nippon, and I feared he might throw it away when there was no need, if he felt himself bound to a woman he did not want. For, Nume,"—Noshi's voice shook with the passion which broke at last from her control—"he does not want me; he does not like me to come too near him; I could not let him go to battle with the thought of marriage to me galling his spirit, as a fetter would his flesh. It would have been treason to the Emperor, who needs that he should be as calm as he is brave. So, in obedience to his unspoken wish, I have repudiated him. And now I am desolate indeed. You, Nume, at least, were once loved, and loved again, while my life is like a plant, which is torn up by its roots, before it comes to flower."

"I understand," said Nume, gently, "and we will die together this night, for I am too weary of being alone to stay longer in this prison called life."

Noshi drew back. "I may not take my life," she said, regretfully.

Nume looked at her in startled horror for a moment; surely it was not possible that her friend's conversion to Christianity had made her afraid to die. Then, because she loved Noshi, she put the evil thought away from her, saying, as she bowed, apologetically, "I am a woman of most inferior intellect, and would you condescend to tell me what is in your heart, for I do not understand you."

"I do not understand myself," sighed Noshi. "I should like to die; but I know that day and night we are sending our soldiers to the front, and when they have bridged with their bodies the gulf which separates us from victory, and when we have sent others to take what they have died to win, who will be left to work at home, unless the

women, who are strong, consider it dishonor not to keep their lives and health for Nippon."

"Then you think it is wrong for me to die also, Noshi?" said Nume. "It was only to-day that I was looking at the plum blossoms for which I am named, and thinking that when they passed I would go also, for I am too weary to live, and sleep is best; that sleep which no dreams come near unto."

"Yet you are not alone in your sorrow, Nume," said Noshi, very gently. "Of the soldiers who passed to-day most of those who were married carried with them a lock of their wife's hair, which she had given to her husband when she cut her hair, in token that she was a wife no longer, but a woman vowed to celibacy until Nippon was victorious. Thousands of our women, honorable and virtuous, like thee, have repudiated their husbands, lest a longing for their caresses should make our men wish to return home before Port Arthur lowers her flag, and General Kuropatkin gives up his sword. Dearest, would it be good manners if all these were to die, because their own sorrow was more to them than the honor of Nippon?"

"No," said Nume, thoughtfully. "I understand you now, my Noshi, and truly Christianity must be very honorable, when it can make any one able to forget themselves, and think only of the glory of their country and Emperor. But most of these women have work to do now, besides the hope of more, and there seems nothing that I can do except think."

"Nume," said Noshi, her eyes shining with sudden gladness. "I heard it to-day, but I had forgotten till this moment that it might mean thee. Oh, but I am jealous of thee. Do you remember how you went to study in the hospitals, and I wanted to go too, but Madame, my mother-in-law that was to be, sent me to the foreign school instead. And now all who signed their names on the hospital roll are to be called out by the Red Cross—women as well as men. And all who are physically fit, and have no one dependent on them, will be drafted for service, the women to the reserve and stationary hospitals and the men to the front."

"I have no weakness," cried Nume, stretching out her strong young arms; "and if, indeed, I am accepted, I will be a servant to women who are coolies, if it is desired. You will be calling me a Christian, Noshi, for I shall be under the sign of the Cross, and like your Master, Christ, I shall have no enemies, for under His sign I shall have to be as ready to nurse, gently and skilfully, our Russian foes, as our own men."

. . . . . .

The people in the streets of Tokio turned and stopped to look at a company of women, Red Cross nurses, passing on their way to the station, en route for active service. Looking straight before them, they marched just like soldiers, in perfect step, and with swinging arms.

Nume was among them, her short hair under the high, white calico cap, with the Red Cross in front, and looking very trim and military, yet very womanly, too, in her black dress, with its short pleated skirt, and her rolled-up cloak over her left shoulder, and her neat black western boots and white gloves. For Nippon had taken western models for the uniform of her nurses, as well as soldiers, and very workwomanlike they looked, with their impassive faces, and superbly trained bodies, those women marching to war under the sign of the Cross.

So, saved by that sign of the Cross, poor, passionate, stoical Nume was going to preserve her honor by saving the lives of others, instead of taking her own; and under her tight-fitting black bodice was the Bible Noshi had given her as a parting gift.

And in Matsuyama by the inland sea, Noshi stayed in her father's house, for all her gentleness and sweet womanhood, not wanted, it seemed, either by her country or her lover, yet still smiling as if content, even though her only service was to "stand and wait."

Toronto.

A THOUGHT FOR THE IMPENITENT.

"What profits it that He is risen,
If dead in sins thou yet dost lie?
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,
What profits that He dwells on high?

"What profits that He loosed and broke
All bonds, if ye in league remain
With earth? Who weareth Satan's yoke,
Shall call Christ 'Master,' but in vain."

HOW METHODISM CAME TO SHILO.*

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

THE Rev. James Morrow stood irresolute before the village tavern. The railroad had not been completed as far as Shilo, but the stage met the train daily and carried the passengers through ten miles of woodland and stump, and to the new town. Here was one of those centres of water-power that was to make Wisconsin's great wealth, for it is water rather than beer that floats our ship of state. No steam was needed for the new saw-mill, and the swift current carried great logs down the river and out to the lake. The town that sprang up around the lumber-camp had become a county seat. This was years ago, when the temple of justice was a big, unpainted square box on a rise of ground at the end of the main street. This street was not yet cleared of stumps, but these impediments to fast driving were useful as hitching-posts for the patient oxen, who would browse on the bushes near, straining their necks as far as the rope tied to the yoke would allow. Alas, when one of the pair desired this wayside refreshment and the other had to follow the yoke and see his yoke-fellow get all of the green! It all depended upon which ox could pull the stronger.

The law had entered in a primitive sort of a way, but the gospel had not set up its standard, and the Methodist Conference had decided to pre-empt this promising field. Shilo boasted of other public buildings near the court-house. Most of these were little shacks, used as saloons, the largest with rooms above for the travelling public. There was a doctor's office and a general store that had the post-office sign in the window, but no church edifice. James Morrow came to build a church in this wilderness and to gather a congregation from the men working in the "bush" and the mill, or grubbing out their "claims."

As the young man stood under the sign of "The Black Eagle," he selected the corner lot, where he intended to locate his church. Only those who can clearly see the building or enterprise while it is an idea, can be sure of the thing in reality.

"Lookee here, stranger. If ye have taken in the looks of the town sufficient jest step inside an' take somethin' more stayin'. No extra charge fur sightseein', but the boys don't leave much fur the second table, an' as your trunk is dumped here, I reckon ye're goin' to put up with me, an' it's me or a holler tree," said a hearty voice.

Mr. Morrow started from his reverie to see the jolly-looking proprietor of the "Eagle" at his side, and he grasped his outstretched hand and gave it a vigorous Methodist grip.

"Thank you, sir; of course I shall be one of your family until I get settled in a home of my own, and this pure, bracing atmosphere, fragrant with the odor of pines and hemlock, would make a tombstone hungry," answered Mr. Morrow.

"So ye be a preacher. I scented it in yer biled shirt, and now I'm sure. Only grave-diggers an' preachers keep gravestuns in sight. We don't fool with tombstones here. Jest plant folks if they want a warmer an' more settled place, but if ye grip life as ye do a feller's hand, ye'll stand it here. Want somethin' warmin' 'fore supper?"

"No, thank you, only hot tea or coffee. I've had a tiresome journey, but I feel repaid in seeing the location of your town. This river and this magnificent forest will make this an important town," and the young man followed his host to the dining-room.

"Good-evening, gentlemen. I'll introduce myself. My name is Morrow, and I am to be one of you fellows for a few years."

This was said in a friendly fashion as the young man entered the long room,

* The author of this story vouches for the fact that its main incidents are taken from life. Mrs. Plantz is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Plantz, of Lawrence University, Wisconsin. The college recently received a $50,000 gift from Mr. Carnegie for a library and $36,000 on an effort to add $50,000 more to the endowment. Mrs. Plantz is the author of some well-known books, among others, "A Great Appointment," "Corner Work," "Why Not," etc.—ED.

where a dozen men were waiting for supper. An Egyptian mummy would have unbent to James Morrow had the preacher's hand been extended with his winning, childlike smile. Man, even in his primitive state, is a social animal, and these rude men took to the genial stranger at once. Mrs. Hanson brought in the pork and beans and rye bread, with coffee that exhaled a grateful odor to the hungry young man. The pine table was clean and white, though guiltless of linen, and the seats were benches drawn up on each side, the host occupying a chair at the head of the board. The supper did not quite suit the refined taste of the young man, but he was so determined to please he ate as if at a banquet.

"I'll set up drinks fur our new boarder," said Bill Hawkins after supper. He was foreman of the lumber-camp, and would take his gang to the woods when snow fell. Now the men were floating logs, to get them down before frost locked the stream. "But fust, stranger, what might yer business be in these diggins? Ye air too white-livered an' spindlin' fur the bush. Ye might be an insurance agent. We give folks a ride by rail when they don't suit us."

"I am something you cannot afford to part with, boys," answered Mr. Morrow, laughing. "I am a Methodist preacher."

At this the men roared and clapped their hands and shouted, "Hear, hear!" and words that would not bear repeating.

"We've had the court-house squatted here, when we could hold the law down with our fists an' powder, but we ain't goin' to have religion put upon us," said Bill. "We'll take our blamed chances in this world and the next," and Bill brought down his fist on the bar with an oath that made the young man shudder and lay his hand upon the rough one of the woodsman.

"Of course, you did not know such words were painful to me or you would not have used them since I am your friend now," answered Mr. Morrow. "Yes, each one of us has a right to spend eternity where he chooses. I decided for myself, and you shall do the same, but I am going to build a church here. The women and children need it, and it will help the growth of the town, and I shall depend upon you to help me."

"I like your blank nerve," cried Bill. "He shall stay, fellows, an' strike his claim if he'll let us take our way, too," and this was the formal acceptance of the new appointment by the people of Shilo, through their leading citizen, Bill Hawkins. The matter of a place to preach and a visible means of support was left to the discretion of the minister himself.

Mr. Morrow refused the liquor and tobacco in such a friendly way the men made no objections. Rough as they were, they respected him because he was not of their kind. After trying his stuffy room, with its smoky lamp, he went out under the stars for his evening. He had never seem these sentinel lights so bright, gleaming like torches in the pure, cold atmosphere. The northern lights hung above the horizon in a luminous cloud, darting up now and then in faintly colored waves of light, almost to the zenith.

As he came back from the river the minister had to pass the row of saloons from which came sounds of rude merriment and occasionally tones of discord. At one door he saw a pretty child enter, and, without knowing why, he followed her. The child went up timidly to one of the men and said, pleadingly:

"Come home, daddy. Mother is awful sick. She is screaming, she hurts so. Come, daddy."

"Mary, I'll learn you how to pester me when I'm with the men," cried the irate father, aiming a heavy blow at the child. It would have felled her to the earth had not the minister rushed forward and received the blow in his own face. The men sprang to their feet, crying,

"Hit 'im back, stranger. We'll see fair play."

"No, boys, not this time. He is going home with Mary and me," replied the minister coolly, though his face was stinging and his blood boiling for a fight.

"Come, my friend, your wife might die while we are waiting here."

This sobered the drunken man, for he loved his wife when he was not in liquor, and he blubbered an apology as the minister led him away, while Mary clung to her father, as if he had been the best man in the world.

They found the woman in real danger, and Mr. Morrow hastened for the doctor, leaving Mary to help her father, now seemingly himself.

When the minister bade the child goodnight, she whispered,

"I like you. It wasn't so much takin' the lickin', but saving mother."

"It's all right, Mary. We must get your father to give up whiskey. If you want to repay me, get all your little

friends to come to Sunday-school next Sunday."

"I will, sir," she answered, not having the faintest idea what the minister meant, but willing to go any place her deliverer would suggest.

For weeks Mr. Morrow worked in one way and another, getting into the good graces of the people of Shilo. There was something about the man that checked the oaths on the lips of the rough men at the "Eagle." The children flocked to him to hear his Bible stories on Sunday afternoon. At first the Sunday-school was out under the trees, but soon in the living-room in Mary's home.

Mr. Morrow tried in various ways to get the large room in the court-house for his services, but was unable to obtain this favor until he was called upon to preach a funeral sermon there. After that the place was at his disposal, for he preached to his large audience with such earnestness and power many wanted to hear him speak again.

But, alas! no one offered to pay for the services of a pastor, and the young man's money was almost gone. This was known when the minister appealed to Bill Hawkins for a job with the axe. That evening Hawkins held counsel with his friends.

"He can't chop with 'em thin, white hands. Don't want to fool away a good axe on 'im, but he's a good chap to have around. It sort o' gives a fellow a good send-off to have a sermon or a prayer at his funeral. Seems like buryin' a dog our old way," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

"The women like his meetin's, an' the Lord knows they 'ave little enough up in the woods. Some of 'em 'ave had better things. He cheered up Sallie when her husband died, an' he keeps little Mary's father sober, the devil only knows how," said one.

"Oh, he's got stuff in 'im. It don't matter what trade a man follers, if there's stuff in 'im he'll succeed. Says I to 'im, 'It's none of your business whether I cuss or not.' Says he, 'It is jest my business to keep men from dishonorin' my Master, jest as it's yours to see your logs 'ave your master's mark an' git down to 'im.' But he ain't one of your whinin', graveyard kind. He can laugh with the rest. Now, he hasn't a blamed cent to winter on. We've got to git up a blow-out an' do the handsome by him. I'll see that plucky boy through, or I'll go to ——." No matter what Bill named as the terminus of the route, he appointed himself first steward of the new church and set about raising the preacher's salary according to the light he had.

The next excitement was a big dance in the court-house. Great preparations were made. The bare walls were decorated with branches of flaming autumn leaves. No city decorator could have excelled in the color effects made by the mingling of scarlet, purple, and gold, and varied shades of green furnished with lavish hand from the vines and trees of the surrounding forest. A new supply of beer was brought from more civilized regions in ox-carts, and every fiddle in miles around was pressed into service. Settlers came in from their claims, and business was practically suspended for the dance. There were a few pretty girls from the new clearings to vie with the village belles, and the young woodsmen almost drew pistols over these fair partners.

The preacher was dragged to the scene of festivities, but did not stay long. He knew it was useless to rail against these rude ideas of social enjoyment. He watched their heavy footfalls and noisy merriment with the same thoughts that later he viewed the wild Indian dance around the camp-fire. He knew the time would come when these people would be educated to a more refined and uplifting way of recreation, so said nothing. Bill Hawkins assured the minister there would be no drunkenness or fighting, and the young man went to his room.

The next day, after Mr. Morrow had paid his week's board and incidentally given his last penny, he was surrounded by a crowd on the tavern porch. The men stood near him, but there were women and children in the rear, and all were looking with eager expectation towards Bill Hawkins, who stood before the minister with something in his extended hand.

"I ain't much on a speech, Elder, but I'm elected to make one. The upshot of it all is, us folks want a preacher. The kind that showed up here afore was easy scairt, or starved out, an' not wuth usin' good powder on, but you air too blamed plucky to git scaired at the Old Fellow hisself, an' not lazy enough to starve, an', anyway, we like the samples you carry. 'Men ain't so anxious to go to a worse world as they let on. We'll hear what you have to say 'bout the path that has been blazed towards the sky, an'

when we git our timber out we'll cut fur the new church, but we ain't goin' to have our preacher dullin' our axes an' gittin' in the way of fallin' trees in the bush. He's to stay home to see that folks be'ave. We just got up a dance to raise money to winter you, an' I'll be shot if the folks ain't done the handsome thing. Here is three hundred dollars from the blow-out. We want you to know we know a man when he comes our way."

There was a choke in the rough woodman's voice. Oh, believe me, he was a true man, for all his rough ways. Back of him were pleased, eager faces. Farther back a woman with a baby in her arms sobbed aloud, and there were tears in other eyes. Many had not heard a prayer for years before this young evangelist came, and the human heart is always yearning for something beyond its vague unrest.

This was the most trying moment of the young man's life. This eager, waiting people had done a noble, generous thing in the way that seemed right to them; but the way! James Morrow had been reared to think the very rhythm of the waltz was a temptation from the Evil One.

What would his presiding elder say? Possibly the case might be brought up at Conference. These thoughts passed in the flash of a moment. The sobs of the woman whose husband he had saved decided him. He must not turn away from this needy people. The minister's eyes filled with tears as he grasped the woodman's hand in his.

"My brother, my dear friends, I thank you for this expression of sympathy. I could have earned my bread with my hands. I'll get even with you yet, Hawkins, for thinking I cannot swing an axe, but I want my time on the new church, and for teaching your children and helping your families in many ways. I will stay as long as the Conference will let me, and we will be like one big family, and we will remember God is our Father. I always thank Him for His gifts, so we will bow our heads in prayer."

There was a solemn hush and then the clear air rang with "Three cheers for our new preacher."

"THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a far-off land, a land of joy,
Where soft winds lightly blow, 'neath cloudless skies;
And where, o'er verdant hill and fertile plain,
The daylight never dies.

There is a calm, clear sea in that bright land,
And ransomed saints, upon its peaceful shore,
Wake notes of grateful joy from golden harps,
For days of trial o'er.

There is a song blends with the harp-tones glad,
Ringing rich praises through the ambient air;
And they who sing are robed in stainless white,
And palms of victory bear.

There is a radiant city gleams and glows
Beneath those skies from which no shadows fall,
A city of pure gold, with gates of pearl
Set in a jasper wall.

There is a river whose unceasing flow
Makes endless music through the golden street;
And there is rest beside the living stream
For travel-wearied feet.

There is a tree here spreads its healing boughs,
And fruit unknown to earth doth always bear;
And they who enter through the gates of pearl
May pluck its fruitage rare.

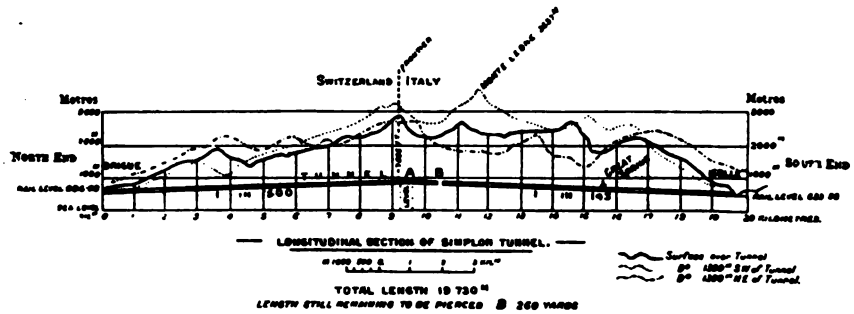
There is a Form, of more than kingly mien,
Treads with His saints the shining city street,
And gently leads them to their quiet rest
Beside the waters sweet.

His are the praises which through heaven ring!
He is the glory of that glorious land!
And only they who bear His Holy Name
Can join the white-robed band.

Oh, to be welcomed in that realm of day!
Oh, for a home within the City fair!
Lord, write on me, even me, Thy Wondrous Name—
And grant me entrance there.

Toronto.

THE LONGEST MOUNTAIN TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.



That work in the recently completed Simplon Tunnel, in the mountains dividing Switzerland and Italy, says The Literary Digest, was stopped by a flood of hot water, so violent as to constitute a serious obstacle to the prosecution of the work, has been announced in the news columns of the daily papers. According to a writer in The Scientific American Supplement this tunnel has tapped an unusual number of underground springs. He says :

"At various times during the construction of the Simplon Tunnel work has been retarded by the influx of water from underground springs. In the autumn of 1901 a stream of water burst into the Italian workings, and, attaining a discharge of nearly eight thousand gallons per minute, speedily converted the two headings into canals. Several months elapsed before the flow could be overcome, and no sooner had this been effected than a tremendous fall of rock took place. Timber struts and shores, of twenty inches diameter, were repeatedly broken like tinder, and the boring machinery had to be dismounted on three successive occasions. Finally the unstable rock was held up by means of heavy steel frames, placed at intervals of from one to three feet apart. The experience of the Italians has been unfortunate throughout, for they have had to deal with floodings, rock slips, high temperatures, and exceedingly hard strata.

"It now appears that the turn of the Swiss engineers came when a spring of boiling water was tapped, with a discharge estimated at 18,000 gallons per minute. This new influx resulted, unhappily, in serious loss of life, and, in the opinion of a Swiss engineer who had investigated the condition of the workings, it was open to question whether the tunnel would ever be completed. It was most difficult to deal with a formidable spring of hot water in space so confined as that offered by the headings of the tunnel. The indomitable energy and great resources of the engineers, which have served to overcome so many difficulties in the past, have once more triumphed over adverse circumstances."

Writing in Nature (London, October 27), Francis Fox gave a much more optimistic view of the situation, believing that the difficulties that were met would delay but not prevent the completion of the work. He writes :

"As our readers know already, the length of the tunnel will be twelve and one-quarter miles, all of which has been penetrated with the exception of a short distance of about two hundred and sixty yards near the middle. The work consists of two single-line tunnels fifty feet apart, axis to axis. . . . When it is remembered that the overlying rocks extend to a height of 7,005 feet, and that the workmen are at the enormous distance of nearly one and one-half miles below the surface, or fifty per cent. more than man has ever been heretofore, it will be realized that not only is the pressure enormous, but the heat is also great ; in fact, the pressure which has been encountered is so great that in one place the arching, consisting of granite blocks, is two metres in thickness.

"In order that the present condition of the work may be better understood, a longitudinal section along the line of the the tunnel is given, drawn to a small scale ; and, with a view to illustrate the

facts better, the gradient is very considerably exaggerated.

"It will be noticed that the gradient rises from each end of the tunnel toward the middle, the object of which has been to provide efficient drainage from the face, and it is an instance of the prudence which has been exemplified throughout the entire work that this system was adopted from the commencement. In driving a heading forward under a mountain, it is a matter of very common occurrence that springs of water are encountered; consequently, on the ascending gradient, the water flows away by gravity from the workmen; but should the work be carried out on a descending gradient, then the water accumulates where the men are working, not only causing them inconvenience and delay, but requiring to be pumped out over the highest point of the rails. In order to prevent delay, this was done for some considerable distance; but in consequence of a hot spring being encountered at the 'face' on the Swiss side it was deemed necessary to withdraw the workmen, and the tunnel between points A and B became filled with hot water.

"Meanwhile the work on the Italian side has been pushed forward until the distance remaining to be pierced, as already mentioned, is only some two hundred and sixty yards; but a serious difficulty has arisen, as again a hot spring has been encountered, and the temperature of the rock in the advance gallery is 108 degrees F.

"The system adopted for dealing with hot springs is very ingenious, and at the same time very simple. It was at first proposed to conduct the hot water out of the tunnel through pipes, but the simpler and more efficient method, which was adopted, is to play a jet of cold water into the fissure from which the hot water is escaping, and thus to cool it down to such a degree that the workmen are not seriously incommoded; they are then able to continue the drilling and blasting.

"A channel or canal is being excavated at one side of the tunnel to carry the hot water from the spring to the outside, and this will be covered over with non-conducting material to prevent the heat rising into the tunnel.

"The question arises from whence this great heat comes, for although observations made in various wells and borings in all parts of the world give an approximate figure of one degree F. rise in temperature for each seventy feet of vertical depth, this is insufficient to account for what has been encountered, and one is driven to the conclusion that some portion of the thermal result is due to the internal heat of the earth arising from volcanic agency."

(Since this was written the great tunnel has been successfully completed.)

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"A Dreamer and a Doer."

BY ELLA GILBERT IVES.

"Behold, a dreamer cometh?" Yes, a Seer!—
One who in vision rapt foresaw this wide,
God-smitten earth borne on resistless tide
Of spirit forces to the golden year;
A world transfigured to a luminous sphere,
By sun-bright deeds and natures glorified;
A home-like world, so fair it may abide
His coming—the heart-searcher's—without fear.

A dreamer? Yes, but ah! a doer, too—
Jeanne d'Arc of later time and fairer fame,
In moral realms she conquered; to the Blue
Her soul unfettered rose, 'mid loud acclaim:
"To lead a mighty host to see and do,"
Sang angel choirs, "behold, this dreamer came!"

THE LATE JAMES ALEXANDER TUCKER, B.A.*

JAMES ALEXANDER TUCKER, B.A.

ıe is saddened in reading these ıs in the thought that so gifted a should be lost to Canada so young. 'e are marks of striking merit in y of these poems. Best of all you that there is a man behind the pen. work is not a string of pessimistic ments, but is full of the note of in God, faith in Canada and faith ıen. His poems ring with loyalty he "mapled land." Something of spirit may be seen in the lines :

Canada, think not thy creed
Must rest on cities, factories, gold ;
Be rich in men of liberal mould
You hast no further need.

Ay, therefore, for true men and strong—
Men who would dare to die for right,
Who love and court God's searching light
Because they shield no wrong."

*Poems." By James Alexander Tucker, B.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

There is a unique thought in his little poem "To Canada :"

" Unlike all leaves or stout or slender,
All flowers kiss'd by summer's breath—
Which die in shame—the Maple's splendor
Is greatest in her hour of death.

" Dear country, should occasion call
Thy sons to die in Freedom's strife,
Like thine own maple emblem fall
More glorious ev'n in death than life."

Other poems are of a more sentimental nature, as :

" I knew, I knew at last
She would come from the land of dreams
Out into my world from the yearning past,
Out into the day's bright beams.
O heart, was it flesh and blood
That fled so ghost-like past?
(Upon her bosom the damask bud !)
Was it she, at last, at last?"

There is an echo of Browning in his poem, "To a Discouraged Artist :"

" This life here is all incomplete—we see but
an arc of the ring.
Some day you will paint me great pictures,
some day you'll be able to sing
Songs that will shame Petrarca's, or carve
from the hard, white stone
The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as
Praxiteles' own.

Why ?

" Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel
always at home with the best ;
As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles that climb the wave's crest ;
We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat
of the high priest's food—
No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious that we intrude !

" Think you such heavenward impulse will not
work its ultimate will?
This life's but the upward slope—the next,
or the next, is the hill !
The hill from which Raffael and Shakespeare
looked out with calm sweep o'er the
plain,
The hill they have left for a higher and the
one it is yours yet to gain."

There are, too, lines with a premonition of and a shrinking from early death that are doubly pathetic now. A prefatory memoir has been written by that gifted young Canadian, Arthur Stringer, a former college mate of the deceased writer.

IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE.

BY KATHERINE HALE.

PALAZZO VECCHIO, IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, FLORENCE.

Loggia dei Lanzi to the right. In the front of this building Savonarola was burned.

To-day the winter sun on this old Square
Turns Ammanati's nymphs and satyrs gold;
It slants across the steep of Vecchio's walls,
And gleams upon the Loggia pure and cold.

Savonarola's death place! Dante's haunt!
Oh, brooding Past, more near than is To-day,
You draw the cold sun from these palace walls,
And all about me is the warmth of May!

And all about me there are dancing feet,
And through this space, as in the sweet, wild Past,
Bay-crowned Lorenzo and the spring-clad girls
Run through the shadowy moonlight singing fast.

I see the torches burning, smell the May,
And look to find my Painter in the throng,
And see him turn to lift an eager face
To the monk's cell, high o'er the art-tuned song. . . .

And then the winter's sun dulls down again,
And here I stand, at Florence' heart to-day:
A Florence stilled through all her palace walls,
Bereft by wars, and tamed by Time—and grey.

No more Medician fêtes, or fires of death for Love;
Only the naked heights of crumbling stone.
Yet, Dear, we turn to where the Loggia smiles,
And know that Art blooms on—blooms on.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST ON THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.*

Why was it necessary that the many horrors of this present war have come to pass? Why had those poor soldiers to sacrifice their lives? In every one of them a warm heart has been beating, and now they are all lying on the ground in piles, stiff and stark like logs.

O Mother Earth! All these my fellow-creatures, it is true, are made of the same stuff of which thou art made. But do not their lives partake of something not of the earth earthy, altogether unlike thyself, and, indeed, more than mere gross matter? Are theirs not precious human souls which can be engaged in the work of peace and enlightenment? Why art thou so gravely dumb, when thou art covered with things priceless that are being dissolved into their primitive elements?

War is an evil and a great one, indeed. But war against evils must be unflinchingly prosecuted till we attain the final aim. In the present hostilities in which Japan has entered with great reluctance, she pursues no egotistic purpose, but seeks the subjugation of evils hostile to civilization, peace and enlightenment. But the firm conviction of the justice of her cause has endowed her with an indomitable courage, and she is determined to carry the struggle to the bitter end.

Here is the price we must pay for our ideals—a price paid in streams of blood and by the sacrifice of many thousands of living bodies. However determined may be our resolution to crush evils, our hearts tremble at the sight of this appalling scene.

Alas! How much dearer is the price still going to be? What enormous losses are we going to suffer through the evil thoughts of our enemy, not to speak of the many injuries which our poor enemy himself will have to endure?

Were it not for the consolation that these sacrifices are not brought for an egotistic purpose, but are an inevitable step toward the final realization of enlightenment, how could I, poor mortal, bear these experiences of a hell let loose on earth?

The body is but a vessel for something greater than itself. Individuality is but a husk containing something more permanent. Let us, then, though not without losing tenderness of heart, bravely confront our ordeal.

* The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, the Lord Abbot of Kamakura, is one of the most prominent Buddhist prelates of Japan. He visited Chicago during the World's Fair and was a conspicuous member among the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions. During the last summer he accompanied the army stationed before Port Arthur, Manchuria, where he was attached to the staff of H. R. H. Prince Fushimi. It will be interesting to our readers to become acquainted with the attitude of a representative Buddhist priest as to his opinions concerning war, especially the present war with Russia.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

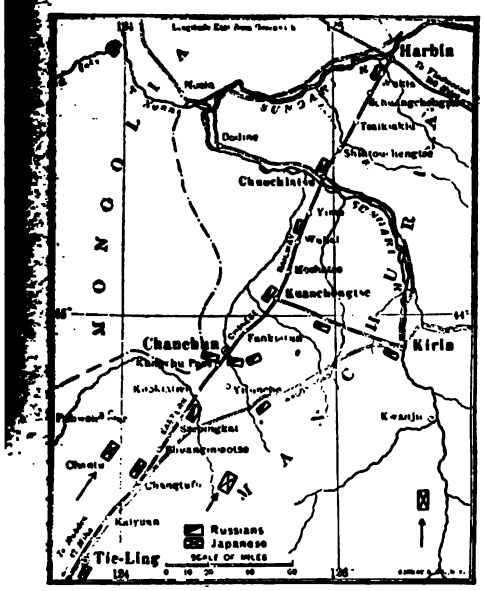
THE ROYAL TOMB, FROGMORE.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—2 Sam. i. 22.

It was a beautiful and kindly, thoughtful request of King Edward VII. that the birthday anniversary of Victoria the Good should continue to be observed as a memorial day of that beloved sovereign. Throughout Canada this is known as Empire Day, and we hope will so be recognized throughout the wide realm of Britain's sovereignty. In harmony with this thought we present the accompanying memorial of our beloved sovereign. We present also a special article on the home life of King Edward VII., who is proving himself indeed a king of hearts, who is not only the best loved man in Britain, but the most popular king in Europe, a man who, by his tactful diplomacy, is accomplishing more for peace than all the pomp and pageantry of arms.

Exquisitely beautiful is the effigy of Queen Victoria, now placed beside that of her husband on the royal tomb in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, England. It is the work of Baron Marochetti, who was the Queen's favorite sculptor, and the designer of all the statues executed by her orders. It is remarkable, as are his other works, for its simplicity and fidelity to nature. It represents Her Majesty in her earlier years, and was modelled before the death of the Prince *Consort*. The figure shows her in her royal robes, wearing a jewelled crown, and with the sceptre in her left hand. The expression of the face is that of peaceful sleep, the features lulled in calm repose. The place for it has been empty until now, since the effigy of Prince Albert was put there. The erection of the mausoleum was begun soon after his death, in 1861, and his body was deposited there as soon as the building was completed. The sarcophagus occupies the entire width of the marble floor, and after the Queen's death, in 1901, her casket was laid in it beside his, as she had desired. It is covered by the massive marble slab on which the effigies now lie side by side. For nearly forty years the white figure of the Prince had been there, waiting its companion. It is now completed by the addition of her own effigy, according to the Queen's wishes. On the walls of the building is the touching inscription placed there by her orders: "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee, in Christ, will I rise again." Her pathetic resolve is now fulfilled. The effigies of the illustrious couple, so ardently attached to one another in life, lie side by side, as do their bodies under the slab.

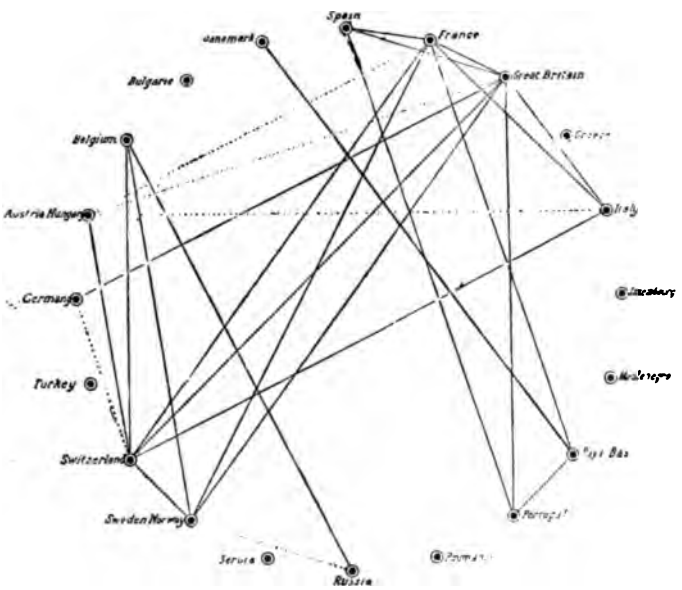
Current Topics and Events.



Map showing the Russian retreat from Tie-Ling toward Harbin and Kirin.

"Eat Grass."

A lull in the storm has followed the disasters at Mukden, but Oyama seems planning another flanking movement which may turn the Russians out of Kirin and Harbin and isolate Vladivostok preparatory to its siege and capture. At home things have gone from bad to worse. In every part of the empire anarchy, confusion and unrest are manifest. In the Caucasus the condition is that of civil war, and in Poland the rigors of martial law only partially prevent the outburst of the seething volcano. The economic condition of the people is desperate. Famine stares multitudes in the face. The widows, wives and families of the soldiers at the front are starving and begging in the street. At Nizhni Novgorod the palace of the governor was besieged by a crowd of hungry women, with babes in their arms, asking for bread. The governor informed the women he would appoint a commission to investigate the situation. His reply aroused the bitter anger of the people. Instead of bread they got a stone. It recalls the situation when the hungry



ARBITRATION TREATIES CONCLUDED SINCE 1899.

THE FOUNDER OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.
—From Chicago Record-Herald.

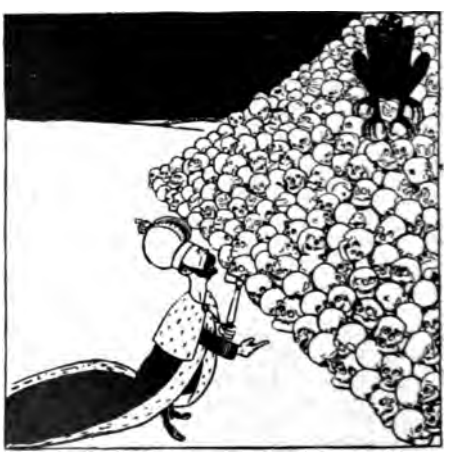
women of Paris sought succor from the gaily junketing court at Versailles, "What shall we eat?" they asked. "Eat grass," was the cynical reply; but in a few weeks the head of the heartless courtier who uttered it was carried on a pike with its mouth filled with grass; a grim portent and a menace this of the outbreak which may be in store for the callous court of St. Petersburg.

A gleam of sunshine has penetrated the cloud that has hung over Russian strategy and strife by the successful passage of part of the Russian fleet through the straits of Malacca, and the war journals are making their loud boast of an anticipated victory. Before these words reach our readers that boast may be fulfilled or disappointed. The Russians have the great preponderance of force, of ships and guns and men. But we shall be surprised if in the tremendous sea fight which seems inevitable they are not as badly beaten as they were at Port Arthur, at Shakhe River and at Mukden. What a travesty on twentieth-century civilization it is that all the highest resources of the arts and sciences are employed in a colossal attempt to sink or shatter or maim these great sea-krakens, these floating castles of the deep. The aggressiveness and bad faith of Russia lost her the sympathy of the world. The war on the part of Japan is a struggle for her very existence, on the part of Russia it is a mere caprice. The Independent has the following remarks to make upon the Anglo-Japanese alliance:

"Although Great Britain has not sent a soldier or a torpedo boat to aid Japan in the present war, her alliance has been an immense advantage to the Eastern island empire. It has made it possible for Japan to fight one enemy instead of two. But for England it is certain that Germany or France would have gone to the aid of Russia, and this would have turned the scale. Then Japan could not have held full command of the sea, for it is on the command of the sea that Japan has depended for success. As it is, with Great Britain holding off Germany and France, Japan has been able to pour in soldiers and supply them with all the munitions of war, and gain an overwhelming victory."

First in Peace.

It is to the credit of Great Britain that, of the many arbitration treaties concluded since 1899, she has formed more with foreign countries than any other nation. The accompanying diagram, from Mr. Stead's Review of Reviews, makes this apparent. From this it will be seen that Great Britain has in five years made arbitration treaties with France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, Germany and Austria-Hungary—eight in all. Next comes France and Switzerland with seven each, Norway and Sweden with five each,



DAHOMEY IN RUSSIA.

The Czar:—"A fine pyramid—all made of the skulls of my faithful subjects. Now I am as good as the King of Dahomey."
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

FIRST ADVANCES.
Russian Bear (tentatively)—"Ahem!"
—Punch, London.

Austria-Hungary and Italy with four each, Belgium, Portugal, the Netherlands and Spain with three each, Germany and Russia with two each, Denmark with one, Turkey and the United States with none. By a single act of its irresponsible Senate, the United States has at once snubbed its President and defeated seven arbitration treaties which he had tentatively formed. We forbear further comment.

One of our cartoons shows the irony of the situation when the founder of the Hague tribunal obstinately promotes one of the greatest wars in history undeterred by the victorious Japs abroad, or the revolutionists at home. A German cartoon depicts him as a more truculent tyrant than Genghis Khan, or the cannibal king of Dahomey. Another cartoon shows the difficulties of spring ploughing in Manchuria, where the buried cannon and unburied skulls frustrate the labor of the husbandman. It reminds us of Southey's ballad of little Peterkin asking the peasant as he turns up a skull with his plough on the field of Blenheim, what the battle was all about. "I cannot tell," the peasant replies, "but 'twas a famous victory."

Punch's cartoon shows how the crippled bear is making tentative overtures towards the disappointed angel of peace. Better accept the present loss of prestige than incur the still greater one depicted in the striking cartoon in Harper's Weekly, in which the great powers sorrowfully look on the defeated and despairing Russia which still refuses to sign the treaty of peace. It does not need an X-ray demonstration to show the internal disturbances in the Russian empire. They are only too apparent.

Meddlesome William.

The German Emperor has been seeking again the centre of the stage. He was only two hours in Tangiers, and then only in the German consulate, but he managed to create almost as much international ill-will as when he sent his memorable telegram to President Kruger. It is all very well to stand by the "open door," which was in no wise menaced, but to affirm that he stood "irrevocably pledged to maintain the sovereignty and integrity of Morocco" is a different thing. Already, apparently as the direct result of this pledge, the desert tribes, under the bandit who captured M. Perdicaris, have attacked

AN X-RAY VIEW.
If the Czar would but take a good look at Russia's little inside.
—From the Minneapolis Journal.

the troops of Morocco, who were only rescued from defeat by French guns. It is rather curious that Kaiser Wilhelm should place himself on record with the most reactionary and corrupt powers in Europe. First he supports the unspeakable Turk, egging him on to the persecution of Armenians and Greeks, or at least, like Saul, holding his clothes while he causes the martyrdom of the saints. Then Russia claims that he has given pledges to keep the Poles of the pale in subjection, that she might launch her legions against the Japanese. But his self-assertive methods have helped neither himself nor those he sought to patronize. It has indeed thrown back the movement of timely rapprochement which was in progress between France and Germany and has provoked an attitude of adverse criticism in the United States, in Italy, and in England.

Edward the Peacemaker, on the contrary, is the most popular man in Europe. Wherever he goes he pours oil upon troubled water, and by his skilful diplomacy he sweetens the acerbities and smooths the asperities of political life. By his wisdom, tact and courtesy he has converted France from the bitter enemy of a very few years ago into the cordial friend.

Uncle Sam to Newfoundland—Say, neighbor, you give everything, I'll give nothing, and we'll call it "A Square Deal."

The Italian Priest.

The autonomy question at Ottawa had considerably improved by the amendment to the original bill which was promised by the Premier. It was felt that, while the best solution of the problem would be to leave it to the new provinces, the so-called separate schools differed little from the national schools, and that a slight concession toward our Roman Catholic friends might be made in the interest of interracial and interdenominational good will. But the evidence of the meddling and muddling of Monsignore Sbarretti, the Italian representative of the Pope, threw a new element of "double, double toil and trouble" into the seething cauldron. If there is anything which Canadian Protestants resent it is the intermeddling of the Italian priest in the domestic politics of the Dominion or of any of its provinces. Such intermeddling would not be tolerated in the city of Rome itself, nor in France, nor even in Mexico or the Philippines.

Protestants stand for the broadest personal and religious liberty, for equal rights, equal privileges, for all classes and all conditions. They strongly oppose special privileges or assumption of rights by any church, Protestant or Catholic. Not they who stand by these ancient landmarks are the disturbers of the peace of the body politic, but those who raised anew the question which we hoped had been laid for all time with the Manitoba school settlement.

The flamboyant eulogy and defence by Sir Wilfrid Laurier of the separate-school system which he sought to fasten upon the new territories for ever, and his attack upon the national school system of the United States, and by inference on the public schools of Canada, are responsible for this unhappy racial and religious question which is now the football of discussion in the public arena, and whose echoes are felt in every hamlet and in every newspaper in Canada.

The Government, by its great majority, won on an altogether different issue, may force this obnoxious legislation through the Parliament. If it do, it may prepare the way for its own overthrow at the first opportunity by a people indignant at being tricked into giving a majority which would never have been given if the school question had not been skilfully concealed throughout the election campaign.

Tit for Tat.

The action of the United States Senate in so loading the proposed reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland with conditions which make it absolutely useless, has provoked very hostile feeling in

Britain's oldest colony. We hope that the island, so rich in resources of forests and fisheries and mines, will find that its truest interests lie by union with Canada rather than looking for any favors from Uncle Sam, whose attitude in all commercial dealings is well illustrated in the accompanying cartoon.

The recent action of the Senate, says that leading American magazine, The Outlook, in "amending to death" the Hay Bond reciprocity treaty, promises to have a disastrous effect on the fisheries of Gloucester. The amendments adopted by the Senate and insisted on, it is said, by Senator Lodge, on behalf of the fishing interests of Gloucester, cut out practically all the provisions which were of advantage to Newfoundland. Quite naturally, the Newfoundland Government has promptly retaliated. As a consequence of the conditions existing in the fishing industry, it is possible to strike directly at the interests which are responsible for the defeat of the treaty. Newfoundland has practically a monopoly of the supply of bait used in the fisheries on the Banks, as the fish which are used for this purpose are to be caught only on the shores of the island. These privileges are absolutely necessary to the continuance of the fishing industry, for when they were denied to the French in 1886 the fishing interests of St. Pierre-Miquelon were utterly ruined. The Newfoundland Government has ordered its customs collectors to refuse bait licenses to American fishermen, and legislative action is to be taken at once debarring American fishermen from the bait-purchasing privilege. There seems to be no doubt that this action cannot fail to bring serious, if not fatal, consequences to the fishing industries of Massachusetts. Little sympathy can be extended to the sufferers, however, in a condition of affairs which has been brought about by their own short-sighted and selfish policy. Aside from its immediate effect upon a single industry, the defeat of this treaty and the retaliatory measures adopted by Newfoundland will have results more far-reaching and deplorable. There have already been too many such causes of friction between this country and our northern neighbors, and each one is an added obstacle in the way of the close relations and friendly feeling which should exist between Canada and Newfoundland and the United States.

The menace of the yellow peril with which Russia and the German Emperor have been trying to terrify Europe has lost its power to scare. The world would doubtless prefer the domination of Eastern Asia by the intelligent, constitutional and liberty-loving Japs rather than by the selfish and despotic Russian power. The Orientals have far better reason to complain of a "white peril" in the invasion of China by the French, Germans and Russians.

A Recent Discovery.

The famous American explorer, Theodore M. Davis, has recently made a most interesting discovery in Egypt. Concealed in a rough heap of stones he found a door cut in the solid rock, which gave entrance to a tomb, a room thirty feet long and fifteen wide, in which were the mummies of a man and a woman. An inscription showed that they were the parents of the wife of Amenhotep III., the most famous king of the eighteenth dynasty. This was the dynasty which preceded the oppressors of Israel. It was consequently one of the earliest tombs yet opened.

The French Governor of Cochin China, says The Independent, has been impressed by the progress made in the Philippines under American rule. At the direction of his Government he spent four months in an investigation. Progress during the last four years, he says, has been greater than during the 350 years preceding American occupation.

Religious Intelligence.

A Ten-Story Church.

A decided novelty as a church building, says The Christian Herald, is rapidly nearing completion in New York City. It is the new home of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, whose former place of worship was so long a famous centre of Christian work and influence, at the intersection of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Streets. The building is a cathedral-like edifice, constructed on the principles of a modern sky-scraper, combining beauty and utility in a high degree.

The church proper is the auditorium in the west end of the building. The ten-story part of the edifice is an interesting and imposing structure. Here is a "magnificent nine-story parish house, comprised in a tower, rising majestically with its red-tiled roof 190 feet above the pavement, the lower part measuring 80 by 50 feet.

The third and fourth floors are built as a model Bible-school, the lower floor being a square auditorium, and the two floors containing thirteen large class-rooms, with folding partitions, so arranged that the whole can be thrown into one galleried room, which seats 800 persons. The fifth floor is divided into parlors for the Women's Missionary Societies and the Young Women's Club. The sixth is devoted to the Men's League and the library. On each floor all the rooms can be thrown into one.

The seventh floor contains the pastor's study, church offices and reception parlors, and will be known as the administration floor. Above these is the residence of the sexton, who is practically business manager of the great building. A safety vault has been constructed in the basement. Pilgrim Hall takes up one-half of the basement, being reached from Broadway by two flights of stairs. It seats 600 people.

THE NEW BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.

The entire Tabernacle has about 100 rooms, and can house 5,000 people in ten simultaneous meetings, none of which can interfere with the others. The building which is fireproof throughout, will, when completely furnished, have cost a million dollars, including $450,000 for the land.

Bishop Vincent on Church Life.

The Seven Days' Bible Study, conducted by Bishop Vincent, in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, has been a revelation in many ways, a revelation of the great fields of biblical knowledge yet be-

fore even those of us who have been studying the Bible all our lives. Peak upon peak, height upon height, vista beyond vista, it spread before us. It was a revelation, too, of the living greatness of the Church of God and of her relation to every-day life in an every-day world —a revelation, too, of a great mind, tolerant, cultured, broad, in the Christ-like sense of the word. It was a revelation in human nature to see the great church filled every evening with people who came early to make sure of a seat in the place where the Word of God was being expounded. There were no sensational topics announced, no glaring posters displayed; but for the simple study of the Scriptures people came together, not only from Methodist churches, but from other denominations as well.

The founder of the Chautauquan movement needs no introduction to our readers, and his expositions were what might be expected from so deep a scholar and so devout a Christian.

Bishop Vincent was assisted throughout the meetings by the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Schenectady, N.Y., and the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Baltimore. We were much inspired by the earnest spirituality of these men. The meetings throughout were characterized by a deeply spiritual tone. The Bible was not studied merely for culture or mental enlightenment, but as the guide-book of every-day life and the pathway into the presence of the living God.

Afternoon meetings were held throughout the week, during which opportunities were given the audience to ask questions and take part in the discussions. Such topics were taken up as "Chief Hindrances to Church Work," "What is Worldliness?" "Family Religion," etc. The evening addresses embraced such subjects as "The Church and the Book," "The Believer at Home," "The Church and the School," "The Church and the Neighbor," "The Church of To-morrow."

Throughout the meetings great stress was laid on the importance of the home, the place of the home in the church, and the church in the home. Bishop Vincent has not got away from the sacredness of the hearthstone. We rejoiced, too, in the splendid emphasis of the sacredness of secular callings. All work for humanity is sacred and worthy of honor when done "as unto the Lord." The world is growing into broader conceptions of service.

The evening services were preceded by impressive organ recitals by Dr. Torrington. We never heard the Magnificat so grandly given as on Sunday night. At the closing meeting the beautiful Chautauqua vesper service was given.

At this meeting there was passed around a printed service of surrender containing test questions, a promise of life-long surrender to God, and a pledge to form the habit of reading the Bible daily. We have no doubt that hundreds have been interested sufficiently in the Bible to take up these daily readings after the inspiration of these meetings. We who had the privilege of hearing Bishop Vincent will always feel a sense of personal obligation for the uplift received. The entire Church will be keyed up to a higher tone of personal, domestic, civic, and "neighborly" righteousness.

The Death of Dr. Stone.

The many friends of the late Dr. Stone, and few men had more, will have heard with great regret of his sudden and lamented death. He was on a visit to the residence of his son, Mr. H. E. Stone, barrister, of Parry Sound, when he was suddenly called from the activities of earth to the blessings of heaven. The genial face of Dr. Stone, as presented in the accompanying portrait, was a revelation of the man—genial, cordial, vivacious, a man full of the milk of human kindness. "To know him was to love him, to name him was to praise." Dr. Stone was one of the most distinguished members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and occupied some of the most important positions in its gift. He was presiding elder of the Ottawa District and subsequently book steward and editor of The Christian Advocate. In its vigorous pages he strongly helped the cause of Methodist Union, and his ability in debate, his suavity of manner, his strong convictions of duty, contributed in large degree to the achievement of that union. In his position as associate editor of The Christian Guardian he helped to make that union a success. In how large degree he enjoyed the confidence of his brethren is shown in his being successively chairman of the Toronto West and Collingwood and Algoma Districts, and in 1889 Secretary, and 1897 President of the Toronto Conference. He was also delegate to four of our General Conferences, fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a representative to the first Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881. He served his generation by the will of God and fell on sleep.

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. IX. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Special price in advance of completion, $6.00, in cloth.

Three-fourths of this great work has now been issued. It grows in interest with each successive volume. When, in the near future, the whole will be issued, it will present the most complete and comprehensive record of everything connected with the people of Israel, in ancient and modern times, that has ever been published. And their record presents a thousand points of contact with our Christian faith and our Christian civilization. The historical aspect of the Jews is one of tragic interest. The story of their race is one dark record of restriction, oppression, persecution. Even to-day seven millions of Jews are the subject of civil and religious disability, if not, indeed, of political, economic, and social slavery. An age-long prejudice, bitter and intense, is only giving way in the more enlightened nations to justice, appreciation, and kindness.

It is little to the credit of the Holy and Orthodox Russia that nowhere are the Jews so bitterly persecuted and massacred as by the officials of the Czar. The articles on Moscow, Novgorod, and Odessa in this volume give striking illustrations of this. To the last place, for instance, eight two-column pages are devoted. In this city of half a million the Jews number one hundred and sixty thousand. The superior vitality and morality of this despised people is shown in the fact that the death rate in 1902 of Jewish children was 28.5 per cent.; among the Greek Orthodox it was 34.5. The natural increase in that year among the Jews was 14.7 per thousand; among the Orthodox, 7.6, or scarcely one-half. The Jewish children born out of wedlock amounted to only 0.1 per cent., as compared with 11.9 per cent. among the Greek Orthodox, or 120 times as many. Yet these are the people whom the Orthodox bitterly denounce, and make their struggles for life an almost continuous martyrdom.

The progress of the Jews in England and America has been more marked than in any other countries. An interesting article recites their history at Newport, R.I. Under the "soul-freedom" inaugurated by Roger Williams they had perfect liberty, and won great wealth, Newport at that time exceeding even New York in commerce.

Many biblical names come under review in this volume, as Mordecai, Moses, Nehemiah, Nimrod, Noah, Nineveh, etc. To the life of Moses fifteen pages are devoted. Many legends of Moses are told. He was able to walk the day of his birth. At three years of age, sitting at the table of Pharaoh he took the crown from the king's head and placed it on his own. Horrified at his act, the soothsayers declared that he had come to destroy the kingdom of Pharaoh and liberate Israel. The king's counsellors decided to try whether the act was intentional, and placed a piece of gold and a live coal on a plate before Moses to see which he would choose. He took up the coal and put it in his mouth, it burned his tongue, and caused him to be ever after "slow of speech." Moses and Aaron are said to have been the angels whom Jacob saw in his dream ascending and descending the ladder into heaven.

It is to the credit of Napoleon Bonaparte that by unloosing the feudal trammels under which mid-Europe was suffering, by promoting the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, inculcated by the French revolution, he did more to emancipate the Jews than had been done during the three preceding centuries.

Among the theological topics treated are the names of God, Nazareth, New Moon, New Year, Origin, Passover, and many others of much interest. An important article is that on the New Testament by Dr. Kohler, giving the Jewish views of the life and character of Jesus, of His miracles, parables, of the Gospels, and the crucifixion of our Lord. The book is full of interest as giving us the point of view of the orthodox Jew.

On the question of mortality and morbidity it is shown that the death-rate among the Jews is much lower than that

:aces and peoples among whom
all. Infant mortality especially
only one-half that among the
peoples. The causes of this
r abstention from improper diet,
id observance of the Lord's Day
rest, and their moral and upright

ew in art receives ample treat-
In music they have accom-
emarkable achievements. Under
im are tabulated the titles of no
n twelve hundred newspapers
gazines in seventeen languages
ed by the Jews during the last
They form a special library
g with the life-blood of Israel,
only an invaluable contribution
history of civilization, but also
us source of information show-
modern Jew struggling for his
and political freedom.
Jews in New York" occupies
ree pages with twenty-seven il-
ns. That city has the largest
population of any city in the
Of Noah we are told that he
d by Satan in planting the vine-
nd that the arch-enemy suc-
slaughtered a sheep, a lion, an
a hog, fertilizing the ground
ir blood, thereby indicating the
f wine-drinking to make men
ely like these beasts.
ook applies the scientific method
l, even in the study of Jewish
It shows that the hooked noses
than twenty-five per cent.,
noses sixty and over per cent.,
aricatures of the Jews are often
te and misleading.
y-five pages are devoted to
e, a subject of great interest.
urprise to find how many authors
ction were Jews. Palgrave, the
historian, and his son, editor
'Golden Treasury," were of this
pised sect. To the Jews of
e devoted thirteen pages of much
information.
ook embraces over two hundred
en illustrations, many of which
much artistic merit. No refer-
theological library is complete
this important work.

ternal Saviour-Judge." By James
gton Clarke, M.A., late Fellow of
University of Durham. London:
n Murray. 1904.

volume takes us back once more
uest of the Christian centuries,
mpt to penetrate the mystery of the life beyond the grave. Can the twentieth century afford us any clearer light than the third? We fear that notwithstanding the learning and ingenuity of our author our answer must still be a negative. He has, however, boldly taken up the most difficult question presented in all this obscure field, the ultimate result of probation and of Christ's work for the salvation of the race, and has presented us with a somewhat novel view, and in support of it an equally novel line of interpretation.

Hitherto three views have been proposed by Christian writers: (1) Eternal blessedness of the righteous and eternal punishment of the finally impenitent; (2) conditional immortality resulting in annihilation of the finally impenitent; (3) universal restoration. The theory proposed in the present work may be regarded as belonging to the third class; but is in many points novel, and is supported by a new line of argument.

The theory and its support are so closely connected that they can most conveniently be taken together. From Old Testament types and from analogy of type interpretation in the Epistle to the Hebrews is deduced the doctrine of Christ as the Eternal Saviour-Judge. This doctrine displaces the usual view of a final judgment, and is projected into the future until the final end of the process of judgment and salvation is the extinction of sin, and the redemption of the whole race.

It is impossible in a brief review to follow the author's novel and sometimes intricate line of argument through its details. We can only point out one or two obvious, and, to our mind, fatal objections:

1. It is a very dangerous proceeding to lay the foundations of a Christian doctrine in a new mode of interpreting a type, especially when the type itself is as novel as the mode of interpretation, and is furnished not by apostolic authority, but it assumed by the author after the analogy of another type. Because the Old Testament priest is presented by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews as a type of Christ, it by no means follows that we are justified in making the Old Testament judge a further type; and because Christ is spoken of as a priest for ever it by no means follows that He is to be a judge for ever. Such license as this in dealing with Scripture would involve us in utter confusion of thought.

2. Our Lord himself and the Apostle Paul both repeatedly refer to a process of moral judgment, which goes on under the preaching of the Gospel. "He that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God." "For judgment came I into this world that they which see not may see, and that they which see may become blind." But neither in the teaching of our Lord, nor in that of St. Paul, does this process of moral judgment going on in the consciences of men under the light of the Gospel displace the doctrine of a final and universal judgment as taught by the Church.

3. As to the passage in Heb. vi. 2, which seems to have suggested to our author his entire line of thought, it appears most reasonable to take it with our best expositors, as a "judgment the consequences of which are eternal" (Moses Stuart). N. B.

"The Marriage of William Ashe." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Author of "Lady Rose's Daughter," etc., etc. Pp. 563. Price, $1.50.

This is, we judge, the most noteworthy work of fiction of the season. It exhibits all Mrs. Humphry Ward's subtle analysis of character and mental and moral vivisection of the faults and foibles of humanity. It is a tragic story illustrating the eternal truth, "To be weak is to be wicked." The influence of heredity and environment in the fascinating and foolish Lady Kitty Bristol conspire to wreck her brilliant opportunities and bring disaster on all whom she loved, even more than on herself. She was the daughter of a perverse and foolish mother; she was badly trained in a French convent and was a creature of impetuous caprices and reckless selfishness. Like some beautiful butterfly she flits from one scene of pleasure to another, only at last to singe her wings and perish miserably.

Mrs. Humphry Ward exhibits her familiarity with what Thackeray's Jeames would call "the Upper Ten." In her pages noble lords and ladies, ministers and prime ministers play their brilliant parts. It is alleged that William Ashe, the hero of the story, is a life-size portrait of William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, prime minister at the accession of Queen Victoria, and that Lady Kitty is the Lady Caroline Lamb, who fascinated and exasperated the circles of English nobility, and figured in both Disraeli's and Bulwer's novels. The malign spell of Geoffrey Cliffe, the poet adventurer, who seeks to succor the Greeks in the Balkans, is a not untrue portraiture of the character of Lord Byron, "the mad, bad man, whom it was dangerous to know."

Lady Kitty continually managed to thwart, and at last w ll-nigh wreck, her husband's political ambitions by her caprices and extravagances, most of all by writing a book in which she bitterly satirized and caricatured his political chief, Lord Parham, who was her own and her husband's guest at their country house. The tragedy darkens towards its close, but a gleam of light comes into it, as William Ashe takes his last leave of his fond and foolish wife in a mountain inn of the Alps, where she dies in her husband's arms, with his kiss of forgiveness on her lips. The pathos of its last scene softens the tragedy of the story. The book abounds in Mrs. Humphry Ward's felicitous phrasing and vivid character study. The scene passes chiefly in town and country life in England, and in the wan and faded palaces and galleries of Venice. The moral of the story, as Ashe discovered it, is thus expressed:

The Christian, no doubt, would say that his married life had failed, because God has been absent from it, because there had been in it no consciousness of higher law, of compelling grace.

"Humanity and God." By Samuel Chadwick. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-356. Price, $1.50.

Readers of The Methodist Times will know what a vigorous and vivacious writer is the Rev. S. Chadwick. These sermons were preached in the regular course of the author's ministry, and afterwards at the Southport Convention and the Northfield Conference. As a justification for their appearance, if any were needed, the author cites the fact that every one of them has been blessed of God to many souls. With the prayer that they may be blessed in print as they have been blessed in speech, and that Christ's name may be glorified, they have been given to the public. They have a virile strength, a spiritual insight, an intense moral earnestness and fervor that cannot fail to make them profitable to all who read. They treat such subjects as "Humanity and God," "Sin and Grace," "The Incarnation and Its Glorious Purpose," "The Omnipotence of Faith," "The Spirit Filled Life," "Christian Perfection."

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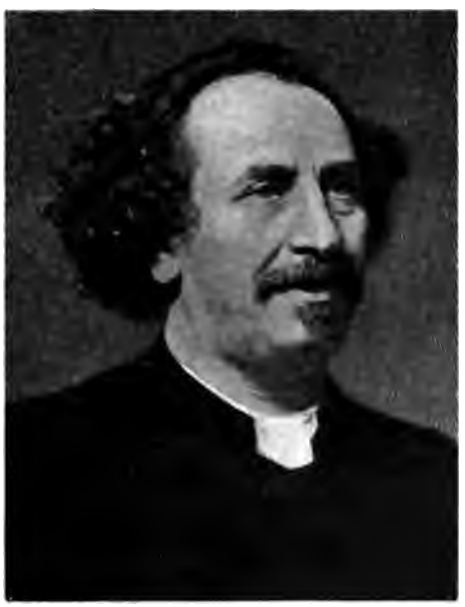

THE REV. J. W DAWSON

(See page 3[illegible].)

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TORONTO

ON THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1905.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY.

BY THE EDITOR.

HARBOR AND CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, FROM SIGNAL HILL.

I.

NEWFOUNDLAND is Britain's oldest colony, yet to the average Canadian it is one of the least known. This results largely from its isolation. Till the construction of the Reid Railway from Port-aux-Basques to St. John's it was a three or four days' voyage over often stormy seas to the ancient capital. Now it is brought into easy access by seven hours' sail from Sydney, Cape Breton, and a twenty-eight hours' ride by rail. This great island is becoming more and more a favorite summer resort, especially to health seekers and sportsmen of the United States. These have discovered a new Norway of diversified scenery, of majestic fiords, of towering mountains, of streams teaming with fish and forests abounding in game. The enterprise of the Reid Company has made the once dreaded Cabot Straits but a ferry to be crossed in a short summer's night.

LOG CABIN INN.
A FAMOUS FISHING RESORT ON THE REID NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAY.

No sooner does one reach the Port-aux-Basques than he feels himself in a new world. The vivid verdure of the foliage and grass nourished by the frequent fogs, the bold and rocky scenery, the universal presence of fishing boats and fishing gear, make one realize that he is on new ground. Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world. It is one-sixth larger than Ireland, and is a vast triangle with a base of 316 miles and an altitude of 317. It has a coast line of 2,000 miles. That line is gashed with great bays, "broader than Lake Ontario and half as long, nearly cutting the island in twain and embraced in huge protruding arms of the rocky range that themselves with all the shore are riven and ploughed into a thousand lesser bays and rough and rocky coves around which the fishermen have built their little homes, and into the largest of which the merchants and traders have followed them, and built up the villages and little towns."

The following is a vigorous description by the Rev. Dr. Carman, whose duties as General Superintendent have made him familiar with much of this great country:

"Let us stand on ship-deck and look at the shore, and what we see in one place we see in nearly all: rock, towering rock, from fifty to one hundred feet above the restless sea, bare and barren; mighty bulwarks against the northern main, battered and broken with iceberg; ploughed and ground with tempest and wave. What less than such ramparts and citadels, whose massive masonry was laid deep in subterranean chambers, and whose walls were lifted and piled by the twin giants, earthquake and volcano, could ever have withstood the rush of the tremendous phalanxes of iceberg and avalanche poured upon these rugged shores by the ice king of the Arctic domain, and the dash of the fierce tempests upon the storm-scarred towers? And these grand harbors, of which the island has its scores, how utterly indispensable they are, and how wonderfully they are formed!

"Take a port like that of St. John's,

NINE-MILE POST TROUT.

where you enter as in an instant from the open sea betwixt two walls of precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high, by a passage scarcely wide enough for two vessels to pass, and come in a minute into a long and broad basin completely surrounded by equally lofty ranges of rock, where a navy may ride in calm, deep sea in perfect security.

"Take another, like that at Trinity, where we enter by a channel not much wider, and come at once into a large, open bay, surrounded by towering rocks as at St. John's, and then may press up into the land betwixt the precipitous hills on either of two extensive arms of the sea, giving not only a safe retreat, but actually a hiding-place for the navies of nations. These wonders abound, but there is not one too many or one too safe when the storms of the Atlantic and the fogs and currents and ice come into the account."

The railway ride across the island is a novel experience. The road is a narrow gauge, and the railway coaches and sleeping cars strike one at first as much resembling dolls' houses. But they are surprisingly comfortable, and after one gets accustomed to the narrow passages are, in fact, quite commodious. In traversing the rough and rocky wilderness of the central island in the dining and sleeping cars one can eat and rest as comfortably as in his own home.

Many persons expect in Newfoundland only bog and fog and cod. It is a genuine surprise to find such fertile valleys as the Codroy and St. George's and such romantic scenery as the Bay of Islands, with its winding fiords bordered by lofty hills, the noble Humber River, with its vast forests of the best pine. Around St. John's, too, is some admirable farming land, where the great fields of grain, of oats and barley ripple like a mimic sea beneath the breeze.

There is, of course, much sterile and austere in the scenery. In long curves the railway climbs to the height of land, where a group of strange hills bear the respective names of Gaff Topsail, Mizzen Topsail, Main Topsail,

GROUSE.

and Fore Topsail. Few things are more impressive than in the gathering twilight to climb these long curves and then sweep down their eastern slopes. Even the most desolate and fire-swept regions were all ablaze with the brilliant colored fire weed, hundreds and thousands of acres of it spreading its mantle of beauty over the sterility of the landscape.

As one approaches the east coast the scenery becomes still bolder and more sublime. The road sweeps past the immense curves of Conception Bay, whose many indentations and bold and rocky shore call for much engineering skill in construction. It is a perennial delight to traverse the beautiful Fresh Water Bridge Valley, its long slopes golden with ripening grain or green with verdant meadow.

For persons fond of the angler's gentle art there are numberless attractions along this route. Salmon streams and trout pools abound, where the thrill of the gamey fish at the end of the line gives such keen satisfaction to those who are fond of that sort of thing. For bolder spirits there are caribou and other deer by the thousand, and partridge and other game in limitless numbers.

The Rev. George J. Bond, B.A., Editor of the Guardian, himself a native of the oldest colony, writes:

"The country is picturesque in the extreme, and the scenery varies all the way from the romantic grandeur of coast and mountain landscape to the sylvan loveliness of lake side and river valley. The lakes and brooks abound

HAY-TIME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

PETRIE'S, BAY OF ISLANDS.

with trout, and many of the rivers with the lively sea trout and the lordly salmon. So plentiful are the latter that one English sportsman is said last year to have caught no less than three hundred in a single week. Snipe, curlew, and ptarmigan are to be found in plenty, while the noble caribou in large herds roam through the glades and over the barrens of the interior. Indeed, the Newfoundland Railway runs through hundreds of miles of country which is, as has been said, a veritable paradise for the sportsman with rod or rifle, and for the artist with brush or camera."

The harbor of St. John's is one of the most remarkable in the world. As you approach by sea you behold nothing but a bold and rugged line of coast rising five and six hundred feet. Presently a narrow cleft is seen, and through the channel, only fourteen hundred feet in width, the steamer glides into a land-locked bay. In the narrowest part the channel is not more than six hundred feet wide. On the steep surrounding hills, chiefly on the north side, lies the town in successive terraces of streets and sweeping around this land-locked bay.

The city has been frequently devastated by fire. In 1816 three conflagrations in succession swept away the greater part. In 1846, another destroyed two-thirds of the city. In 1892, more than half, the best half at that, went up in flames. Eleven thousand persons were left homeless and $15,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. But after each disaster the town rose like the phœnix from its ashes and was more substantially and handsomely built than ever.

Few cities can compare for picturesque scenery with this ancient capital. Guarding like mighty warders the entrance to the bay are Signal Hill, crowned with the handsome new Cabot Tower, and that bearing at its base the Fort Amherst light. From the summit of either the majestic view of the sweeping watery plain of the Atlantic stretches to the far horizon, often studded with groups of snowy and glittering icebergs, and the lonely look-out signals with his flags to the merchants in the town the arrival of their expected argosies from the great ports of the world.

This spot a hundred and forty years ago was the scene of a brief but

VILLAGE OF QUIDI VIDI.

bloody struggle. For the third time the French had obtained possession of the city. Colonel Amherst, with a British force, charged up the rugged heights, despite obstinate resistance. The French saw that all was lost. Their fleet crept out of the harbor in a fog and escaped, and the red cross flag has ever since waved upon these rocky heights.

Close to the city lies the charming Quidi Vidi Lake, on which the annual regatta is held. It lies amid an amphitheatre of hills which furnish vantage ground for thousands of spectators to watch the busy scene. Anything more quaint and curious than the adjacent little fishing village it would be hard to conceive. A deep gash in the red and rugged Huronian rocks makes a tiny harbor for the fishing boats. The fish flakes, or stages for drying the cod, cluster around, half in the water and half on the rock. Fish nets hang in great festoons to dry. The women and children turn the fish upon the flakes, the boys and men reap the harvest of the sea. The cottages are neat and clean, although an ancient and fish-like odor pervades the atmosphere. The honest fisher folk have some linguistic oddities of expression and a picturesqueness of garb and gesture that make a visit a perpetual delight.

"The fishin' not bad, but in the spring and fall it do be terrible stormy," said one clean-limbed fisherman. "Offens the boats can't get through the gut there, an' if they miss it they be smashed to splinters on the cruel rocks. When the tide is strong and the sea heavy they have to sheer off and run fur St. John's. They can get in there any time or tide.

"Sthep in, zur, and see oor ile fact'ry. 'Tis the best part of the fish is the ile, and good fur the sick folk. Us puts the livers in the big molasses puncheon, ye see. Then us tries it out and 'stills it in the coppers there. Just see how good and fine it is—clear as water an' mild as milk. Wud yez take a sip? No! och, it's good fur a man's

STOREHOUSE AND FISH FLAKE AT QUIDI VIDI.

:ds, it is," and he took a small full as if he liked it.

Come into the cabin. It's fain and d us be to welcome yez. If yez like the liver ile, it's some of our :e beer ye must be tryin'. O divil porth it wud hurt a child wid his teeth. Y'd have to drink enough at a boat to make yez 'toxicated, hen it wouldn't harm yez. Take okie wid it. Mollie here bakes foine. Shure the childer just e on lashin's o' beer and biscuit. hard tack's good to cut their teeth They can gnaw 'em like a dog a ."

ıe little cabin was clean and com- ble, with dainty white curtains and geraniums flowering in the windows, everything tidy, ship-shape, like a "banker's" cabin, the brass kettles shining like gold.

"No, yer honner," said Mollie, with a curtsey, "us doesn't offens go to St. John's"—only two miles distant—"except to do a little fairing. Shure, what's the need? The church and school are at our door, an' the good fish and praties come out uv the sea and the sile. No, us beant plantin' fish, it's plantin' praties we be, an' the caplin or two us puts in each hill feeds 'em foine. Nar a bit o' taste or smell it gives them, eyther.

"But when the caplin comes in shoals and lies like great windrows

EPWORTH, NEWFOUNDLAND.

on the shore, the men they carts 'em to the fields an' spreads on the medders an' the oats, an' yez can just see 'em growin'. But the smell, it do be terrible, but us gits used to it, an' don't mind it, for it brings lashin's o' hay an' oats.

"Yes, sure, the byes will take yez

BAY OF ISLANDS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ROCKS NEAR HARBOR GRACE.

out in their boat, if yez don't mind the fish scales and the smell. Fain and proud they'll be to show yez the Red Rock and the tickle and tideway and the wreck o' the Portugee brigantine that wuz comin' from Cadiz wid salt that ran on Deadman's Isle an' the sailors was all drownded but one, who swam ashore, all battered and bruised, an' Father McFinnerty said mass for their souls in the little chapel beyant.

"But it's worser still when fisher folk gets caught in a gale, perhaps comin' home filled to the gunnel from the Labrador. Because us knows every man Jack o' them an' their widders and children lives right here among us. 'Tis offens there's more crape bonnets than Easter hats at the church after a spring gale. Ohone a riè! O weary on the winter storms. The sea do be a cruel monster at them times, an' the fish we calls 'em the lives o' men," and a furtive tear in the eye told that she spoke from a living experience of the tragedies of a fisherman's wife.

Still more bold in its rugged scenery is Logie Bay, three or four miles distant. There is not even foreshore enough for the fish stages or the fishermen's cabins. These are perched midway up the rock overhanging the ceaselessly boiling surf beneath. When the tides of the Atlantic come heaving and hurrying landward the dash and crash of the resistless billows boom and echo like thunder in these rocky caverns.

On the great regatta day the townsfolks came out in thousands in carriages and on foot, and camped upon the hillsides overlooking the little lake to view the contests of the four-oared and eight-oared races. The town crews and those of the out-ports contested all day long for the prizes, and to their credit be it said, with scarce a sign of drunkenness or disorder—a result due to the prevention of the sale of liquor near the lake. The scene was brilliant—the blue sky and green sward and sparkling lake and fluttering flags, and the sturdy oarsmen keeping stroke like an automatic machine.

But even this will pall upon a landsman, and we started off over the hills for Logie Bay and Outer Cove.

"We'll order a fish dinner and take our ease in our inn while it is being prepared," we fondly thought.

But we reckoned very literally without our host. Not a soul was left in either village but a few very old people and very young children. In honor of the day flags were flying on every farm-house; not a stroke of work was done in town or country. No vessel could be discharged or loaded for love or money. The mail

SURF OUTSIDE ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

BURIN.

steamer was delayed two days on account of this people's holiday.

At many a fishing farm (for the farmers are amphibious as seals) a decrepit old salt was watching, like David in the chamber over the gate, for news of the battle. "Who won the eight-oared race?" he would eagerly ask. "Where did the Outer Cove crew come in?" "Hurrah for the Logie boys!"

We felt ashamed of our lack of enthusiasm. To turn our back on such a scene for the rude and rocky solitudes of the ocean shore was a wonder passing strange to these veterans of the sea.

Matters were getting serious. Our fish dinner was postponed *sine die*. We would be willing to compromise on Lenten fare. We tried house after house, only to find them closed. At last, on a lovely hill-side, commanding a majestic view, we found a cabin where an old woman had charge of some little children. With eager alacrity, in response to our request, she brought forth a big brown loaf and generous jug of milk, and we enjoyed a lunch over which an epicure might have exulted.

"No, thanks, yer honner, kindly, us never takes nuthin' for a bit or sup. 'Tis welcome yez are as the flowers in May. Aw, well, ef yez insist, I won't forbid the childer to take a trifle as a present from yer honner, but not as pay for the bit and sup."

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day,
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE NEW PROBLEM FOR MISSIONS.

II.—THE SOLUTION.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

REV. CHAS. S. EBY, B.A., D.D.

The Origin of Christian Missions.

THE Kingdom of God is the realization of God's will in everything. The kingdom of the heavens is the extent to which God's will is being realized: it should fill every cranny of God's universe.

The programme of Jesus was a threefold application of the idea:

1. First and foremost, men must be got to grasp the idea of the undertaking and become impassioned with God's plan to bring in His administration of righteousness in order to reconstruct conditions on earth.

2. For this purpose the first essential was to get the right material—"of such is to be made the Kingdom"—and that he found in little children to be developed from the start, and people who would become little children to start again. These were to be prepared by going through His curriculum, from poverty of spirit to perfection of God. To these He could talk of plans and methods for His great campaign. To get this material into shape it was found necessary to pass the adult material through a process of personal experience:

(*a*) Salvation, negative, from sin and sin-life.

(*b*) Salvation, positive, into conscious possession of the divine nature, so that the God-life should be second nature.

(*c*) A continual development—renewal after the image of God in knowledge, so as really to understand God's way and intelligently carry out His ideas; after the image of God in holiness of the truth, to the extent of knowledge won; after the image of God in righteousness, so as to act like God habitually.

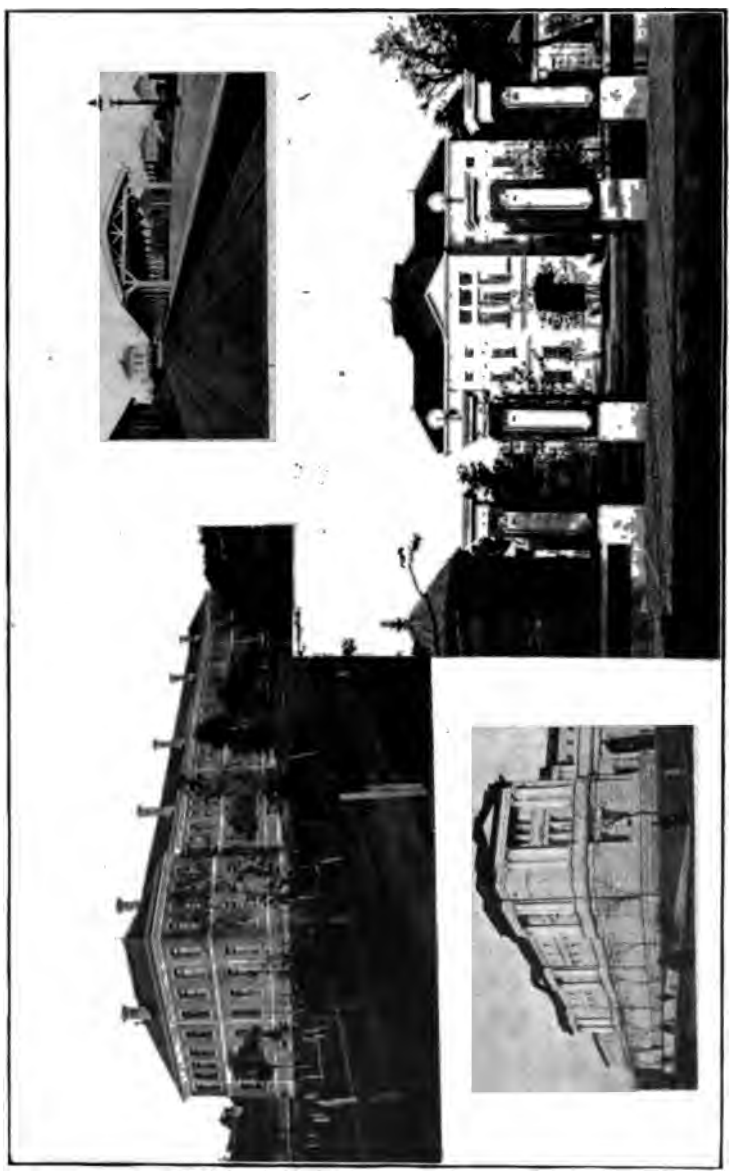
3. Then the third was that such individuals should combine on methods which were found to work in heaven and would in time work just as well on earth; and that such combination should, by such methods, aim at changing the conditions of earth by organizing everything "after God," just as He would Himself—as He wants to do it now through men.

All that is needed for the Christianization of the world (and a narrower conception is not Christ's, except as a part of a whole) is a movement that will turn "believers" into

" followers " of Jesus Christ, who will be true to His programme and His methods, and who will allow themselves to be organized and mobilized for a divine campaign under His leadership. That is the origin of a divine movement which men have bungled. The condition of affairs in the Far East gives a stupendous opportunity, a thunderous call to all who love the Kingdom, rolling in as the voice of many waters, to rally

THE CENTRAL TABERNACLE, TOKIO.
Book Store at left.

around the original idea, and start a new crusade under the leadership of the King.



Railway Station, Tokio.

Provincial Government Buildings, Kanazawa.

MODERN JAPAN.

Boys' High School, Kanazawa.

Bank of Japan, Tokio.

Practical Methods Applied.

What is to be done to produce and organize enough "followers of Jesus" for this great undertaking? The world is sick of impracticable and unpractical propositions: we want something that will combine the divine idea with present-day common sense in order to carry this practical Anglo-

Saxon race into a movement that shall eclipse the armies and navies of modern militarism, and save the Far East for the Kingdom of Love.

The writer can give to his propositions no other backing than to outline the way through which the Providence of God has developed the thoughts and plans which he offers—in merest outline here—as his contribution to the solution of the great problem. The years 1868-1870, spent in Europe, mostly in German university life, made it difficult for him ever again to go in a rut. Want of success in German

NAVY DEPARTMENT, TOKIO.

mission work in Canada, 1871-1876, led to deep heart-searching, resulting in a new covenant with God, based on a promise of absolute obedience to all His will, and in a new and indescribable nearness to God. Prayer and life were unified into: Teach me Thy will, that I may know it and experience it and do it, in order that I may lead others to know, experience and do it also. Out of that has come all his studies, plans, thoughts, acts, so far as he knew.

In 1876, as bolt out of blue, came the invitation to missionary work in Japan. Dr. Enoch Wood, then Senior Missionary Secretary, said to him on parting: "We expect from your training and your penetration some statesmanship in mission work that shall tell on Japan at this time of transition into a future that no one can understand. You will be able to study the problem and plan accordingly." The years 1876-7 were spent in struggle with illness and the language; 1877-9 as a resident in Kofu, Yamanashi Ken, opening work in the interior, founding churches, observing popular movements and studying the imperial problem, which he saw centred in Tokio, head and heart of the empire, the empire to be a mighty factor some day in the Far East. 1879-85 were spent in Tokio. Seized with the idea that more should be done to show the unity of Christendom and the reasonableness of Christianity in its appeal to the whole man, as individual, as nation, as a race, the writer united the representatives of the various missions in a committee to manage and finance a course of lectures in the Meiji Kuaido, the "Hall of Peace," the largest audience room available in Tokio, kindly loaned by the Minister of the Interior. From January 6th to April 14th, 1883, he delivered lectures every Saturday afternoon, alternately in English and Japanese—excepting one given in English by Prof. Dixon and one by Prof. Ewing, both of the Imperial University staff. Sir Harry Parkes, Her Britannic Majesty's representative, and Judge Bingham, representative of the United States, and other prominent foreigners, presided when the English versions were given. The lectures were splendidly attended by the very people desired, the official

and literary classes, and multitudes of students. They were subsequently published in both English and Japanese.*

The very fact of their being given in the place and in the manner they were, the constant references to them in the city papers and the reports in country press, as well as the circulation of the printed volume, could not have been without influence. But the most striking result for the lecturer was the breaking into his mind of several lines of practical work, which clarified and systematized themselves as the method to meet the problem in Japan.

After ten years of attempted experiment in Japan, and ten years of reflection at home, he still holds those methods, in principle, to have been the right thing for Japan then, and, now modified to suit present conditions and on an enormously enlarged scale, just the thing for adaptation to the whole of the Far East. At that time the Church was not ready for the smaller task. Is she ready to-day for the larger?

At a meeting of the Tokio and Yokohama missionaries, representing seventeen societies, from all parts of Christendom, Feb. 5th, 1884, the writer read a paper on "The Immediate Christianization of Japan: Prospects, Plans, Results," in which he sketched an outline of suggestions. It caught on. Meeting after meeting was held to discuss the points, and finally two plans were agreed upon, which, together with the author's paper, were printed in a pamphlet, now out of print. It is with mingled feelings he now takes up an old copy, and, passing over the paper which aroused the action, he studies anew the two appendices. "Appendix A" is a proposed constitution under which the missions should combine for practical work and present a solid front to Government and people, and "Appendix B" a detailed outline of the work contemplated in common under the federation, viz., I. Evangelistic Work; II. A Christian Institute, with Lectureships and Printing Press; and, III. A System of Christian Education, comprising (1) Preparatory schools and colleges, (2) theological seminaries, and (3) a central university, for the founding and endowing of which an effort was to be made to raise £320,000 or about $1,500,000, in the Christian world. The proposition was first sent to all the missionaries in Japan to be discussed before being formally sent to the home boards. The older missionaries, who had not attended the meetings, thought we had better go quietly along; the distant ones thought Tokio was going ahead too fast; the wise ones said the home secretaries wouldn't look at it. So it was dropped as a piece of "splendid audacity," to quote the phrase of one of the home secretaries.

It was one of the divine thoughts which the Church of the time could not understand. If the system of Christian educational institutions as there proposed had been realized, Japan would not to-day be so Agnostic, nor would the native Church find it so difficult to get suitable men for the ministry. There is nothing that would tell so mightily on the Christianization of Japan to-day as the carrying out of all the suggestions of those two appendices, or something that would be the equivalent. Unless something of that kind takes place, and on a much larger scale than then con-

* The remnant of the English edition of "Christianity and Humanity," the course of lectures in one volume, and "Christianity and Civilization, a pamphlet containing the first lecture in the course, are in the hands of Rev. F. C. Stephenson, M.D., to be sold for the benefit of the Y. P. F. M. of Canada.

templated, Japan will be agnostic and atheistic and materialistic for the twentieth century, and the Protestant forces, though seemingly so great, from a denominational and individual point of view, will remain a feeble reminder to the Protestant world of what might have been.

Early in 1884 the Evangelical Alliance of Japan asked the writer to conduct a second course of lectures in the Meiji Kuaido, such as had been held in the same place the preceding year. A course on "Comparative Religions" was given by competent men, selected from the various missions, the Alliance bearing the expenses. After considerable experience on the platform in various places, the writer was invalided home in 1885. In 1886 the General Conference, on his proposition, passed certain legislation which made it possible to carry out, on the smaller scale of one mission, some of the suggestions which he had made to be carried out on a larger scale by a federation of missions, particularly, a suitable type of evangelism for the masses, and a Central Mission for the highest intelligence that could be reached. In public, in committee, and in private, he pleaded for this Central Mission, to be conducted somewhat on the lines of the West Central Missions in London, England, under the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and supported in the same way by special contributions. Near the end of his furlough the principle was accepted and permission given to appeal for special funds, first to send out some new missionaries, and then the balance and subsequent giving to go to the Central Tabernacle.

In 1886 he was back in Japan with a small balance for that purpose. But the way was apparently cleared for possible action on two lines. The opportunity to test his evangelistic ideas came into his hands for one year. In the year 1887-8, the head of the mission and the principal Japanese minister were in Canada; the chairman *pro tem.* asked the writer to take the superintendency of the evangelistic work, as provided for in the Discipline, i.e., to become leader of the preaching forces, aiming at developing the native church by directing and helping the native ministry in their work of soul-saving, guiding the membership in spiritual growth and urging to financial self-support. Outside of this service of love he had no authority, and no touch with details and statistics. The result of that one year, though it gave only time to begin, resulted in an addition of 502, or sixty per cent., to the membership and one hundred per cent. to the givings of the native church. In actual numbers an advance equalled only once by the aggregate of three consecutive years of the history of the mission,* and those the years immediately following that year of the infusion of new life.

On the return of the two brethren this privilege ceased, and the writer turned to Hongo, a part of the city where the great university system was being built up, and began, with absolutely nothing in the way of a foothold, to work for a Christian institute. Beginning with lectures in a borrowed hall at the gateway of one of the government colleges, to catch the students as they left their classes, the struggle against odds went on until, at the end of 1890, the Central Tabernacle, on one of the principal thoroughfares of Tokio, and close to the gateway of the Imperial University grounds, the most strategic spot in the empire for just such an institution, was opened for work.

In 1887, before the events above described took place, the Countil of the

* See "The Heart of Japan." By Rev. P. Addison.

Mission had made a statement endorsing the Central Tabernacle enterprise, asking the Board for a grant of—or to allow an appeal for special funds up to —$25,000 for that purpose. The request failed to elicit response. During the year of the evangelistic superintendency the two brethren visiting the home churches appealed for funds for a large church in Azabu, another district, in connection with two large schools; the appeal for the Central Mission was suspended. In the meantime a thought which had been long in the mind of the writer took definite shape in a "Self-Support Band," and as the principle involved in that movement is vital to the final argument of this article, it must be described somewhat fully.

The study of the possibilities in Japan, the evident need for vastly more work, and on a larger scale, than was being done by any mission or by the combination of the whole, led to a study of methods for advance. A review of the independent outbursts from denominational limitations in all ages passed in review, down to the Salvation Army, Bishop Taylor's work in India, South America and Africa, and the China Inland Mission, with a multitude of smaller sectional and personal attempts. In every one of them he saw some fatal defect which prevented them from being a model on which a work of permanent and satisfactory helpfulness might be introduced into Japan. But he thought and thought,—there surely must be some way to introduce a needed force that would be helpful to all and antagonize none, and perhaps open a way for future developments.

Knowing the advantage to be gained from the work of a Central Mission or Christian Institute, centred in a wide conception of the salvation of the whole man, strategically placed among students, he was very anxious to have the Central Tabernacle erected, confident that when once opened its results would bring gifts to sustain its operations. A decree had been passed by the Government that English should be taught in all Government schools. For some years the writer had noticed the call for English teachers in various schools, academies, colleges, private and public, offering salaries varying from $20 to $200 per month, and the idea of a band of student volunteers, who should support themselves, out of whose ranks any who showed aptitude and a call might graduate into the regular missionary ranks, and direct and indirect helpfulness be given by all to any organization within reach. The plan matured when a number of positions, with salaries aggregating $8,000 per annum as a commencement, were put into his hands to supply with teachers. The plan was laid before the Council of the Japanese Mission, presented by them to the Board at home, approved of, and Dr. Williams, one of the General Superintendents, was appointed as correspondent and helper in the selection of men.

The appeal was then made to college graduates to come and take these positions under two distinct stipulations: (1) They would take the schools assigned to them, regardless of the size of salary, as those who were paid more than the salary of a regular missionary would pay the excess into a central fund; and those who were paid less would receive out of the central fund what was needed to supplement their income; the balance was to be used as the Band should direct; (2) they were to be missionaries to the fullest extent of their powers and opportunities, to learn the language, etc.

The response was surprising. It was a matter of selecting a few from

many. The first came in 1887. This was the year of the author's evangelistic superintendency. The Mission Council gave him permission to travel more widely in order to visit schools and to place the men who came. In the vacation of 1888, the three men who had come on the lines laid down met with the author for a first Band meeting, on a mountain plateau near the village of Karuizawa,—under the canopy of a cloudless heaven, with Asama Yama smoking and rumbling on the one side, billows of mountains rolling off in splendid scenery in every direction, but suggestive also of that turbulent sea of the peoples, whose silent roar, as "the voice of many waters," ascended to the throne—met to plead for the Kingdom of God on earth and to plan what could be done by the Band for Japan. There was an agony of prayer: then a vote of $2,000 from the central fund of the Band for the purchase of land for the Central Tabernacle, a vote afterwards increased to $3,500.

This is not the place to recount the steps of development which led to the erection of the Tabernacle; to describe the effect of its operation; nor is it the place to recount in detail the work of the Band for those three eventful years, 1887-1891. Only this: without the Self-Support Band the Central Tabernacle would never have been erected; for want of the Self-Support Band the Central Tabernacle is an arrested development. As it is, its record has proved its utility and the wisdom of the enterprise; but its operations are still those of the year of its inception: funds have not been available for development into the intended plan.

During its brief life the Band gave to the regular mission work of the Methodist Church, in cash, in work and otherwise, what would have cost the Board, say, $10,000, and every member of the Band was properly provided for, not a soul was "stranded in Japan." Some had been drafted into the regular work, others were in good positions, and some returned home.

Why was the Self-Support Band dissolved? The Y.M.C.A. agents had arrived after the scheme had been launched and they sought the positions with good salaries; there could be no thought of opposition, and positions with low salaries only would not make the plan work. Unexpected hindrances arose; failing health on the part of the writer, and, above all, the impression on his mind of the immensities of the principle involved, which gradually dawned upon him as a something too sacred, too vast in its possibilities to be jeopardized by attempting to force the movement at an inopportune time, led him to decide. So, knowing full well that the step would be misunderstood, he allowed the Band to dissolve, every business arrangement being looked after by members who carried out all their obligations and wound up affairs satisfactorily. But he expected some day to see the idea brought to a realization on a larger scale and in better shape, use being made of the lessons taught by the tentative experiment.

In 1893 he was invalided home, after three brief years of experience in the working of the Central Tabernacle, years which proved the accuracy of his every forecast, every special feature easily covered by special contributions so long as that method was permitted, the institution after the first six months being absolutely unincumbered with the smallest indebtedness.

From 1894 to June, 1896, the writer spent partly in hospital, partly in platform work for missions, since then in the pastorate in Canada, but his heart

in the field of battle, his mind in the vast problems of God and man, of the Kingdom of God and the human race.

With health once more fully restored, the writer now stands for the principles he once tested practically, and since has tested by every possible line of divine and human study within his reach, and he holds that they, if properly applied, will produce the "miraculous spread of Christianity" demanded by Sir Robert Hart, and moreover, that these principles and methods can be applied without dislocating a single agency now at work, without an appeal that would jeopardize a single dollar now given to "regular" channels, but would increase both the effectiveness and income of all, if heartily adopted by any considerable number of "Followers of the Lamb," and do much to crown Him as Conqueror of the nations.

What is to be Done?

For the salvation of the Far East from impending disaster and to lead those millions into higher development, there is no other name given under heaven or known among men to give a ray of hope, but Jesus. There it no other method whereby He can do His work but that which He has laid down for His followers to carry out. Suppose an answer should be given to our prayers. A million Chinese are suddenly seized with a desire to cast aside their old religions and to learn about the salvation they hear is to be had in Christianity. Messengers flock to the mission stations, crying, "Come over to our town, our village, our city—to a thousand places—for all our people are anxious to be instructed in the new way." What would happen? Every mission is now overworked. The few men and women available for such a sudden emergency would be helpless beyond a mere fraction of the need. The bulk of the million inquirers would fall back into deeper gloom or be kindled by some ignorant leader into fanaticism, and possibly into rebellion and bloodshed. For humanity's sake, for the sake of the Kingdom of God on earth, let it be remembered that when China moves she will move tremendously—and China is beginning to move. The Christendom of Jesus Christ will have to move tremendously, and very soon, to met a double enemy: on the one hand to counteract the influence of a Christendom of commercial greed, unscrupulous diplomacy, merciless war, and ferocious rapine; and, on the other hand, to meet the mass of Oriental ignorance, prejudice, imported misbeliefs and false ambitions, ancient and modern, home-born and imported. The marvels to be expected and prayed for in the East will be measured out by the marvels that will first happen in Christendom; the sending forth of a marvellous crusade of faith and common sense, adequate to guide and mould the awakened millions now rubbing their eyes in the glare of the morning of the Day of God. Our prayer should be, "Lord God, make us followers of Jesus Christ, that we may go up and possess the land as He leads the way."

He leads to-day in the increasing appeals, the combined statements of facts and needs, accumulating from the many-voiced workers now in the field, and from our study of history in the light of present-day forces. There should be devised and inaugurated an educational system, from kindergarten to post-graduate universities, thoroughly loyal to the common idea uniting all mission work, the Lordship of Christ over the individual and over the nations, to cover the whole of those lands, adequate to the need, and adapted to each section and oppor-

tunity, so planned as some day to merge into the national system of a Christian land. There should be at once a force of the clearest and most cultured scholars in the Christian world to respond to the appeal of Dr. Timothy Richard for literary missionaries, centred in Christian institutes in strategic spots, able to hold their own for Jesus, as Master of the world of thought and of the highest civilization, and in their hands ample means to use the printing press and enter every arena of discussion.

Dr. Richard asks for fifty such men —fifty, because he does not want to shock the Church too much—but there should be a thousand to take up the work of (1) learning the language so as to talk to the literati, (2) learning their manner of thinking and the scope of their thought, (3) becoming familiar with their methods and manners of intercourse, etc. It means a long apprenticeship and profound preparation. Some, while going through their apprenticeship, could take routine places now held by trained men, and thus set them free to do that special work. There should be at once a great increase of men and women committed to the learning of the language for the purpose of preaching Christ to the multitude, training the inquirer, and bringing the individual to a personal Christ, as leaders. A few will guide and inspire an increasing host of native workers in a mighty movement of evangelization, but "a few" means some thousands for a third of the human race! Then comes the need of institutes for training workers, hospital and medical missionaries, and other institutions and methods of work now suggested, and others, the need of which will arise in the process of the Christianization of a people whose heathen habits are rooted in customs old before Moses was born, but now changing to modern ways.

If there were a force of 250,000 workers of various kinds from Christian lands, strategically placed in connection with two thousand centres of work; if there were $100,000,000 put into plant, and an income of $10,000,000 annually to carry on the campaign. Christendom would save it all and a vast deal more in reduced expenditure in war, and make it over and over again in the increasing industry and commerce of the dawning era of permanent peace.

But that is by the way; the question now is, How can this army of love and good-will be raised and equipped; put into campaign condition, and then sustained year after year in a long campaign? The answer of Jesus is very simple: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Just as soon as we put ourselves into partnership with God in the one great business in which He asks us to cooperate with Him, just so soon will every need for the individual and for the campaign be supplied in overwhelming abundance, exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

Once more, before we make our final application of principles to the specific problem before us, let us look at two things:

First. Some of the stupendous principles laid down by Christ seem only half true in a life run on a small scale, but become magnificently true when tried on a cosmic scale. So with this law of Jesus: to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, singly or by the few, seems to entail the "loss of all things," and "believers" even turn for success to the business methods of man rather than to the cosmic laws of

God. On the other hand, if this cosmic law which makes heaven what it is could be really tried on a larger scale on earth it would bring to every unit in the whole the harmony of the spheres, would make the new earth a part of the divine immensities of love, so that impossibilities of to-day would become instinctive commonplaces of everyday life in the near future.

Second. God's promises are programmes for His people. The meaning of our Lord's words is this: As soon as there are enough of you, who place God's Kingdom as your first consideration, you must set up the machinery of heaven on earth, and then work it so that every individual interested shall be for ever lifted above all anxiety, for every possible need that the Heavenly Father recognizes as legitimate, so that every mind shall be free to work with the mind of Christ. Until that is done the Kingdom of God has not yet really come. But it is the easiest thing in the world when a sufficient number will only try it—as followers of Jesus—in teaching and in practice, and thus prove it to be a divine and cosmic law.

It will, therefore, be seen that there is to be no urging to vows of poverty, no enticement to self-sacrifice in the old negative sense. God has given treasure enough in this world to make every man practically a rich man, able, without anxiety, to give his attention to that for which man was made, i.e., the Kingdom of God on earth. The method, simply following the cosmic law, as members one of another, helping the rest to do the same, can now be applied on a larger scale as it was on a small scale by my Self-Support Band. Hosts of individuals have followed this rule of the Christ, this cosmic law of God, such as Augustine and Wesley, and numberless others all through the ages, and the host to-day is ever increasing. The appeal to the heroic in man for the Kingdom of God has never failed to bring men and women to swell a great army. Witness the Crusades, the Salvation Army, the China Inland Mission. What is wanted is a combination, a systematization, an inspiration, that will unite and energize the whole into an invincible army on a divine campaign worthy of the King of kings.

Now we have space for only a very brief indication of the way in which all these principles of the Kingdom may be applied to the problem of the Far East. But we are in a position to work out the idea into fuller detail at our leisure. Let us suppose that there was an association of "Followers of Jesus," composed of educated and trained men and women of every rank and profession, ready for any opening in China, Manchuria and Japan, where they could plant their personalities, make a living—more or less—or be supported—more or less—by their comrades, whose whole business would be to work for the Christianization of the Far East. Let men and women on the field answer these questions.

How many could obtain employment in schools, colleges, universities, existing and likely to be established?

How many schools and colleges might be opened that would be supported in whole or in part by Chinese men of wealth and standing, as some few are now?

How many places there are where medical men, accompanied by nurses, could make a living out of their practice? How many hospitals, small and large, might be opened in all that country, which would be largely supported by patients or men of means in their neighborhood? In how many centres could a group of properly equipped foreigners open a combined institution of hospital,

school, printing office, book-selling, and evangelism, where a good part of the income needed could be earned on the spot?

How many places in commerce, mines, manufacturing centres, etc., where a syndicate of God's business men could invest capital, settle down, gather about them Christian workmen, both foreign and native, and found villages that would be in temper and morals absolutely Christian, but under native jurisdiction?

How many missions still want men and women? If the missions and men on the field would help on committees appointed to look after such openings, how long would it be before places could be found for 250,000 men and women, especially if there were funds out of which all initial expenses would be paid and a large contingent supported?*

Again, let us suppose that the opportunity described above should be laid before our whole Church, and an appeal be made for properly qualified men and women to unite in an "Association of Followers of Jesus," whose one motto would be, "The World for Christ," whose one business would be to serve the King in strict accordance with His regulations in His campaign to win the nations to discipleship. Let us suppose that each one would pledge himself and herself to take from all that came into their possession just as much as they really needed for personal development and family requirements, as a preparation for service; the balance being God's for the use of the Kingdom of the heavens on earth; and that the association as a whole undertook to supply the needs of each one, so that not a soul would have an anxious thought about support, well or ill, at home or abroad, as long as he was true to the idea and the pledge, according to his power.

What would be the result? The membership would rapidly increase. The Churches would be quickened so that missionary income would be easily increased to send more workers now available for work already begun, and to new fields ready to hand. Many people of wealth, who could not see their way to take the obligation of members, would contribute largely to the central fund for important undertakings. In five years half a million of members at home, and 250,000 abroad, with $10,000,000 annually to distribute, would be no impossibility. In twenty-five years, 5,000,000 members, with the funds and institutions they would have begun to control, would begin to tell mightily on politics and social life all over the world, and revivals, wherein millions would be won, would visit all lands. In fifty years they would disarm the world, for militarism as well as mammonism would be beaten by the Prince of Peace. The Far East would be Christian, and probably Russia, too, at last, and all nations would begin to understand the nature of the divine law of God-love which works just as well "on earth as in heaven."

* If these figures are too big to seem probable, *just try it* with one figure less, which would *make it tenfold* the present force in China.

NOTE.—It was my intention to give an outline of some practical lessons learned in my short experience with the Self-Support Band which will be of service in a larger attempt. But this article has already exceeded all bounds. Only one word of warning I must add. Don't let any one rush off in an excitement to China expecting to find work, income, and all the rest all ready to hand! Take time. Don't jump till you know where you are going to land. Don't straddle a comet but hitch to a star. Work out the idea where you are until Providence opens the way, when the funds you have banked or the preparations made will come in just right. I shall be glad to correspond with any who have the Far East on their hearts.—C. S. Eby, Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada.

DOES CANADIAN METHODISM BELIEVE IN AN EDUCATED MINISTRY?

BY THE REV. DR. S. P. ROSE.

WE have ancient and admirable authority for the doctrine that faith is proved by works. "Show me your faith by your works," is commonly recognized as a reasonable and legitimate demand upon professions of loyalty to any cause or creed. The Canadian Methodist Church has, in various ways, placed herself on record as in favor of a fully equipped pastorate. An affirmative answer would probably be given by the average Methodist to the question which I have asked. To some readers of this magazine, the doubt lying implicit in my question may be resented as an impertinence, or condemned as a heresy. It is a question admitting of easy and speedy answer. Profession must be tested by practice; faith must be proved by works. Judged by her works, does Canadian Methodism believe in an educated ministry?

The depth and seriousness of our conviction, that a well-educated ministry is essential to the adequate realization of the mission of Methodism in this Dominion, will express themselves in the nature of the provision which we make for the due equipment and proper maintenance of our pastors.

To begin with, the Church must see to it that the opportunity to secure proper mental training is within the reach of every young man who believes himself called of God to the work of the Methodist ministry. An honest attempt has undoubtedly been made in this direction, and with gratifying results. In Victoria University, Toronto; the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., and Wesley College, Winnipeg, we have colleges where the diligent student may acquire knowledge, and skill in imparting it, by reason of which he may go out to serve the Church with a marked degree of efficiency. There is reason to recall the history of these institutions with a measure of pardonable pride, and to look forward to their future with hope.

But those who are in closest touch with our colleges will be the last to contend that their equipment is adequate to the task which they are expected to accomplish. They are all doing their work in a praiseworthy manner. When we remember the limitations by which they are conditioned, limitations which are largely due to lack of money, and the underpaid and overworked professors often struggling against serious odds to perform intellectual miracles, the results achieved by our colleges are matter for hearty congratulation. But how far they fall below the ideal which their faculties cherish of what they ought to be, especially as the training-schools of a rising ministry, the principals and professors of these seminaries of learning might bear regretful testimony.

One way in which the remedy for this confessedly undesirable state of affairs may be applied, lies in increased endowments. Every loyal

Methodist will rejoice in the success which has attended the efforts of the General Secretary of our Educational Society in securing the handsome addition recently made to the endowment of Victoria College. But gratifying as that addition is, and pleasing as is the noble generosity of the few gentlemen from whom it comes, it is not probable that it will enable Victoria in a very marked degree to extend its operations, particularly in the direction of the increased efficiency of the training offered to candidates for our ministry. These new gifts will relieve the college from serious and depressing embarrassment, and thus set it free to do better work; but a much greater revenue is requisite if the ideal of efficiency is brought within measurable distance. And, in the meanwhile, the Wesleyan and Wesley Colleges are raising the Macedonian cry for financial help.

Considerable additions to college endowments can only be expected, however, from the comparatively few and wealthier members of the Methodist Church. The Educational Society offers the opportunity to the multitude to bear their share towards the educational equipment of the ministry. And it is in the response of the masses to these annual appeals that the real answer must be found to the question now under consideration, Does Canadian Methodism believe in an educated ministry? When one turns to the report of the Educational Society for information, the facts are not wholly reassuring. Since the foundation of the Society the annual receipts from ordinary income have never reached $30,000; only once exceeding $28,000, and twice $25,000. It is evident that an annual income of about $25,000 from the entire Methodism of this Dominion and Newfoundland is all that we may expect, unless a new inspiration be given to this cause.

This income is no unfair expression and index to the desire of our people that the men who shall stand in the pulpits of to-morrow shall be men duly trained for a work, the opportunities and difficulties of which are growing with the years. It is not too much to ask that the annual gifts to this Society should reach $100,000. This may not be an immediate possibility, but it is not an extravagant demand upon the advancing wealth and intelligence of the people called Methodists. With an annual contribution of but $25,000 to our educational work to base our judgment upon, we may be pardoned for the implied doubt of the question which we are now pressing home upon our readers.

But all the conditions of a well-educated ministry are not met in better endowed colleges and a largely increased Educational Society revenue. If we believe in a properly equipped pastorate, we must make a much more adequate provision for its support.

Have our people carefully considered what this demand for a well-trained ministry means to the candidate himself? Such an educational equipment as the pulpit of to-day calls for cannot be accomplished without an expenditure of some seven years' time and about $3,000 in money. The man whom the ministry of to-day needs should be a college graduate, and should supplement the course in arts by three years in theology. This means, as has been said, the expenditure of seven years in preparation. Four hundred dollars a year is an extremely modest estimate of the financial side of college life, so that $3,000 is far from an extravagant calculation of the cost in dollars and cents of an education for the ministry.

It is a widespread error that candidates for the Methodist ministry are "paid their way through college" out of the income of the Educational So-

ciety. This is not the case. Young men are loaned small sums, when they ask for loans, but often not more than enough to pay their college fees. These loans are returnable within a given number of years. Personally, I think the candidate would be better without this loan. I would prefer to see the loans employed in adding to the efficiency of the colleges. The greater part of the income of the Educational Society goes directly to the colleges to assist them in providing their clerical students with the educational advantages which the Church should secure for those whom she expects to be her pastors and teachers.

The $3,000, therefore, which a seven years' college course calls for, must, in some way, be provided by the candidate himself. Sometimes he borrows a large portion of it, and enters on his ministerial career in debt, a fact which overshadows his life and may put a period to his usefulness. If he were entering law, or medicine, the young man would expect to reimburse himself for his financial outlay from his profession. This, unless he is a very foolish man, he must not expect if he becomes a Methodist preacher. He may not look for a return of his capital; that, together with the seven years of college life, he should regard as his contribution to the Church. But is he not justified in expecting that in estimating what his salary should be, his officials will reckon the simple interest on the $3,000 as a first charge? Should they not say, "$150 must be set apart, first of all, as a due charge upon our funds, to pay the interest on the capital sum which our pastor expended to render himself efficient for the work of the ministry"?

The Methodist Church, furthermore, practically requires that her ministers shall marry upon their ordination. It not infrequently happens that engagements to marry are made during the college course. If the young student approaches the father of a family, worshipping, say, in St. James', or the Metropolitan, and asks for his daughter's hand, is not the father insisting upon an act of simple justice when he requires the suitor to insure his life, so that, in case of his death, the widow and young children may not be in actual want? What is the least amount in premiums which will secure this provision? Is not $200 a modest appropriation for a young man nearing, in all probability, the thirtieth year of his life? And is it unfair that the officials should make this a second charge upon income, remembering that Methodism has no financial prizes to offer her ministers; that the best salaries do not permit of much saving, except to the unduly frugal, and that the fund for retired ministers, even at its best, does nothing more than put a roof over the worn-out itinerant's head?

But no preacher can meet the demands upon the modern pulpit who is not a careful student and wide and accurate reader. What is the least amount which a preacher should invest yearly in good literature to keep himself, not abreast of the times, but from actual mental starvation? I appeal to the experience of men who despise "barrels" of sermons, and who hope in old age to be intellectually fruitful, when I say that less than $100 is not enough. Should not officials, who demand an educated ministry, make this sum a third charge upon income? If they do, they must provide $450 before the question of bread, or boots, or horse-keep, or clothing, or the education of the children, or the spending-money of the minister, is thought of.

And yet, what often occurs? A young man of twenty-eight or thirty

years of age, who has given seven years of his life and spent $3,000 of some one's money, in preparation for the ministry; who, under our rules, is practically compelled to found a home and assume the responsibilities of a household; who has honorably won his B.A. and his B.D., is sent to a field of labor where his income will probably fall below $600. He sees no way of escape from his debts incurred in securing his education; indeed, he must increase them to purchase a horse and carriage and cutter that he may reach his widely-separated appointments and properly discharge his pastoral duties. He cannot insure his life, except for a very small sum, and is, therefore, filled with distress as he thinks of a possible future for those whom he loves. He cannot buy new books, and so soon falls behind in the race for knowledge. Discouraged, as he sees his ideals vanish one by one, he breaks down prematurely, or, even worse, sinks contentedly beneath the weight of his environment, and so loses his claim to be known as an educated man. This is no fancy picture, but the unvarnished story of a too-often recurring tragedy.

I am making no plea for large salaries. I am not asking that the ministry be placed on a financial equality with other professions. I would not eliminate the element of financial sacrifice which now attaches to the office of the Christian ministry. But there is little danger in this direction. None but men whose low ideals and slight knowledge of affairs stamp them as unworthy of a place in the ranks of the Methodist pastorate, are likely to be tempted to enter our ministry for the sake of its emoluments. But I do plead for honesty on the part of the Church. An educated ministry should be assured of incomes sufficiently generous to place them in a position where, with the exercise of ordinary economy, they may meet the financial obligations which their calling in life imposes upon them. That this is by any means the universal condition of affairs in our Church no one who knows the facts will contend.

Until Canadian Methodism makes more adequate provision for the intellectual culture of her future ministry, and guarantees them a more generous support upon their ordination, some scepticism as to the intensity of her faith in a truly educated pastorate may be forgiven.

An educated ministry costs, there can be no doubt of that. But an uneducated ministry spells ruin. There never was a time when ignorance was in its proper place upon our mission fields or in the pulpits of our home Churches. But to-day, in the fierce conflict between truth and error, sin and righteousness, it is an unspeakable calamity to send to the regions beyond, or ordain to our work at home, ill-informed men of poorly cultured intellects, whose very sincerity and zeal may only increase their power to work mischief. A godly ministry, baptized with the Holy Ghost and with power, is the eternal prerequisite; but the ignorance of godly teachers is scarcely less to be feared than the godlessness of gifted scholars. The Church must be content with neither. Ripe scholarship, adorned with Christlike zeal for souls, is the ideal qualification of the ministry, toward the attainment of which the Church of the twentieth century must steadily press forward.

Hamilton, Ont.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted.
—*Longfellow.*

WATER GIPSIES.

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

A SADLY neglected people are the men, women and children who make their homes on the inland waterways of England. The duties and the privileges of citizenship are associated with fixity of dwelling, and to be a nomad is to separate one's self from the common life of one's fellows. The bargee pays neither rent nor rates nor taxes; no one solicits his vote or summons him on a jury; the Churches have hardly touched his life, and school boards—for all the use they have been to him—might as well have been non-existent. Like the gipsy, he belongs to a race apart; born on a canal boat, he has lived on a boat all his life and will probably die there; he rarely reads a newspaper (more often than not he cannot read); his little world is bounded by the canal banks, and he takes little interest in what goes on beyond.

Thirty years ago the isolation of the canal boat-dwellers was even more complete than it is to-day, and their condition, material and moral, was far more lamentable. It was the late George Smith, of Coalville—that indefatigable worker on behalf of oppressed and neglected children—who first directed public attention to the hard lot of the women and children in canal boats. Writing in 1873, Mr. Smith expressed the opinion that not more than two per cent. of the canal population could either read or write, and that not more than five per cent. of the children attended either day school or Sunday-school. He drew lurid pictures of the moral degradation of the canal people's lives, of the terrible overcrowding of their little cabins, and of the cruelties inflicted on the children.

The story of Mr. Smith's campaign, which resulted in the passing of the Canal Boats Acts of 1877 and 1884, is one of a long struggle against difficulties which to a less earnest and persistent spirit would have proved insurmountable. But victory came at last, and enactments were made which would, it was hoped, secure the education of the children, and a cleanly, sanitary home for all dwellers on canal boats.

There is no doubt that the Acts have beneficially affected the lives of the canal population, though perhaps they have been less far-reaching than might have been hoped. Every canal boat must now be registered and is subject to inspection—an inspection which varies in effectiveness according to the zeal and industry of the local authorities through whose districts the boats pass. It is the duty of the inspectors to see that the boats are properly registered, that the cabins are clean and not overcrowded, that offensive cargoes are separated by double bulkheads from the living room, and that various minor regulations for the health and comfort of the inhabitants are observed.

According to the report of His Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats for 1901-2, it is estimated that there are now between seven and eight thousand canal boats in actual use as dwellings. During the year about one-fourth of

the boats were found to be infringing the regulations in one way or another.

Altogether 1,101 cases had reference to the sanitary state of the cabins, but of these 231 related only to the temporarily dirty condition of the interiors, very often due to the nature of the cargo or the weather at the time; and the inspector reports that as a rule the boat people took a pleasure in remedying the fault as soon as possible. It would seem, therefore, that as regards the sanitary conditions of the canal boatman's life, a great improvement has been made; and my own restricted observations would lead me to suppose than a canal boat is a far healthier dwelling-place than a city slum.

In order to get a fair impression of the life of our canal population, and to gain information on many matters which cannot be recorded in official reports, I recently spent some time among the canal folk at Brentford. To very many of these wandering canal folk Brentford is a sacred place. In the parish church they were married and their children were christened, and in the churchyard some of their friends and relations, their last voyage made, are sleeping their long sleep; here is the school where many of their children receive, during the occasional days spent in the town, all the schooling they will ever get, and here is the only place where very many of them ever hear the Good Tidings of Great Joy, or receive any impulse towards the higher life.

The centre of the good work among the canal folk at Brentford is the Canal Boatmen's Mission, which is under the care of a City missionary, Mr. R. Bamber, who may well be called "the bargee's parson." For twenty-three years Mr. Bamber has worked among canal dwellers, and no man in England understands them better or is more generally loved and respected by them. It was under his kindly guidance that I had an opportunity of visiting some of the boat folk in their curious little homes.

It is evident that the women for the most part take a commendable pride in keeping their tiny homes as clean and cheerful as possible. Some are models of neatness and cleanliness: the stove is blackleaded and polished, the household utensils are of brass and copper, and they shine like mirrors, the walls are adorned with pictures, and a little of the precious shelf room is spared for a few china ornaments. Even if we find a cabin which is untidy, and where the children are dirty, the mother will apologize and explain that we have caught her at an unfortunate time. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamber and any one introduced by him are sure to be welcome. You cannot stand upright in these cabins, and the captain, if he is a very tall man, may touch one wall with his head and the other with his feet as he lies in bed. Many of the fixtures "contrive a double debt to pay": the seat is a locker for household goods and also the children's bed; one cupboard door is a dining-table and another is the bed for the captain and his wife; there is thus more accommodation than one might at first suppose.

The bargee has a terrible reputation; but it would be a mistake to suppose that he spends his whole time in drinking, swearing, and kicking his wife. There are rough characters on canal boats, but the typical bargee, though he has a rough tongue, has a kind heart: he is an honest, manly fellow, and if he can keep away from drink—the besetting weakness of his class—is a good husband and father. The canal boatwomen are a hardworking race; not only have they to see to the cleaning and cooking and to look after

the children, but they have to take their turn at the rudder and on the towing-path, and not infrequently they are charged with such duties as seeing the owners and buying forage for horses, for it frequently happens that the wife is the best business man on the boat. To see the women in their picturesque print bonnets bustling about the boats on a bright summer day, or taking tea on the cabin top, is a pleasant sight enough; but to see them in winter time trudging along the towpath, ankle deep in mud, is to realize something of the hardships of the bargewoman's life; and in time of sickness it is easy to believe that her condition is pitiable in the extreme.

The children are generally healthy, bright little people, well cared for so far as their bodily needs are concerned, but sadly ignorant as regards the orthodox lore of childhood. In many cases they are past masters in the care of a horse and the art and mystery of barge steering long before they can read words of one syllable or write their own names. The way in which the children are allowed to grow up almost entirely without education is one of the most unsatisfactory features of canal boat life. They are supposed to attend school wherever their boats happen to be making a stay. But it is impossible to enforce such a regulation; if the school attendance officer visits a canal boat in search of children he will be told—often truly enough—that the boat is leaving that day or the next. And even when the parents themselves would like their children to attend school, the difficulties are almost insuperable so long as they live on the canal boat. Teachers do not welcome these little birds of passage, who, of course, are dunces when compared with children in regular attendance, and for the little "boaties" themselves school must be far from attractive when they can only attend for a day or two at a time and are placed amongst children much younger than themselves, the object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule, by their schoolfellows.

For the past seven years a praiseworthy attempt has been made at Brentford to remedy this condition of educational darkness by holding a special day-school for boatmen's children. It is a queer little school, meeting in the rather inconvenient premises of the Canal Boatmen's Mission. Judged by every educational standard it is, of course, sadly inefficient; in respect to irregularity of attendance it can surely have no equal in the kingdom. Imagine a school with about five hundred children on the roll, and a daily attendance varying from none at all to fifty; a school at which three days' teaching, followed by three weeks'—or, it may be, three months'—holiday is quite the normal state of affairs. The wonder is not that results are poor, but that there are any results at all.

On the occasion of my recent visit there were about twenty children present. Their neat, clean appearance spoke well for the care of their parents, though I understand there are occasions when defects in the matter of personal cleanliness have to be remedied at the school. The ages of the children ranged from about two and a half to fourteen or fifteen years; all seemed very quiet and attentive, which is the more noteworthy as the teacher had to attend simultaneously to pupils in several stages of educational development. The teaching is necessarily very elementary. An exceptionally advanced scholar was writing from dictation a passage from a reading book; but even he had to be reminded that a new sentence begins with a capital letter. Most of the other children were still struggling with the

alphabet. The equipment of the school is by no means up-to-date, but it is quite as good as one might expect, for with such irregular attendance it is, of course, impossible to qualify for Government grants.

Yet this little voluntary school at Brentford represents the high-water-mark of educational provision for canal boat children, so far as it has yet gone. The various school authorities seem to have given up in despair the attempt to educate these children, and the Education Department's report for 1901-2 dismisses the matter with a simple *non possumus:* "So long as children of school age are permitted to live upon the boats, no effective means can be devised for securing their regular attendance at school." The only way in which boat people can give their children a satisfactory education is by leaving them on shore in charge of friends when they go on canal journeys, and it is encouraging to know that many are sufficiently alive to the best interests of their children to make arrangements of this sort.

Whether the best remedy for the present state of things lies in the extension and regulation by local educational authorities of the system of boarding out children with foster-parents, allowing them to return to the boats in holiday time, or whether women and children should be entirely prohibited from living on canal boats, and the men thus compelled to set up homes on shore, is a question on which there may well be differences of opinion. But that some reform of the present system is urgently needed is a proposition that hardly admits of discussion. Already, since the passing of compulsory education laws, one generation has grown up on our canals in almost total ignorance, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the new educational authorities and to Parliament if another generation of English children should be deprived of their birthright —the right of receiving an efficient elementary education. It is painful to hear—as I have heard—a young man decline the gift of a book on the ground that he "ain't no scholard"; and when one learns that he is fighting a grim fight against habits of intemperance, one feels that the lack of intellectual resources must make the struggle doubly hard.

But not until the State takes in hand this much-needed reform, we may hope that the little private school at Brentford will continue its beneficent work. In spite of the adverse circumstances attending its work, the influence of the day-school, and perhaps still more of the Sunday-school, has already been widely felt. Mr. Owen J. Llewellyn, His Majesty's Inspector of Canal Boats, stated at a meeting not long since that he had frequently heard children in the Midlands singing hymns which they told him they had learned at the Brentford Mission School.

On Sunday evenings in the winter the schoolroom becomes a chapel, and a little service is held, which the boat people can feel is entirely their own. The same people are never seen on two consecutive Sundays, and though each gathering is necessarily small, the total number of canal people who attend the service whenever they get a chance would make up a very good congregation. When Mr. Bamber came to Brentford seven years ago there were only two of the men who ever attended a place of worship; and as these continue their association with their own churches, it cannot be said that Mr. Bamber's work is carried on at the expense of any other religious community, and the friendliness of all the local religious leaders is a testimony to the absence of anything like proselytizing. In the summer-time an

open-air service is held on the canal bank, where a large shed is available in case the weather should prove unfavorable.

But to understand the real influence which Mr. Bamber undoubtedly has over these people one must see him in his daily work of cabin to cabin visitation. I was privileged to accompany him on some of these visits, and shall not soon forget the kindly tact and the gentle, affectionate earnestness of his words and manner. About three hundred families form Mr. Bamber's "parish," though of course only a few are at Brentwood at any one time. He seems to know most of the people quite intimately, addressing them by their Christian names and asking after friends and relatives. It was pleasant to see how warmly the missionary was welcomed by men, women and children alike. After inquiries about business and family affairs, he would read a few verses of Scripture, adding a few earnest words of appeal and admonition, and perhaps, offering a prayer.

The words spoken are always of the simplest. It is not theological subleties that these people want; they have no concern with Darwinism or the Higher Criticism. They are only to be reached by "the old, old story," told as simply as to a child. For they are a simple folk, and sometimes astonishingly ignorant. Mr. Bamber has met men and women who could not tell how Christ died and who did not know the Lord's Prayer, and others who, remembering some few words of prayer or Scripture learned in childhood, would say, in answer to his inquiry, "Oh, I don't know nothing about the meaning." Many of them can have had scarcely any religious instruction in their lives until they came under Mr. Bamber's influence at Brentford. "It is only here," said a boatman to Mr. Bamber one day, "where we get cheered and lifted up in our struggles."

On the top floor of the mission house is a maternity room, which has proved a great boon to some of the women. Last year four babies were born in the room, and the work is likely to be further developed if better accommodation can be obtained. This work is not a charity in the ordinary sense of the word; the women pay 2s. 6d. a week for the use of the room, and make their own arrangements for the services of a nurse. The canal folk are not, as a rule, desperately poor; their great need is not alms, but sympathy and brotherliness. And that is one of the chief reasons of Mr. Bamber's success amongst them. Never did pastor or missionary give himself to his work with more wholehearted devotion. His great hope is that he may be able to work for the rest of his life among the canal folk whom he loves, his one ambition being to serve their highest interests.

An important development of the work at Brentford is likely to take place in the near future. A site has been acquired and plans have been prepared for a new Canal Boatmen's Institute, which will replace the present inadequate mission premises. The new building, for which more than half the cost has already been subscribed, will not only provide improved accommodation for the day-school and the maternity room, but also reading and recreation rooms for the men and women. At present these people have no meeting place except the public-house. The provision of warm and well-lighted rooms, where they can gather on winter evenings to improve their education or indulge in innocent recreations and pleasant social intercourse, should prove an effective way of counteracting the evil influence of the drink shops.

SUNSET ON THE YUKON.

THROUGH THE YUKON.*

BY S. MORLEY WICKETT, PH.D.

Extent of the Yukon.

THE Yukon Territory is a huge district of approximately 198,000 square miles on the north of British Columbia, between the Mackenzie River on the east and Alaska on the west. It lies in the same longitude as Norway and Sweden from Christiania northward. The auriferous gravels extend r such an enormous area that res can hardly be given. The ndike gold fields, as popularly unstood, however, cover a small area thirty to forty square miles, nded by the Klondike, Yukon and ian Rivers. But prospectors have n busy, and the country to the th, the west, and the south is here there awakening into life.

f you travel northward from the at coast range to the north of Bri- Columbia, you will find that the eral elevation tends to fall all the r until you reach a range about nty miles north of Dawson. The st mountains show a maximum alti- e of about 19,000 feet, which idily diminishes as you go north, l the highest point in the Klondike, Dome, which some vainly expected be the "mother lode" of the allul gold, is only 3,700 feet. The ndike is thus, as it were, an exsive valley sheltered behind the st mountains. This geographical ation determines the climate of the

S. MORLEY WICKETT, PH.D.

Yukon. To the fall and elevation of the country add the fact that the coast range sifts the cold, damp winds of the coast of their moisture, and it will be understood how we find the interior of the Yukon so dry. Add further the intensity and long duration of the northern sunshine from May onward, and it will be easily understood, as Mr. Treadgold remarks, how it is that we can pass from winter on the Alaskan coast, as early as May, into summer in the Yukon interior, though faring due north all the time.

It is probably the Alaskan coast and extraordinary tales of winter hardship which have given people the impression that the interior of the Yukon is a land of almost eternal winter. In the romantic days of a couple of years ago photographers had a great run on fantastic winter scenes. But the man

For the use of most of the cuts illustrating article we are indebted to the courtesy of J. Younge, Esq., Secretary of the Canadian ıufacturers' Association.

COMING DOWN THE YUKON.

of the camera reports now that the demand has veered almost solely to truer pictures of mining life. In the interior, as a matter of fact, from May to September there is no snow to speak of. Spring, summer and autumn differ but little from similar seasons, say in Quebec; only the air is even more delightful. Spring begins about the middle of April, and summer—green, sudden, delightful, and nightless—bursts forth in another month. From August 20th to October 7th it is autumn, with touches of frost at night, and the poplars here and there are one blaze of gold.

Some of the creeks tumble into life early in April, the Klondike not until the end. The ice "goes out" about May 10th, but, higher up, Lake Labarge holds freight in check until June. Boats from the lower river (that section of the Yukon River below Dawson) do not reach Dawson until the middle of July.

In November snow falls to an average depth of two feet. The great depths of snow recorded of the north will be found only in the passes. By the 1st of December the ice is safe for the travel of the stages. The thermometer dips lowest, 60 to 70 below, in January and February. In the almost complete absence of wind, and on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, Yukoners compare 20 to 25 below zero to our occasional zero. But after that tales vary. The young men said it was keen; some said magnificent.

One is often asked as to the daylight and night. The 110 days of summer have an average sunlight of 20 hours: for about half the summer there is

CITY OF WHITE HORSE.

continuous day. A little darkness comes by July 20th, gradually increasing, until in December or January daylight or twilight lasts but from 10 to 2.

Remarks on the northern climate are incomplete without mention of Klondike vegetation. Opposite Dawson is a farm of eighteen acres, which next year will be forty. This is really the first season that the people in the Klondike have known the capacity of their summer in this respect. Next year most of the table vegetables will be raised locally. The flower gardens surrounding the cabins are inviting sights.

The Journey to the Klondike.

From Vancouver to Dawson by the White Pass Railway is a fascinating seven days' journey of 1,426 miles—a refreshing sail of 867 miles in the quiet water of the inner channel to Skagway, and amidst the splendid scenery of Queen Charlotte, Prince of Wales and the host of other islands; then a seven or eight hours' run of 111 miles, 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, over the White Pass and along the shores of Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett to White Horse: and three days down the broad, swift-running, but shallow Lewes River, or Yukon, as it is usually called, to Dawson, 448 miles. The current of the Lewes is about five miles per hour.

For those who do not wish to take the boats or drift down from White Horse on scows or rafts, there is the Government waggon road from White Horse to Dawson, which will be completed this autumn. The road is about eighty miles shorter than the river.

Every foot of the road northward

FRONT STREET, DAWSON CITY.

interests the new-comer ("Chechacker"). Here and there the pack trails of the stampeders of 1898, skeleton log cabins, piles of empty cans, and fragments of queer hand-made crafts are mute monuments to that wonderful band who rushed northward in their eager quest three or four years ago.

The contrast is striking between the ease of travel now and then. You can travel to Dawson to-day with practically as great comfort as from Toronto to Halifax. As long as the Yukon remains a mining camp this trip northward will remain a delightful tourist route. While speeding along the shores of Lake Bennett I recall passing a train carrying a party of tourists from Boston *en route* to White Horse.

I have mentioned the shortest route first because it is the shortest. The second—the original—means of access to the Klondike is the water route via the port of St. Michael's, just south of Behring Strait, 2,739 miles from Vancouver, thence 1,800 miles up the Yukon to Dawson. By this route Dawson is 4,500 miles distant from Vancouver, as against 1,426 miles via the White Pass.

It may be well to add that winter causes no interruption to ocean and railway traffic by the White Pass as far as White Horse. The new waggon road for the rest of the way will prevent interruption in November and in spring to passengers. In leaving Dawson for home one "goes out." In going to Dawson one "goes in." In winter you "go in" over the ice in an

open sleigh. In the course of the week's drive down river only the driver is said to be occasionally frozen, and at the next road-house speedily unfrozen and regaled, which seems to be the more essential.

Dawson City.

A few years ago a traveller to the interior of Central Africa told of his surprise at coming suddenly upon the neat gardens of the natives. Dawson, at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers, in 64½ deg. north latitude, spreading out with an impressive front of piers and large warehouses and the bustling life of a distributing centre, arouses like feelings. According to the Dominion census the city had a population of 9,142, and the Yukon Territory one of 27,219, including 2,600 Indians. The city, however, has a very shifting population, which declines in the fall and swells in the spring.

The town is laid out in regular streets at right angles to each other, the through streets being called avenues, 1st to 6th, and the cross streets, King, Queen, Church, etc. Its large warehouses, immense departmental stores, where everything can be procured from a pin to a haystack, its extensive Government buildings, its wooden pavements and good roads, its telegraph, telephone and electric lighting apparatus, and its many fine shops, hotels, and houses give it an unexpected aspect of stability. There are two theatres, three daily newspapers, six sawmills, two banks, two well-equipped clubs (the "Zero," and the "Arctic Brotherhood"), and four churches, the Presbyterian costing $50,000. Mr. Carnegie has promised $25,000 for a public library building.

Mining Operations.

Several methods of mining are in vogue: (1) Rocking out gold, the "heroic" method of the early days, is still met with here and there. (2) Sluicing, i.e., shovelling the gravels into sluices of running water from which it is washed away, the gold being deposited in "riffles" placed at the bottom of the boxes, is also done. (3) There is, to my knowledge, in the Klondike one large steam shovel at the mouth of Eldorado Creek. This machine works by "open cuts." (4) Dredging the river bottoms is now being seriously practically tested. I refer to Mr. Ogilvie's work on the Stewart river. If this work results profitably many dredges will doubtless set to work in the very near future. (5) Hydraulicing, is, in the opinion of one expert, the most suitable method for the Klondike. By this is meant washing the hillsides by the aid of powerful streams of water shot through "giants" with nozzles varying in diameter from two to five and even seven inches. It is an interesting sight to note the effect of water when hurled in large streams against a hillside; the hill melts away as if of sand, the gravel washing down the slope into sluice boxes. Provided sufficient head of water can be secured hydraulicing is extremely effective and economical. (6) Letting a claim out on "lay" is a further method of mining. A "lay" is the lease of a claim against a percentage of the gross output. For an average lay a miner will pay from 50 per cent. to 65 per cent.

On the whole, steam power is being used more and more; hand labor is disappearing, and steam boilers and engines are finding a growing market. Along with the use of steam comes the tendency to consolidate individual claims (250 feet long) into large holdings. Many claims have already been united. We may confidently anticipate the continuance of this policy and

A KLONDIKE GARDEN.

the carrying on of mining operations on a much larger, more systematic and profitable scale than during the present.

A placer camp is ever open to suspicion. It is always on trial. Popular opinion is always inclined to be prejudiced. To discover gold-bearing quartz in position is to touch the springs of life. In spite of an immense area of auriferous country, the great hope of those interested in the Klondike is to discover gold quartz. Of quartz prospects in the Klondike no one can even yet speak with assurance. Of Klondike nuggets, it may be said a large number show quartz as well as gold; and fine specimens of quartz rich in gold have been found in the creeks and in the neighboring mines. Already several hundreds of quartz claims have been recorded, and in some of them much confidence is evinced.

As regards living expenses, people fare remarkably well in the North. The traditional pork and beans and canned goods of the early exploration parties have long been of the past. When on the creeks I invariably sat down to fresh beef, fresh vegetables, pastry and dessert, etc. Meals in Dawson cost fifty cents to one dollar. Board by the month costs from sixty to eighty dollars. Rents, as already remarked, are falling, and in the spring, when renewals are mostly made, more slumps may be expected: but they still remain at a fair figure. Fair living expenses of transients to-

day are from four to five dollars a day; for a miner two to three dollars.

Outlook for the Yukon.

There are, Mr. Wm. Ogilvie says, seven thousand miles of creek in the territory. At most two hundred miles have been opened up to date, and a further fifty miles fairly well prospected. A warning, however, is to be thrown out; it must be clearly understood that geological investigations made up to the present, and the history of other placer camps, do not warrant us in anticipating another Eldorado. Rich gravels may, and doubtless will, be found here and there; but local opinion seems settling down to the belief that the rest of the country is made up largely of lower grade gravel which, generally speaking, will have to be washed in a large way and with considerable investment of capital.

In conclusion, one may say that the gold-bearing sands are undoubtedly of immense area; though the output may fluctuate, and even conceivably fall much lower than this year, the camp will remain an important one for many years—how many no one can say. Its life depends on too many contingencies for any one to place a limit. Productivity, moreover, must always be estimated in comparison with costs. The cost of mining in the Yukon has fallen fully fifty per cent. since 1899; next year it will be lower still.

RUSSIA, 1905.

Russia, thy day in wrath and woe is dying,—
  War-shock, then long war-languor, and the slow
  Upcreeping of that last resistless foe,
The night of death, that heeds nor smiles nor sighing,
Whose silent finger falls on the denying
  And the believing on Siberian snow
  And throned halls, on lords that come and go
And rebel ones their country's shame decrying.

Yet night must pass that day again may rise,—
  Old Russia dead shall yield new Russia living;
Red wrath and sanguine woe are ministries
  That tell the virtue of a large forgiving:
A nation's growth, a people naught dissevers,
A way for every man, and men for all endeavors.

JAPAN, 1905.

O kingdom of the sunrise, land of hope,
  With beckon of the future on thy brow,
  Yet in thy clasp the sure eternal Now
That spells thee victor, while in vain they grope
Who would undo thee, potentate or pope,—
  Keep, keep the spirit of thine ancient vow,
  Nor let achievement ever blind thee, thou
Youth among lands, yet old as Ethiope.

In the Far West waits Europe,—on thine east
  America, the vast, elate and free;
To each stretch out a hand of love, released
  From warring;—to the brother nations be
Frank in thy friendship, steadfast in thy stand,
True in thy trust, indeed the Sunrise Land!

—*Geo. H. Clarke, in Service.*

HARBIN AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

THE whole landscape around Mukden, says Frederick A. North, a war correspondent in Manchuria, writing before the recent retreat of the Russians from the holy city of the Manchus, was filled with the camps of soldiers. Stretching away beyond the horizon were vast hosts of Russian cavalry, infantry and artillery. I visited these camps, and saw the soldiers in their tents and on duty. These forces were rapidly increasing every day by the addition of fresh troops from Siberia and European Russia. With special care I noted the train arrivals for more than a week. On an average, there were twelve trains every twenty-four hours, two-thirds of which were loaded with soldiers; other trains were bringing horses, provisions and the munitions of war, with, perhaps, a daily arrival of a Red Cross train. On each of these eight trains were from three to five hundred soldiers, making a daily arrival at Mukden of three to four thousand men. From personal observation, which extended all along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, from Mukden to St. Petersburg, I should judge Russia to have been transporting to the seat of war from seventy to one hundred thousand soldiers per month. The Russian forces under Kouropatkin, in the vicinity of Mukden at the present time, number about three hundred thousand men, Oyama's forces opposing him being of equal strength. A Russian officer told me that his government would continue to pour troops *into* Manchuria, stopping nothing

ON THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.

short of seven hundred thousand men, and that the Japanese must ultimately leave Manchuria, if it took years to accomplish it. Port Arthur would be retaken by the Russians, should it now fall into the hands of the Japanese. Russia, he declared, has come to Manchuria to stay.

On the top of the tallest tree of a pine grove, a little south-west of Mukden station, and across an expanse of a score or more of busy side tracks, was to be seen the banner of the Red Cross Society. Here were two camps of Red Cross field hospitals, one of which was under the control of Russian Red Cross authorities, the other under that of the Dutch Reformed Church of St. Petersburg. At these camps I was a welcome visitor. Many sick and wounded soldiers were here receiving some of the hospitalities of home, their number constantly increasing by fresh arrivals from the battle-fields of Liao-Yang. The Red Cross was fully prepared for active field work, being equipped with medical and surgical supplies, horses, mules, and

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF HARBIN.

ambulances, with baggage waggons and carts for transporting their tents and camp appliances. Wherever the army goes to battle, the camp of the field hospitals follows in its wake, to care for the sick and wounded. Similar work of the Red Cross Society was observed in connection with the Japanese army.

Some of the Red Cross trains are very elegantly equipped. The cars are of pure white, with a single red cross on the side, and within them is to be found every provision for the comfort of unfortunate officers and soldiers, including a place of public worship, and a spiritual adviser in the person of a priest of the Greek Church. Russia is not sufficiently provided with cars of this description, and so she has in her hospital service third-class cars, and even box cars of the same kind as those employed in transporting the rank and file of her soldiery.

Directly to the west of the railway station, *and just north of the* Red Cross camps, were located a long line of huge ovens, in which the Russians baked their large loaves of rye and barley bread. Close by were the stock yards, into which were being gathered great numbers of horses, mules and cattle for the use of the army. Northwest of the railway station, and bordering along the side tracks, were numerous storehouses filled and overflowing with accumulated army supplies. Even tarpaulin covers had been brought into requisition for the protection of unhoused goods. Still further to the north-west of the station were the sand-pits used for grading the road-bed and the laying of side tracks. Just north-east of the station is a Chinese village, which is greatly prospering on account of its extensive trade with the army.

On Sunday morning, I very clearly heard the soul-inspiring singing of the grand religious service of the Russians in one of the near-by camps, and I proceeded to the spot and united

RAILWAY STATION AT HARBIN.

with them. A bishop and his assistant priest, wearing robes trimmed in purple and gold, stood on reed matting before a table spread with black velvet, on which rested the Holy Bible, the Sacred Icon, the censer and the great Golden Cross. Every man, near and far, with uncovered head, crossed himself and prayed. No other peoples are so "religious" as the Russians.

When it rains, the black, sticky soil becomes a slough of despond. Frequently Chinese carts are stalled in the middle of the muddy street. I have seen whole batteries of heavy cannon stuck in the mud when six or eight horses were hitched to each piece.

My journey from Mukden to Harbin, though a distance of only three hundred miles, occupied five days. All trains bound for the seat of war having the right of way, our train was side-tracked more hours than it travelled. The railway stations through Manchuria, together with requisite buildings for operatives, are constructed of stone or brick on substantially the same pattern. At every railway bridge and culvert throughout Manchuria a guard is stationed to protect it from injury or destruction by Japanese spies, or bands of Chinese brigands, called Hunghoozas. The Japanese have made many desperate attempts to destroy bridges of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and some have been caught in the attempt and executed. At frequent intervals, where guards have been stationed, signal posts have been erected, which, being some twenty feet in height, are wrapped with straw and topped with a can of petroleum. When an enemy approaches, a wire is used to release the oil, which flows down upon and saturates the straw. This, then, is ignited, producing great flames, and giving the signal for assistance to military posts for miles along the line.

The regular stations all along the Trans-Siberian Railway were originally built at intervals of from six to ten miles. In order to facilitate the train service for the war, sub-stations between the original ones are now being rapidly established along the whole extent of the road, thus giving it an efficiency approaching a double track line.

Harbin, especially its newer portion, which is on the high ground east of the railway station, unlike other cities

THE RUSSO-CHINESE BANK AT HARBIN.

of Manchuria, Dalny excepted, is a typical modern Russian city. The older part of Harbin, which is down on the banks of the Sungari River, has a mixed population, consisting of Chinese and of different nationalities of Europe. Besides being the junction of the two branches of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, one extending about five hundred miles to Vladivostok, the other some five hundred miles to Port Arthur, Harbin is the distributing centre of an important river commerce, carried on by steamers along the Sungari to Khabrovsk, thence by the Amur to the Pacific.

The great eight-span steel bridge across the Sungari at Harbin is truly an important achievement of modern engineering. It is guarded at both ends by detachments of soldiers, and no one is allowed to approach it. Even when trains are crossing it, all the doors and windows of the cars are closed, and no one is permitted to stand on the platform—a remark, however, which holds true for all the large railway bridges in Manchuria.

The Russo-Chinese Bank is an important financial institution of Harbin. On account of the great crowd of its customers I was much delayed in transacting a little business there. This is but one of a large number of banks operated by the same corporation and under the same name in Mukden, New Chwang, Peking, Dalny, Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Irkutsk, and other important cities.

Harbin is also an important military headquarters. It is the leading centre for hospital service in all Manchuria. Trains are constantly bringing disabled soldiers here from the front. War prices prevail here as elsewhere in Manchuria and Siberia. A large new railway station, splendid office and business blocks, new residences and churches are in process of construction. The location and surroundings, the improvements and business of Harbin, indicate that the city will become metropolitan and influential.

Space forbids mentioning the many interesting experiences of my journey of more than six thousand miles from Harbin to St. Petersburg. I noticed stupendous improvements being made on the Trans-Siberian Railroad—straightening the track, ballasting the road-bed, putting in new bridges, erecting sub-stations, introducing new

MANCHURIAN VILLAGE.

and more powerful locomotives, operating the newly completed road around the south end of Lake Baikal, and laying a double track over the Ural Mountains. I saw vast fields of grain and thousands of herds of cattle, horses, mules and sheep grazing upon the ample acres of Siberia and European Russia. Russia's great cities are prosperous, and her country is filled with plenty.

Dr. F. E. Clark was one of the first party of foreigners to go around the world by the new Trans-Siberian all-steam route. A great deal has yet to be done to bring the Trans-Siberian road up to the standard of our Canadian Pacific, which comes next to it in length under one management. We quote from Dr. Clark's interesting narrative :

"It is the custom of the few travellers who have crossed this line, or any part of it, to poke fun at the Trans-Baikal Railway. And, indeed, it is not hard to do so. With its crawling trains, its inordinately long stops, its primitive rolling-stock, it does not inspire much respect. It reminds one of the railway in the United States called a 'tri-weekly road,' which was explained by its president to mean that a train went up one week, and tried to come down the next.

"All the ancient and hoary railway jokes," says Dr. Clark, "like the one about the boy who started on a half-fare ticket, and was so old before he reached the end of his journey that he had to pay full fare for the last part, are cracked and appreciated by the passengers on this line. Yet it must be remembered that this road was largely built for military exigencies, and that no one is asked to travel over it, but rather discouraged by Russian officials; then the jokes lose their best points.

"Still, it must be confessed that the road seems to tithe the mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of railway construction. For instance, the water-towers are beautiful, stately structures, and the stations are very creditable, even for an old railway, but the rails are light and constantly breaking and giving way, and delaying traffic for days at a time. 'Two streaks of rust across Siberia,' is the exaggeration of a friend, which has an element of truth in it.

"Many parts of the embankment have been carefully sodded, the sods being pegged down with great care, but the road is very imperfectly ballasted, and is rough almost beyond belief. The culverts and small bridges are buttressed with cut stone, carefully dressed; the cars, as I have said, are exceedingly poor and filthy.

"Still the road is evidently built for the future, and all these defects will, in time, be remedied, and the Trans-Baikal section will take its place as an important link in the greatest railway of the world."

Dr. Clark writes thus of its mid-continental section: "The accommo-

STATION ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

dation even in the 'car de luxe' was none too good. The fifth-class were simply box-cars, with no seats, and marked on the outside, 'to carry twelve horses or forty-three men.' Into these cars there crowded, helter-skelter, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, Russians and Siberians, Moujiks and Chinamen, Tartars, Buriats, and Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans.

"If there were fifth-class cars, there were plenty of sixth and seventh-class people—some in rags, and many in tags, but few in velvet gowns. Old Moujiks, with half a dozen half-naked children, filthy with a grime that has accumulated since their birth, and alive with unmentionable parasites, crowded every car, or, rather, human pigpen, as each car soon becomes. Odors, indescribably offensive, made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin, grew worse the longer the car was inhabited, and one simply resigned himself to the inevitable, and lived through each wearisome hour as best he could.

"We never get away from the prisoners in Siberia, and two cars, immediately in front of ours, were filled with these poor wretches. Before these cars, at every station, marched four soldiers with set bayonets. The heads of the prisoners, shaved on one side only, would have betrayed them even had they escaped for a little.

"I must record that, in the midst of the filth and discomfort and unutterable odors of this hard journey, we met with many courtesies and kindnesses from the most unpromising of our fellow-travellers. Some of the peasants were ladies and gentlemen at heart, who would incommode themselves to promote our comfort, and were never too preoccupied to lend a helping hand, or to supplement our exceedingly limited Russian. We discovered a 'fourth-class guardian angel,' who took us under his special protection, and was never weary of offering little kindnesses. He even wished to share with us his black bread and some curds, which we found it difficult to refuse without hurting his feelings."

In six days our tourists travelled less than eight hundred miles, or less than

six miles an hour. They had exasperating stops to transfer luggage.

"The devout character of the Russians was shown by the fact that every third-class waiting-room had its shrine, with beautifully-framed pictures of Christ and the Madonna, and some of the Eastern saints. Before these icons often burned ceremonial candles, and smaller candles were to be had by devotees for two or three kopeks apiece. Rapt travellers, with uplifted eyes, were often to be seen crossing themselves before these icons."

Our tourists were thirty-eight days coming from Vladivostok to Moscow. The genial traveller was profoundly touched with the physical and religious needs of the interesting people of the great northern empire. They were kind, courteous, and humane, and under wise rule are capable of developing rich and generous character.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY R. BOAL.

Surpassing all the knowledge of his peers
Browning stands first in introspective lore,
Rabbi Ben Ezra through all future years
Is magic key unto the mystic door,
That opens to the soul a jewelled mine,
Apparent discords, harmonies divine!

Yea, we know naught, and seeing but a part
Of Truth's great vision that his spirit saw,
Forth from the page out gleams the shining dart
Of light that shows on spirit-robe the flaw:
Dark Renan's sophistries are met by thee,
Potter and clay endure eternally.

And here amid this ever-changing dance
Where ghost-like forms incessantly gyrate,
Mimes, in the great God's shape, so madly prance
That some might deem that in a future state
The unawakened soul is taught to feel
The impress of the Potter and His wheel.

West Montrose.

PRAYERS IN PARLIAMENT.*

IT is very gratifying to know that in so many of the legislatures and parliaments of the world the governance and guidance of Almighty God is so directly besought. The offering of public prayers in these parliaments and legislatures cannot fail to have a subduing influence on the strenuousness of party conflict and ameliorating the bitterness of party feeling.

At the daily opening of the Imperial Parliament both public and press are debarred the privilege of being present in the House during prayer time. Why this should be the case it is hard to say. But the fact remains. The early arrival, both in the Press and Strangers' Gallery, finds himself confronted by the plain brief announcement, "Speaker at Prayers."

The members themselves pre-empt their seats—they have no desks assigned as with us—by placing their hats upon their seats and are themselves often absent from prayers. An irreverent wit has described the rows of empty seats as "The House in the *hat*itude of prayer." We have heard of Methodist Conferences where the members were not all in their places at the opening exercises. Still enough of the members are present to give permanent value to this worthy act of worship.

For over three hundred years this admirable custom of prayers in Parliament has been in vogue. It is not clear at what time in history any special formula was prepared. "If any such was used prior to the Reformation period it would probably have been in Latin. It is not possible to trace any 'Form of prayer' being used during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., or Mary, but it is certain that from the very commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth formal prayers were used in Parliament." During the first twenty years of the reign of "Good Queen Bess," the Litany was regularly used, together with some special form of prayer that God might guide the Honorable Members in their deliberations and lead them to frame only such laws as were for the common good.

The day's Parliamentary proceedings, which usually begin at three of the clock, are opened with a petition for Divine guidance and help, which runs:

"Almighty God, by whom alone Kings reign, and Princes decree justice; and from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding; We Thine unworthy servants, here gathered together in Thy name, do most humbly beseech Thee to send down Thy Heavenly Wisdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our consultations: And grant that, we having Thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the glory of Thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true Religion and Justice, the safety, honor, and happiness of the King, the publick wealth, peace, and tranquillity of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian Love and Charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.—*Amen.*"

Then follows the reading of the short Psalm which begins our Canadian service.

When the reading of the Psalm is concluded, the voice of the Chaplain is heard, saying, "The Lord be with

* Abridged in part from All the World.

you," to which the answer is given, "And with thy spirit." After the recital of the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer, there follows an invocation for their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family.

The devotional proceedings are concluded with the Apostolic benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore." Scarcely has the "Amen!" been spoken than the chief doorkeeper's call is heard, "Speaker in the chair!" and the doors are opened and the day's public business is started.

At the present time Members of Parliament stand during prayers, but at one period in history both the Clerk and the House went through their devotions kneeling. There is at least one case recorded in support of this, though the method of conducting the service and its order were occasionally varied. Mr. Speaker once found it incumbent upon himself to deliver a short oration. A few days later we learn that "Mr. Speaker, coming to the House after eleven of the clock, read the usual prayer, omitting the Litany for the shortness of time."

The Puritans are said to have been responsible for some of the changes in religious procedure at St. Stephen's. They were not too partial to the Book of Common Prayer, and disliked the Litany, which, until 1580, was read within the walls at Westminster. At this sitting of Parliament, however, a zealous member, Paul Wentworth by name, moved that there might be a sermon delivered every morning before they sat.

We are not aware that this suggestion was ever carried into effect. Those were the days when a sermon was a very formidable thing, in point of duration, at any rate; besides, many of the preachers had a way of saying what they meant in the most unequivocal language. The tabloid sermonette of to-day is a very different thing to its ancestors of the Cromwellian period. The day may come when the worthy Paul Wentworth's suggestion will be adopted.

In addition to the whole reign of Queen Elizabeth, and most probably when James I. was king, also during the beginning of the reign of Charles I., prayers were used. Formal prayers gave place to extempore petitions in 1644, when the Book of Common Prayer was "disused and prohibited." During the whole of the time of the Commonwealth, printed or written prayers were superseded by extemporaneous utterances. During the last year of Cromwell's time an effort was made to renew the practice of reading prayers.

In 1659 one Gauden delivered a sermon pleading for the old order of things, on the ground that the printed or written Word reminded members of their duty in the House. He said that it was "much more significant, grave and pertinent, than such seraphick, or rambling and loose, or odd expressions as some men are prone to use, either in affected varieties, or in their tedious tautologies." Extemporaneous prayers were discontinued after 1660, and the printed Word was thereafter used. At one period it was the duty of the Clerk to read the petition, and at another the Speaker either prayed extempore or read the devotional exercise.

Far be it from us to join with those who say that the House of Commons is past praying for. For every

measure passed into law that makes for the betterment of mankind we rejoice, and join in earnest prayers that the gentlemen who are returned to St. Stephen's now and hereafter, whether they sit to left or right of the Speaker, may be worthy in the highest sense of the great responsibilities which rest upon them, responsibilities affecting not only the many phases of our national life, but influencing for good or ill that Greater Britain beyond the seas—aye, and the whole world itself.

In the Dominion Parliament the form of prayer copies very largely that of the British House of Commons. In the Senate the prayer begins with the short Psalm:

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Then follows the Lord's Prayer and the beautiful and appropriate prayer for the King's Most Excellent Majesty, for the royal household and the Dominion of Canada. We omit the section which is common to both forms of prayer.

O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward; and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

Almighty God, the fountain of all goodness, we humbly beseech thee to bless our gracious Queen Alexandra, George, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with thy heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness; and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

Most gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, as for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty's other Dominions in general, so especially for this Dominion, and herein more particularly for the Governor-General, the Senate and the House of Commons, in their legislative capacity at this time assembled; That thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of thy glory, the safety, honor and welfare of our Sovereign and his Dominions; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These and all other necessaries for them and for us, we humbly beg in the Name and through the Mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour.—*Amen.*

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.—*Amen.*

In the Commons the prayers are somewhat shorter, embracing the prayers for the King, the royal household and the Dominion. It is read on alternate days in English and in

French. We present the French version:

O Seigneur! notre Père Céleste, Haut et Puissant, Roi des rois, Seigneur des seigneurs, le seul Souverain des princes, qui contemplez de votre trône tous les habitants de la terre! nous vous supplions du fond de nos cœurs de regarder avec faveur Sa très gracieuse Majesté, le roi Edouard, et de le remplir tellement de la grâce de votre Saint-Esprit, qu'il fasse toujours Votre volonté et qu'il marche dans vos voies; donnez-lui l'abondance de vos dons célestes; donnez-lui la santé et le bonheur d'une longue vie; fortifiez-le afin qu'il triomphe de tous ses enemis, et finalement, après cette vie, qu'il jouisse de la joie et de la félicité éternelles, par Jésus-Christ Notre-Seigneur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Dieu tout-puissant, source de toute bonté, nous vous prions humblement de bénir notre Gracieuse Souveraine, la reine Alexandra, George, Prince de Galles, la Princesse de Galles, et toute la famille royale; remplissez-les de votre Saint-Esprit; enrichissez-les de votre grâce céleste; favorisez-les de tout le bonheur possible, et introduisez-les dans votre royaume éternel, par Jésus-Christ Notre-Seigneur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Dieu plein de grâces, nous vous implorons humblement en faveur du Royaume-Uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande et des autres possessions de Sa Majesté, spécialement de cette Puissance, et plus particulièrement du Gouverneur général, du Sénat et de la Chambre des Communes, assemblés en ce moment pour faire des lois; qu'il vous plaise de diriger et de faire fructifier leurs délibérations, pour votre plus grande gloire, la sûreté, l'honneur et le bien-être de notre Souverain et de ses possessions; que toutes choses soient si bien ordonnées et établies par leurs travaux sur les fondements les plus solides, que la paix et le bonheur, la vérité et la justice, la religion et la piété règnent parmi nous pendant toutes les générations. Nous vous demandons ces choses et toutes les autres qui nous sont nécessaires, au nom et par l'intercession de Jésus-Christ, Notre Divin Seigneur et Sauveur.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

Notre Pére qui êtes aux cieux, que votre nom soit sanctifié; que votre règne arrive; que votre volonté soit faite sur la terre comme au ciel; donnez-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien, et pardonnez-nous nos offenses comme nous les pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés; et ne nous induisez pas en tentation, mais délivrez-nous du mal.—*Ainsi soit-il.*

In the Ontario Legislature the prayers are identical with those in the House of Commons.

In the Congress of the United States no stated form of prayer, we understand, is adopted, but extempore prayer by a prominent chaplain is used. For many years a distinguished Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher, was the chaplain. The venerable Edward Everett Hale succeeded him in that position.

JAPAN'S REBUKE.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

You hail us now and grant us rightful place
  Beside your civilized and Christian powers,
  Since valorous deeds on carnaged fields are ours,
And war acclaims us as a fighting race,
  Before whose prowess Russia shrinks and cowers.
Think you we make obeisance for the grace,
  Which on our arms such golden praises showers?
No! Rather do we scorn them. To your face
  Japan rebukes you, recreant Occident!
Where were your plaudits in the dull, gray years
  Wherein her studious days and nights were spent,
That art and civilization might increase;
Wherein she learned of One, named Prince of Peace,
  Who o'er a human world wept human tears?

—*The Globe.*

A MINISTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. —Ps. lxvi. 16."

AM to speak to-night, as I announced, to young people. If I make a further reservation, first of all I speak to young men. Let me say, then, by way of introduction, that this verse is not read in your hearing because it is my text in the ordinary sense of the word. I am not going to examine the text. I am not seeking to know what the Psalmist meant in the deeper reaches of his thought, neither am I going to ask you to consider what he told men about Christ's dealing with him after this invitation. The text is read in your hearing to-night as revealing a principle and as suggesting a purpose. I read the text first as revealing a principle. That principle is the principle of the value of personal testimony to the work of God. In another Psalm, the 107th, and the second verse, you find those words: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; let him tell that he is delivered; let him announce the story of his deliverance; let him speak well of his Redeemer.

I am convinced that this was a part of the method of evangelistic work in the first years of the Christian Dispensation. God did not bestow upon all the members of the early Church gifts either for evangelism or prophecy or teaching, but He did by the Holy Spirit call every Christian to the responsibility of witnessing and testimony. Every man and woman who shared in the work of Christ in those early days become forthtellers of the Divine Word as they had experienced it. They were not able in many cases —as men and women are not able still —to deal with the doctrine that underlies, but they were able and still are able to tell of the experience of their own lives. And, my brethren, I am convinced that there is nothing in this world more powerful than that one man should look into the face of another man and say to him: "I speak things I know. God has blessed me."

Among the great Methodist Churches hundreds—nay, I will go further, thousands—of men and women have been brought to God in their experience meetings, their love-feasts, their camp meetings, not by persuasive preaching, not by the eloquent plea of the evangelist—of course, these things have had their place—but by the simple telling by men and women to other men and women of what God has wrought in their own lives. My text suggests this. Says the Psalmist, "Come and hear, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." And there is a verse in the Book of Revelation full of meaning, in the 12th chapter and the 11th verse, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." It is spoken of the great hosts who have

overcome and have reached the Master's presence.

Given to God.

My text is read as indicating a principle, and I suppose I may honestly say as defending my line of action to-night, certainly as suggesting the purpose of this evening's service, that it is not given to a man that his birthday shall fall on a Sunday often, but mine falls to-day, and I want to talk to you about the thirty-seven years through which God has led me to this moment. I want to talk to you, not about myself, save as I may say to you, "My brothers, wherever you are, hear what the Lord hath done for my soul." I have preached to you the principles of the Gospel as well as I know them. I have again and again pleaded with you that you will obey the doctrine and discover the duty. Turn from the method for once and let me speak to you of what I know of God and of His dealings with me, and this in order that I may recommend my Saviour to you and speak with you persuasively out of a life's experience, that you may put the diadem of your manhood upon the brow of my Master, and that you may come to love and serve my King.

I must ask you to bear with me very patiently while I go back over these past years, so few and yet so many, and try to call up in my own mind the formative facts in my life. The first fact is one that I did not know till years afterwards, but it was one of the greatest facts in all my life. From my birth my father and my mother gave me to God for service. They did not give me to God in order that I might be saved; I pray you to draw the line of distinction. They did not take me to some dedication service and dedicate me to God in order that He might have me as His own, but very definitely and very positively from the earliest moment of my life they gave me to Him in order that if it should be His will He would take me in the years that lay ahead and make me His servant, to preach His word, and to do His work and His will in the world, whatever it might be. I was told—it is among the things that I remember most clearly of my early life—that I belonged to God, that I had been given to God, that I must always live and walk remembering if I did wrong I belonged to Him. I am not going to discuss theology with you to-night. I thank God I was trained that way, and that I was never told once in all my life that I belonged to the devil.

A Child's Great Sorrow.

I cannot go back to the early days of my life without remembering Lizzie, my sister. In 1872 there came my first great sorrow—God took her away to Himself, and I was left a child without a companion, for I had never been allowed companions outside my own home up to the time of her passing away. But I go back into the days while she was still with me. I had one recreation, one form of amusement every day and always, and that was preaching. I preached to her dolls long before I preached to you. Dear, sweet soul, she was four years older than I. I think some day we will talk again about those early sermons. I want to show you that I felt that I was God's; that I had to preach; sooner or later I must talk to men and women; and I do not think I preached with greater devotion than I did before I was eight years old. You catch my thought? The influence on a young life of a great fact in the earliest years of that life. My first sorrow, my first real sorrow, the sorrow that abides with me to-night, though nine-and-twenty years have passed, was the sorrow of her

home-going. Do not ever imagine, dear man, and dear woman, that your child is not capable of sorrow. Do not make any mistake. I have known from that day to this that a little child can have a great heart-break. I remember one day down in Cardiff—and I thank God I am going back to preach in the old chapel before I leave this country—getting up one dull January morning at the break of day and walking (a boy of eight, a little child) to a little graveyard and standing by the gravestones with the mists about me and feeling bereft. Do not make any mistake; your child knows what sorrow is. There was a new link with the hereafter. I never thought of heaven from that morning since with a sense of loneliness; I always felt that one waited for me across the river. The number have multiplied since then. That is the second point of influence in my life. First, a great truth stated—I belonged to God. Second, a sorrow turned into joy—a bereavement becoming a link to the Golden City, making me almost familiar in those early days with its streets of gold and its light and beauty. Oftentimes at night in my father's house I lay, before sleep found me, closing my eyes, dreaming myself away to where Lizzie was, and talking with her, and I believe with all my heart in those days God gave her back to me to be a ministering spirit. I believe it to-night. I am not going to discuss spiritualism with any one. Because I have said that, some will write and want to know if I believe in spiritualism. Yes. What do you mean by spiritualism? Trickery, bad spelling, worse grammar, chicanery in the dark? No. But if by spiritualism you mean communion that cannot be written, that cannot be spoken, the subtle, sublime influences of the glorified life to-day—I do believe in these things, and I think that she has watched over me in many a day of darkness and kept me. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation? I could linger a long while in these days. Two things you have got—a great truth stated; a sorrow turned into joy.

First Christian Service.

In 1876 I first spoke to a company of men and women about the things of God (a boy thirteen years old), and I talked to them about those sweet words spoken to the Master: "There is a lad here that hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Why mention this to-night? Because I am now coming to another point in my life of great value. My father believed that God had called me to preach, and encouraged me to do it. I owe more to him than I can ever say. A great many people said he was unwise; that the precocious boy would be a trouble all his life. That may be true, but I thank God that he believed in me. He knew I loved my Saviour. He knew my young heart was burning to say so, and in his own home, in his own room, I first talked to a few people who were gathered together. Next I spoke in a schoolroom in mission services, and I began to work for God that way. And I shall not easily forget how in those earlier attempts to speak there was a double sense upon my spirit,—first that I was beginning to fulfil the calling of my life, that I was beginning to answer the dedication of my earlier years; and secondly, that Lizzie knew. Here was a third formative power in my life—that the door was open, that I was given a chance to talk of my King, my Saviour, my life.

But you will say, "Where was your conversion?" I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I cannot tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure

that at some time in those years to what my parents told me of my relation to God I said "Amen": that at some moment my heart and will responded without knowing it to the claim set up upon me by my loved ones, and I know at that moment the will of the child said "Yes" to the will of the King, and the King took the child into His kingdom and the child was born again. I say that without hesitation. I say it for the encouragement of others who may not be able to find a date when they were converted; but I say this to you also, Be very, very careful that you are converted. If you put the question back on me to-night, "How do you know you are born again?" I do not know how I am born again by my experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, His Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am His, and none can deny me the witness of His Spirit. And I think there is nothing more dangerous than that people should build upon an experience thirty years old, and think they are Christians now because something happened to them then.

Wandering and Return.

What next? I wish I could miss the next one. In 1879, from its beginning to the end of 1880, while I was at school preparing for teaching, and beginning to teach, there came nearly two years of wandering from the Master; two years of heart backsliding; two years in which my Bible was shut; two years of sadness and of sorrow. I am not going into any detail, but I am bound to mention these things. I have a double experience about those two years in my life. To-night I know what they are—an ever-deepening sorrow, and yet an underlying gladness. I feel I would give anything if I could blot out those years of wandering from my Lord. I know that He has blotted them out from His record, but I cannot forget them—the years in which by my speech and levity, and denial sometimes, I dishonored my Master. I would give anything to blot them out, and yet as a worker for God I am sometimes glad they are in. How I have been helped to help the backslider, because I have been able to say to the backslider, "When you go back He will welcome you. He welcomed me and took me back to His heart."

How did I come to wander? I was busy with my studies, but I was in connection with people who would not give me work. Just at that age of life, when the hand ought to be busy, and the heart occupied, and the life devoted to service, I was shut out from Christian service, and away from service. In the midst of busy work, studying, I lost my hold of my Lord. I do not say that service is the only condition of safety. I do not say but that under the circumstances I ought to have been loyal to Him and depended upon Him, and not upon service; but I mark a peril, and I want to say to you, Christian men and women, see to it that your young people are at work for God. I do not want anything to do with work for God that does not find work for your young people and take an interest in them. I got away from my Master because I was shut out from my Master's service, and I got into those two years of carelessness and heart backsliding; but thank God! not for them, but for the experience they gave me at the last of the tender heart of my King and Master.

Another word about those years. How did they end? These people with whom I was associated found out something about my backsliding and my wandering from my Master, and

two men were appointed to see me about it, and one of them did see me. He took me back to Sinai, back to its laws, and tried to frighten me, and I turned my back upon him and all the Church in my will rebellious. And the other man who was appointed came to see me—a man with a great heart. I shall never forget his first question to me after he had said that he knew things were wrong in my life. He looked at me and, with eyes that brimmed with tears, he said: "Does your mother know?" He had done it. And when he saw that he had reached the citadel of my heart, "Well," he said, "you know your mother loves you." "Yes." "Nothing like your Lord loves you." And there and then my heart sobbed out, "Nay, but I yield; I can hold out no more." I came back to my Lord. What did He do? Received me with the kiss of pardon, put on me the robes and the rings and sandals, and said to me—not in human words, but in Divine speech: "My child, I never wanted you to go away; it is all your own fault; come home." I shall never forget how He took me back, how He fulfilled His promise. He healed all my backslidings, and He loved me freely; and I sometimes say I belong to Him by the double right of a first reception and a gracious second reception when I turned to Him from those two years of backsliding.

Years of Preparation.

And what next? Next, new work for God; Divine work immediately taken up. I am talking to all sorts of young men to-night. I am talking to some who want to preach. God bless every one of them. I remember beginning, and my very first address after that restoration to my Master's love was delivered away on the Mendip Hills between Cheltenham and Gloucester. I remember I walked through six miles of snow to talk to a handful of cottagers. I remember something more than the six miles' walk there, and more than the meeting, and that is the six miles' walk home, for dear David Smith gave me a six miles' lecture on my praying. He told me: "You did not prepare that to help anybody; you wanted to show that you could speak." I shall never forget it. It would help you, my brothers, if you went six miles in that way. I thank God. These are little things, are they? You do not know. I have got that written down in my heart, David Smith's honest faithfulness with me at the beginning. I went out the next Sunday night again. The same walk, the same companion, the same room, the handful of people, and I broke down in the middle of my address. I had been praying all the week, and that night half a dozen men were won for Christ. Oh, I thank God for the man who dared to tell me where I was wrong. That is another formative fact, and it has been with me ever since. Work went on. To go further on, skipping the years in which I was studying and teaching. God was preparing me in His own way for other work.

From about the middle of 1884 to 1886 I had another strange experience. I cannot say now that I wish it was out of my life; I thank God it is in. But I think they were the most trying two years of all my life, two years of doubt and darkness, two years in which I felt I was going to lose my hold, not only upon my Saviour, but upon God Himself, two years in which I faced the spectres of the mind. I felt my Bible was going—everything was going. I am not sure that I had not lost everything in the region of doubt.

I thank God I have been there for the sake of the scores of young men who have spoken to me who are there.

Now, how did I find deliverance? Not as I sought it. Not at the beginning. In the study of Christian evidences that followed. It was June 25th, 1886, that I wandered aimlessly—I am quite sure that my feet were guided by God—into a Salvation Army meeting on a Friday night, a holiness meeting, and, as my Scotch friends would say, a wee bit lassie was talking to them with an awful London accent as I thought, and it is awful. She began to talk about sin in the believer, about wrong things in the heart that might be put out by the work of the Spirit of God, and I listened astonished. It was new, I had never heard that. I had never heard anything about "cleansing." Great, blessed, glorious word. How I love it to-day! And God that night spoke to me, and for the time I could no longer hear the doubts that had been suggested to me about His own existence. I was face to face with Him, and He was face to face with me about the inward sin in my life, even though I were His child. In that way deliverance came from the darkness of doubt. It was through a new spiritual conception, a new vision of God as to His requirements in me and His provision for me. I cannot tell you all that happened in my own life then. I only want to say this to you, that it was one of the most marvellous experiences of my whole life—those days in which I faced the question of permitted sin and wrong in the life, and at last found out that, as some of our friends so often say,

> Once I thought I walked with Jesus,
> Yet such changeful feelings had;
> Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting,
> Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

And then, was the doubt gone? Not exactly, but I had a new foothold. I had a new way of facing it, and then began the fight of the spectres of the mind, the search after truth, and gradually from that day to this I have had to fight every inch of foothold, and I thank God at this moment that the things I believe I believe on the basis of a convinced reason. But the door of entrance into certainty was not first through the conviction of the intellect, but the cleansing of the Spirit, and God led me into new intellectual apprehension of the verities of His holy religion by a new spiritual revelation and a new spiritual experience. And almost immediately after that God opened the door for regular service.

Divine Guiding.

It was in August, 1886, that I left the teaching profession and began to preach the Gospel. What shall I say of the years from then until now? Nothing, save that I want to point out to you two crises in my life in those few years. One came in 1888, when God in His providential dealing, full of mystery at the time, closed what seemed to me to have been the door of hope and the door of Divine arrangement. In May, 1888, was one of the red-letter days in my life; one of the darkest of all my life, one of the brightest. And when that door of hope was closed in my life, that for which two years past I had been working, for the entrance through which I had been hoping, and beyond the swinging of which I thought there lay the largest opportunity man could have, God said this to me in the weeks of loneliness and darkness that followed: "I want you no longer to make any plan for yourself, but let me plan your life."

And my brother, my sister, I venture to say to you to-night in all honesty and in the presence of God, so far

as I know, from that day to this I have made no plan for myself, I have not attempted to arrange my future; I have always attempted to leave myself free so that when the wind that bloweth where it listeth should catch the outspread sails I might be carried in a Divine direction. It was a tremendous crisis in my life, the moment when the one string upon which I tried to play the music of my ministry was stretched across the bow of life; the will of God first and last only. And I thank God to-day for the shutting of the door of hope, because when He turned my feet in another direction I found the breadth of His commandments and the glory of His service.

One other thing I must say to you. There was yet another crisis. I am quite sure they are not ended. I am quite sure God has very much more to say to me yet. The last and greatest of all the crises came when I was a pastor of Rugely, just before I went to Birmingham. It came on a Sunday night after a service at which I had preached. We had had an after-meeting, and men and women had been deciding for Christ. I went home to my own study, and sitting there as my habit is in loneliness, no one with me in the last moments of the day, as clearly as though a voice had sounded from the Heavens—there was no voice, of course, but it was an impression upon my spirit as definitely and clear as though I had heard a voice—there came this strange question, "What are you going to be, a preacher or My messenger?"

I did not know what it meant at the moment. Here was an issue. That question coming to me distinctly, clearly, borne in upon my spirit by the Spirit of God, created a crisis. There was a parting of the waves, and then I began to look over my ministry, over that very night's sermon, and I discovered that subtly as you like—most awful in its subtlety—there was creeping into my ministry and into my life the desire to be a preacher, to be known as a preacher, and God said to me that night, "What are you going to be—a preacher, or My messenger?"

How long do you think it took me to decide? Hours, hours. There was no decision until light of morning broke through my study window. It was a great conflict between man and God; it was my River Jabbok; it was the place where God met with me. As the light of morning broke, I said to God, alone, "Master, I will be your messenger."

And do you know how the victory was won? It was won when, in the ashes still lingering, a flame was lit in my fire, and a bundle of sermons burned. But why destroy the sermons? say some. Why not save them? When you step out with God follow Him at all costs; it is no good keeping something in the background. I saw that night that those sermons had been moulded and made with something in them of self, with some desire to shine, and in my Master's presence I put them in the fire, and said, "If Thou wilt give me Thy words, from this day forward I will utter them as I know them." But blessed be His name; I did not win that fight; He won it.

Now, my brother, have you gathered anything from what I have been saying? It has been all illustration, not easy to do. Has this little story of some of the facts in my life helped to make clear to you what I am always trying to preach? The supreme message of my experience to every man is that God is faithful to those that are faithful to Him. All the failures in my life—He alone knows how many they have been; I have no need to parade them before a congregation—

have been due to my waywardness. They have all come because sometimes I have thought I could manage without God. And if in His great grace and condescending mercy He has given me any success in telling men the way of salvation, all the success has been because and when I have let God have headway in my life.

I have no other message. Will you let me now, no longer as your preacher but as your brother man, in the simplest phrase, in commonplace phrase, recommend my Saviour to you. "Oh, that I have grieved His heart, I hereby do repent." Oh, that in my wayward folly I have taken my own way sometimes. I do here and now repent anew, and here and now I testify to His grace, His power, to the breadth and beauty of His kingdom. Do you know what He has taken from me? Evil things—nothing else. Do you know what He has taken out of my life? The things which, if they had remained, would have ruined me for time and eternity—nothing else. And wherever His knife performs the surgery of removal, His healing balm makes well the wound, and in the place where evil was, roses blossom, springs do flow. Men—young men—let me recommend my Saviour to you. He is the fairest among ten thousand. He is the altogether lovely One. His service will never cause you to blush with shame and never to blanch with fear. You can do and dare all honorable things if you are enlisted beneath the flag of the King Jesus. Won't you follow Him? Won't you do it to-night? I have not talked these things simply for the sake of talking them. I want you for His sake, for your sake, for my sake, and for the sake of the world, to follow Him. I have preached no sermon; I have no ending to it. I have done. Won't you take my Saviour? Won't you let my God be your God? Oh, that instead of my words the songs of the redeemed might tell you of His infinite love! Oh, that instead of my picture and testimony you might see Him in all His glory. Then would you follow Him. May God help you! Amen.

OMNIPOTENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thine is the power! A single word from Thee
And the tumultuous waves of life's rough sea
Should sink to rest.
Thy voice would stay the thunder's sullen roar,
Make darkness flee, and raging winds no more
Smite the broad ocean's breast.
And, looking toward the far horizon line,
O'er tranquil waters, we might catch the shine,
Distant but clear,
Of gold-built towers, where Thy City stands,
Set on the hills beyond those stormless strands
To which each day more near
We surely draw. Thine, Thine the power! and still
The surges strive to wreak their angry will
On our frail barque.
Still wail the wild winds over us and round,
Still hoarsely do the threatening thunders sound
From skies that have grown dark,
At noon, as it were midnight! All in vain,
With straining eyes, across the heaving main
So longingly
We gaze and gaze. Only the pale, cold gleam
Of billow-crests makes us a moment dream
Of light one day to be.
Yet light shall be—should be this very hour;
Now should the tempest show that sovereign power
With Thee doth rest
(Since the Omnipotence which rules above
Inseparable is from tender love);
But that Thou seest it best
For us to journey by a storm-lashed sea
Unto the City where we fain would be.
All power *is* Thine!
We glorify Thee now! and now adore!
And we shall praise Thy name for evermore,
When, where the fair towers shine
With an effulgence than the sun more bright,
In Thy glad Light gladly do we see light!

Toronto.

THE MASTERPIECE OF A MASTER MIND.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

THERE are some few books that never deteriorate in value. Repetition of reading never exhausts them or impairs their vitality. They can be read with pleasure once a year, and every perusal is like the renewal of acquaintance with an old and precious friend. Pleasant memories are revived, while some new phase, trait or characteristic is discovered that tends to cement the earlier friendship.

The spirit of a great book is contemporaneous with all time. Variable and progressive may be the mind of man, but human nature in all ages responds to the same vibrations, and the higher needs of the human soul remain the same. It is in so far as a book directly or insensibly appeals to these that its permanency is established. No matter how cleverly or comprehensively written on some popular or transitory subject, it is soon laid aside and forgotten, unless identified with the great and searching problems of law and morals, right and wrong, life and destiny.

One of these books, whose ostensible purpose is a powerful protest against the injustice of the penal laws and customs of the early nineteenth century—in a country boasting of its refinement, order and culture—but more clearly culminating in the transfiguration of a human soul struggling in the grasp of cruel and adverse circumstances, is Victor Hugo's inimitable masterpiece, "Les Miserables."

Delinquents of law and order there undoubtedly were whose liberty was a menace to public safety and who may have deserved their turn at the galleys. But the gross injustice of the law which transplants a petty offender to a hot-bed of base and ignoble crime, retaining him there until the good that was in him is crushed out by cruelty and association, to be supplanted by every degrading sentiment engendered by the very method that is used to remedy it, is apparent.

Here begins the sad and tragic history of Jean Valjean. A dull, inoffensive peasant boy, driven to petty theft by the hungry clamor of his sister's starving children, finds himself the victim of an inexorable law that speedily transfers him to the ignominy of the galleys for a term of five years.

The years of confinement with crime-stained, base, degraded natures, where mercy or justice is unknown, and cruelty the very element of the atmosphere, work their consequent and inevitable evil. The five years' sentence, extended into twenty by unavailing efforts at escape, have transformed the harmless youth into a terrible man, or, rather, beast, fierce with all the smouldering passions of evil, hate, revenge against man and society at large that has so long defrauded him of liberty and rights. Twenty years have been employed in cultivation of the mental faculties that he might use his weapons of retaliation and revenge more effectually on his release.

His first experiences tend only to direct his secret motives. He finds himself, even beyond his sinister expectations, a branded, abhorred, unreclaimable criminal. Society cannot be persuaded into entertaining any favorable or extenuating sentiment for a

man who has passed twenty years in the hulks. Too well it knows no good ever survived that miasmic climate, no nature ever escaped defilement of the deepest dye.

It was at this crisis, cast off and rejected by men, that Jean Valjean met the transforming influence of his life. Denied food or shelter, desperate and despairing, the heart and voice of Christian charity, embodied in the Bishop of Digne, draws him beneath his roof, providing warmth and nourishment; but what more conduces to the redemption of the man, reaches out the hand of sympathetic brotherhood. It was so many years since Jean Valjean had experienced treatment devoid of cruelty and suspicion, he had quite forgotten that kindness still existed.

At the still and solemn hour of midnight the forces of his evil nature led again to flagrant theft. Hold! you that condemn. Is one single act of kindness to outweigh and neutralize the influence of twenty evil-ingrained years?

But justice brings him back to confront him with his crime. But what a course is this that would encourage where it should condemn; could bestow the stolen article on the thief with additional spoil? Law and order will soon be undermined; life nor property continue safe!

Allowance must be made for the perspicuity of the priest. He had dealt with crime and treachery before; he had also practised the teachings of the first High Priest. Jean Valjean had caught a glimpse of heaven, and he knew not whether the voice that whispered in his ear, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil but unto good. It is your soul that I have bought; I redeem it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and I offer it to God," was of man or God.

But evil was not yet eradicated from his nature. He adds another crime to the dark category—the petty theft from Little Gervais, the Savoyard—to awaken to the awful realization of his condition as seen through the illuminating radiance of the Bishop's character.

Who does not stand in awe before the conflict of that darkened, sin-steeped soul? And the pity of it! Law and society ready to strike their relentless heel upon the most trifling deviation of their victim, pitted against the redeeming influence of one sanctified old man, wearing his righteousness as a daily garment. What wonder that Jean Valjean, ignorant and inexperienced as he was, save only in hardship and injustice, should set him up as the personified deity of his soul! Men not half so good as he have rescued sinful souls from death; why should he not save a demon?

Powerful and operative as his influence is, Jean Valjean must work out, otherwise unaided, his own immortal destiny against fearful, almost overwhelming odds. The years that follow verify the sincerity of the man's conversion. The decayed industry of a town revived; peace, prosperity and honest labor secured through him to an entire district, with the moral growth of Jean Valjean outstripping all material progress.

But the hand of fate still relentlessly pursues him. Another is about to be condemned for his, Jean Valjean's, crime, committed on that day when, with the golden candlesticks in his perjured hands, and the Bishop's voice still sounding in his ears, the forces of good and evil were contending in mortal conflict for the possession of his soul. The struggle is renewed, sharper, deadlier than before. Back and forth, like an oscillating pendulum, swings the weight of the decision, gradually

stripped of all external appendages, to hinge at last on the loss or salvation of his own eternal manhood.

Grasping at every incident that might save him, and again thrusting it as ruthlessly and persistently aside, the very soul of the man pronounced itself, even before his final decision, on the side of self-abnegation and popular abasement. Jean Valjean leaves the audience of the court-room a self-convicted but soul-liberated man, voluntarily relinquishing all to take his former station at the hulks.

The last twelve years of honor, rectitude, public charity, and the spread of commercial industry count for nothing against an ex-convict's trifling infraction of the nation's law. A reformed man and useful citizen must be returned to the prison hulks at the expense of the comfort, trade and prosperity of a whole district. Reformation is not credited or accepted. Once a man openly transgresses the arbitrary laws of state, he compromises his whole future. He may contrive to keep out of the hands of justice, but he is reported dangerous and ever subject to suspicious surveillance.

The promise to the dying Fantine to guard her child sustains him in his degrading toil. The attempt to escape subjects him to extreme risk, but it must be hazarded for the child's sake, so strong is his sense of reparation to the woman who through his inadvertence came to her final fall. It is a precarious venture, fraught with consummate impending danger, the dark hand of the law and its grim personification in the form of Javert, the police agent, shadowing the simplest joys and menacing the slightest movement of his life. But the love and devotion incited by the orphan child who comes to be the star and joy of his existence is compensation for all, and he asks no more of humanity, since he can be of no use to it, to leave him to pursue his unoffending way. Only in acts of anonymous and unobtrusive charity can he hope to benefit mankind.

But a new evil looms above Jean Valjean's horizon. Cosette, his treasure, transfers her homage to a younger and more handsome man. This fresh unhappiness seems the keenest pang of all. He would like to have kept her always. But self, so long disciplined to abnegation and effacement where the good and happiness of others was involved, does not falter at the crisis. Jean Valjean's awful and heroic action in the rescue of Marius, the lover of Cosette, following the scene at the barricade, was, as he foresaw, the cross on which his love was to be crucified.

But even this seems insignificant before the act that transcends all: the granting of Javert's release—Javert, who has tracked, hunted, menaced his peace and liberty like a thirsty bloodhound nigh on to forty years. This man out of the way his path lies comparatively free and easy. But the moral grandeur of Valjean survives the crucial test. Liberty of soul and conscience is preferable to liberty of body before the world at such a heavy price.

"You are free," to the wondering, stupefied Javert sounded, he believed, his own doom. Little wonder that this dwarfed, bigoted and narrow brain, fuddled and confounded by repeated exhibitions of a high spiritual order of morals he had never before encountered or suspected could exist, should, after baffling efforts to propound the deepening enigma and right himself in the eyes of lawful justice, seek to wipe out the whole conflicting problem beneath the waters of the Seine.

Through the critical days of Marius' unconsciousness, Jean Valjean resigns himself to the sacrifice of Cosette and the consummation of her happiness.

She need never know the pangs it cost him nor the fearful experience that procured it.

Once more, and for the last time, wages the decisive conflict between private honor and public deception. Shall he continue to conceal his identity, living in hourly self-condemnation, or reveal his true situation, at the risk of social ignominy and perhaps arrest? The issue lies in his own will; he believes himself the sole guardian of his oppressive secret and the result most destructive to himself. But the love—transcendent love—he bears Cosette, and the possible risk to which his deception might subject her, and above all the approval of his own conscience, decides the issue.

That mournful, tragic acceptance of his fate paves the way to final exaltation and establishes him in the hearts of the two whose approval and devotion he covets of all the world. Thernardier, who plotted his death and now his condemnation, unconsciously foils his own base intents by confession, and acquits his would-be victim.

It is graciously conceded to this man, the cruel and ceaseless victim of a perverted law, to die in the bliss of confidence and love. Only in the death hour is unalloyed happiness vouchsafed him, and the spirit of the Bishop of Myriel draws its brother to its side.

"The world can better spare a hundred flesh and blood heroes," some one has said, "than this one creation of Victor Hugo's brain," and true is it that few examples of such grandeur and sublimity of soul will survive the memory and potency of Jean Valjean.

Bloomfield, Ont.

SLEEP.

"So he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint!
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise He giveth His loved ones sleep.

EMPEROR AND KING.*

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

" Who moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."
—*In Memoriam.*

" Helmed and tall, on Baltic sands,
Gray as the gray steed in her hands,
A valkyr waits, and piercingly
Roving the mist-clad, weary sea,
An answer her blue glance demands.

" Comes the sad twilight? Shall the strands
Of Fate enmesh in bitter bands
The Gods—O thou in panoply
Helmed and tall?

" Ah, never, never, while she stands
To glimpse the flash of hostile brands!
This cup, Germania, to thee
I drink. Be ever strong and free,
And guard thou royal, loyal lands,
Helmed and tall!"

SUCH is the prelude to this book—the weird, poetic fancy of the Walkyre guarding the Empire. But, shade of Boswell! the book before us is no biography, rather a panegyric. The biographer must be impartial. He must give a true and unbiased statement of salient facts and traits of character, and thus portray, so far as words may do, a full-orbed picture of the personality before him. But our writer does not do this. She gives only certain phases of the Kaiser's character, and various prominent events of his life, and constantly betrays her own strong prejudices and her positive dislikes. In the whole book she never once mentions the great and talented English princess, Royal Victoria, except to state—in a footnote—that the Kaiser is the son of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter!

But the noble and distinctly capable Crown Princess of Germany had much to do with the education of her royal children, and nothing concerning them took place without her cognizance and co-operation. She had a very decided voice in the choice of Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor to Prince William and his younger brother Henry, and the result proved her clear insight into the character of this wise and judicious educator.

But Bismarck hated the Crown Princess for two reasons: first because she was English, and secondly because she was great, and he was determined that she should never become Empress. This fact explains much that took place during Frederick's fatal illness. Our writer sides with the German party, so-called; condemns *in toto* the faithful friends of the unfortunate Kaiser of ninety-nine days, whom she calls " Friedrichers."

Possibly the most striking fault of the book is this emphatic ignoring of the Kaiser's noble mother. We shall refer to this again. We will only add in this place, that these facts were subjects of conversation in all cultivated circles of society in Germany and in the journals, and we were familiar with the whole history from every point of view, English and German, for, be it clearly understood, there were two distinct parties. We will, however, add here, that there was a

* " Imperator et Rex. William II. of Germany." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1904. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 282. Price, $2.25.

third reason for Bismarck's dislike of the Crown-Princess, later the Empress Frederick, and that was her great sympathy for the women of Germany. She and her noble husband, Frederick, who were one in mind and soul, were resolved that, when they ascended the throne, they would secure the amelioration of the condition of woman in every possible way. With this purpose the Chancellor had not a grain of sympathy. But this is not the place to discuss this question.

The book opens at the university town of Bonn, on the Rhine, where Prince William was then a student. It was in May, and the author draws a picture of the town and the "seductive Lenten weather," and tells us of the predictions of her companion, "Prince Gostchakow, Chancellor of All the Russias." They meet the student-Prince, and the Slav Chancellor remarks: "There is a lad who will some day astonish the world, for he is cast in no ordinary mould."

This has been truly fulfilled. An almost universal interest is continually increasing, but I question whether, even in his own Empire, his true great character is fully comprehended. Many erroneous opinions of the Kaiser have been current, causing his unpopularity, but as many points have been cleared up and proved false and unjust, this previous unpopularity is now almost totally extinct. No one will question that he has created the German navy; but that he has also almost re-made the army, which he passionately loves, and of which he is very proud. It must be confessed that his sternest critics have been forced to admit that he is an earnest, energetic, enthusiastic sovereign, with a penetrating, far-seeing eye, and with a burning desire for the welfare of the great nation over which he rules.

Social reform he has taken very seriously, and his vast will-power generally brings his plans to a happy issue. In the year of his accession to the imperial throne—1888—he uttered these significant words: "The welfare of the laboring classes lies close to my heart." He loves the common people as did his noble father, Frederick the Good, and his English mother, the good and true. He has made the International Labor Conference a fact. It was predicted that he would be a man of war, but how far from the truth, for he is most emphatically a friend of peace. He has made himself master of perhaps every subject in literature, science, the fine arts, and he keeps himself abreast of every forward movement. In science he is a voracious reader and hears lectures by scientists on all new discoveries and inventions. He is a great lover of music and a brilliant linguist of who knows how many languages, for he learned them in childhood. One wonders how he finds leisure to accomplish so much.

The dismissal of Bismarck revealed deepest purpose and a strong will; it proved his strength of character. I do not find that our author's version of it is correct, though she makes a rather fair story. I do not fancy that the Kaiser was so sensitive to Bismarck's ridicule as she represents. Could the Iron Chancellor but have known it, Dr. Hinzpeter had a share in his dismissal from power, and certain trains of thought, at the suggestion of his former patroness and Empress, were presented to the young Kaiser. He would reign, and not be led. He would be no *roi faincant,* no mere figure-head.

William understood well that Germany, like Austria, had no natural frontiers or boundaries, was surrounded by hostile nations with internal tendencies to anarchy, and that, in view of this, his empire, to live and thrive, must possess a strong power at

the heart of it, and this he would be himself alone. The two former Emperors, William I. and Frederick the Good, had been frequently threatened with the Chancellor's resignation, but, at his first threat to William II., it was immediately accepted as a finality.

If William II. is anything, he is a strong and an original thinker and sovereign. When we consider his remarkable descent, this is not to be wondered at. Some of his genealogy is given, but not all. Not only is the Kaiser sprung from Admiral Coligny, but likewise from the formidable Guise family.

The entire history of Frederick's last illness is altogether one-sided. It condemns his visit to England (although everything was being done for the august patient in the Highlands of Scotland and in the Isle of Wight), and his appearance in Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and the author seemingly professes to know every thought of his mind and every pain he suffers, "while he makes his big war-horse curvet gracefully beneath him, and looks confidently ahead to a long succession of blissful days woven with silk and gold."

She finds it "cruel" that Prince William should have been asked to go to the Villa Zirio at San Remo to see his royal father, even if requested to go by his aged grandfather, who could not go himself, when most alarming symptoms of such gravity were reported of the august patient's condition. Sir Morell MacKenzie is never mentioned but with derision and sarcasm. It is well known that the question at issue was whether the Crown Prince could undergo an operation and live. Dr. MacKenzie—as he was then—maintained that he would probably die under an operation, and Professor Virchow supported this view. The German *physicians mostly* opposed this theory. Sir Morell placed Frederick on the throne by prolonging his life.

William I., the Great, died on March 9th, 1888, and Bismarck immediately telegraphed to the new Emperor Frederick that he would not answer for the consequences if he did not arrive in Berlin within a certain time—I write from memory, but think it was thirty-six hours.

On March 11th Frederick and Victoria reached Berlin in a special train, that had accomplished the swiftest trip on record. Now follows the mournful history of that ninety-nine days' reign, first in the Schloss of Charlottenburg, where the dying Emperor took leave of the dead one, whose hearse passed under the windows, and in the first days of June, wishing to die in his dear *Neues Palais*, so beloved by the royal family, the Emperor was conveyed by boat to Potsdam.

The new Crown-Princess, Empress Augusta Victoria, is now spoken of as a true and devoted daughter in the full acceptance of the term, and surely she was, but it is remarked that "she alone had the secret to comfort and soothe him." And where, then, was the great and noble Empress-wife? Late in the afternoon of June 15th—Waterloo Day—1888, that grand and golden-hearted Prince and Emperor, Frederick the Noble, passed to the painless beyond, to the presence of the King of kings, and the heart of his faithful Victoria was broken.

And now his truly great son sits upon the throne of his fathers, blessing a great and noble people. Worthy he is of so great a father and mother, of so good and kind an Empress, happy in his family life, happy in his six sons, and *Prinzesschen Luise*, the seventh child, the pet of the imperial family—the apple of her royal father's eye.

AN HOUR WITH A GREAT PAINTER.*

N a recent visit to London I went to call upon friend Shannon, the celebrated portrait painter, in his studio at Holland Road, Kensington. Being busy with a sitter, I had an opportunity to stroll round the Road, and, noticing the plate on the door, "Watts," I remembered that George Frederick Watts had in his studio a large collection of his works that were open to the inspection of the public. I knocked and was admitted. Being wishful of knowing the history of many of the paintings, I asked to see Mr. Armstrong, who was Mr. Watts' studio assistant. I soon heard his shuffling, slippered feet in the hall, the door opened, and there appeared a shaggy, elderly man, much stooped, wearing a sculptor's smock, his hands, smock, face and beard being smeared with the plaster and clay. He was evidently assisting his master in the modelling of some piece of statuary.

I asked him various questions relative to the history and growth of some of the more important pictures, about the models his master used, and incidents connected with their production. He seemed lacking in the literary quality which knows so well how to interpret for others the emotions of his master's mind, and he said, "Mebbe's 'er would like to see the mawster?" to which, of course, I said, "No, the daylight is precious; I am an artist myself and know the value of daylight moments."

I went on to ply some more questions, and finding difficulty in answering my queries, he said, "Mebbe's the mawster would like to see 'ee." I did not suppose he would, but Armstrong's repeating of the same in the form of a request, I finally allowed him to take my card.

Presently I heard a light footfall approaching the door, which opened, and revealed a tall, graceful, sheik-like form, the venerable head surmounted with a skull cap and the figure draped in a sculptor's gown.

In our conversation he asked if I intended opening a studio in London. On being answered in the negative, he said, "I am very glad, because London is already overcrowded with artists, and many of them are indigent."

"But that is not an experience among the R.A.'s?" I said, questioningly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I am sorry to tell you that many of the R.A.'s are indigent."

"Why! I thought the title R.A. was an open sesame to all success?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "fashion rules in the realm of the Academy as much as it does outside, and many Academicians find little support."

"Ah! but this condition cannot be very general, for many of them are eminently successful, I understand," I said, looking in his direction, as though my remark would convey a personal suggestion.

"Oh, yes, that is true, and I would be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge to being reasonably successful myself; and I think I ought to say that among the conditions which have helped to my success, I believe the setting up of a high ideal in my early days and

* During a conversation with Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the artist, we elicited from him the off-hand sketch of an interview with George Frederick Watts which he had, and which we take the liberty of printing for our readers.—EDITOR.

the unswerving and persistent following of this ideal in spite of opposition, and oblivious to the influence of fads and fashions of the various periods through which I have lived, has, more than anything else, enabled me to achieve what I have in a modest way endeavored to do. I made 'The Utmost for the Highest' the maxim of my life."

"Then I'm not surprised," I replied, "that whatever passing mood or popular shibboleth rules the art world to-day, the artists are unanimous in approval of the judgment of His Majesty in selecting your name for the 'Order of Merit,' which you will allow me to congratulate you upon receiving."

"Thank you," he said. "And by the way, have you any examples of your own work in London?"

I replied in the affirmative, and let him see some photographs of some of my portraits, which were small enough to bring away with me, that I intended showing my friend Shannon.

Mr. Watts looked at them and exclaimed, "Ah! I see. Is portraiture your specialty?" I said it was.

"Well, I congratulate you on the excellent pose and splendid representation of character which you catch evidently." He commented particularly upon certain portraits so approvingly that I felt almost embarrassed.

"This gives me an opportunity," I said, "of letting you know something which had long been a hope that I should be able to say to you, that whatever I may have accomplished in the way of character representation or excellence in portraiture I owe largely to yourself."

"And how is that?" he asked.

"Seventeen years ago," I said, "an exhibition of your portraits was held in New York City. I made a pilgrimage of five hundred miles to view the collection, and discovered then the possibilities of the portrait painter's art, and the inspiration of those hours I have never let go. What your portraits taught me I have sought to paint, and so I owe to you the debt I mention and which I can only pay in thanks."

He bowed graciously and expressed his very great and sincere gratification at what I had to say, and that it gave him as much or more pleasure and satisfaction to hear that, than many of the honors that had been offered him.

Our interview closed with a cordial hand-grasp, and the kindly movement of this High Priest of Art, as though a benediction were given, which I as reverently received.

JAPAN.

BY ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

Roused from the slumber of an age-long night,
She dropped the lacquered armor She had borne,
Nor thought Herself a recreant, forsworn,
Fronting with steadfast eyes the growing light,
Her nightmare dreams all put to instant flight.
Hers not the part, unfruitful years to mourn,
Hers not to cling to what She saw outworn.
She planned anew, based on her ancient right,
A fabric, strong Time's wasting to defy,
Then turned Her thought to choose from out the West,
Whate'er Her wisdom taught would serve Her best;
And now She stands Queen of the rising East,
To lead its Peoples higher paths to try,
Till nations clash no more, and wars have ceased.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS WON.

A STORY OF THE RED CROSS.

BY F. A. TAYLOR.

THE early morning sunshine filtered through the blossoming cherry-trees, for it was April in Matsuyama, on Nippon's inland sea. And the warm brightness passed through the opened walls of Dr. Toshio's study, making a patch of glory on the white mat, where O Noshi San was kneeling at her father's feet.

A very Far East little girl she looked there on the floor, though in her hands were a Western pad and pencil, and swiftly as the doctor talked, his pretty stenographer kept pace, covering page after page with Pitman's hieroglyphics. She was East and West all mixed together, that dainty little maid of Nippon, with her American typewriter on the floor beside her, and her soft blue kimona, with its wide sleeves caught together by a cord behind her, lest they should hinder her at her work.

All around the floor and low table were heaped with soldiers' equipments—clothes, boots, water-bottle, bread-bag—everything except arms, that were worn or carried by the soldier of Russia as well as Nippon. And among this collection the plump little doctor revolved, picking up first one object and then another, as he rapidly described them to the third occupant of the room, a little man who sat on his heels, listening with a gentle, dreamy look in his big childish eyes.

He wore the uniform of a general in Nippon's army, severely plain, as befitted a commander on active service. And, soldier and poet, he was decidedly an interesting personality. Some years before he had been sent to Germany as military attache, the tiniest soldier in uniform ever seen in the Kaiser's kingdom, outside a museum. And many were the mirthful stories told among the important colonels and generals, who constituted the main body of the imperial guests invited to witness the great autumn manoeuvres, at the expense of the little staff-captain from Nippon, with his bland, babyish smile.

William of Germany, it was said, had searched his stables in vain for a horse small enough to mount his little guest, and it was from a circus that one came at last, a tiny creature all over spots. And the amusement of the other guests was so great that they forgot to notice that the little spotted horse always managed to be present at the point of chief interest in the day's operations. The energetic emperor might rise at unholy hours in the night, and do all manner of things that were unexpected, and many a foreign military guest might slip off for a surreptitious nap, but the little captain was always there, and never tired, present at everything that was worth seeing, with his gentle eyes apparently bent on Nirvana.

After leaving Berlin, the little man went to Moscow, where he hunted up a very small horse, and rode serenely across the great Siberian plain, and rugged Manchuria. And for years the Russians who had watched his journey, told stories showing his feebleness in mental capacity, and lack of personal courage. Afterwards they left off telling those stories—in that long summer of fighting in Manchuria—and they said that he knew all there was to know regarding Russia's strength between Moscow and the eastern seas. He had counted the very telegraph poles. All through Siberia, he knew every road, he knew the wells, he knew the farms, and how much foodstuff they might produce. He carried a complete list of the Russian regiments in his small head, and knew more than any man should know of their fitness for service.

But as yet the campaign with Kuropatkin was unfought, and no one knew what the little general sitting on Dr. Toshio's mats was doing or expected to do. War correspondents had followed and talked with him, but the sum total of the information they acquired seemed to be that he possessed some sort of tea-gown patterned with storks and the great longing of his heart was to stay at home dressed in it and write poetry.

When afterwards he went to Manchuria, operating before and behind Kuroki, knowing, men said, all there was

to know about roads and the enemy's position, while behind the transport and commissariat departments worked with never a hitch, his regrets that he could not keep to writing poetry in a tea-gown spattered with storks were fully shared by the Russians.

Now he sat in the doctor's study listening while his host dictated rapidly.

"You will observe," said the doctor, holding up a wooden bottle and bucket, "these articles—wooden and iron-bound, unsanitary and awkward to carry, and then this bread bag, the breeding place of microbes innumerable. Now contrast them with the equipment of our soldiers, the aluminum canteen and pannikin, light, compact, portable, and clean. Also," continued the doctor, while the general smiled assent, "it is of great importance that a soldier's boots should be carefully fitted, and his leggings tight, to admit of rapid movement. These two are points overlooked by the Russian leaders."

"Yes," said the general gently, "I remember how very careful the honorable Russians were to prevent me seeing their guns—which I had no desire to look at—it was the men who were to stand behind those guns that I was studying, and I noted that every man had boots much too large for him. And while we know that the spirit is more than the flesh, yet no matter how full a man is of love to his country, if he is fighting on rocky ground, in boots too big for him, he will fall down, or have to hold on to something, in either case being of little use as a soldier."

"Badly made boots," summed up the doctor, "much too large for their wearers; trousers, also too big, and clumsy grey overcoats which will trip the legs when the boots do not. Why, a day's march in such things would leave a man utterly exhausted, and when you add to this improper food and neglected sanitation—where will the glory of Russia be?"

"It is certainly very strange that her commanders have not considered this most important question of the soldier's boots and clothing," observed the general. "It will be difficult, if not impossible, to make the rapid marches that victory often depends on, and beside that, we say, and rightly, that courage and obedience are the first principles of a soldier, but neither of these will count in the least, in going to a critical action in the darkness, without mobility and surefootedness.

"And there was yet another thing I noticed—the officers had boots that were made for them; also their trousers fitted excellently, and I thought that, too, a mistake, for while the result of a battle depends much on the ability of the commander, it depends more on the soldier having perfect confidence in himself, and those he obeys."

"I see," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "It is indeed a mistake of our honorable enemy's, for naturally the soldier will reason that his usefulness is not utilized, because his officers neither need nor want him very much, and, therefore, he will not try to be of use."

"Certainly," remarked the general, "it is liable to make a man indifferent to the honor of his emperor, when he feels that the emperor is indifferent to his. As brutes the Emperor of Russia treats his common people. Yet what they are, the nation is, therefore he can only receive from them the dull, unreasoning obedience of brutes. And we shall see—the whole world shall see—that they will not be able to stand before men, who with their souls, as well as bodies, are fighting for the glory of their country."

"I am a man of very weak intellect," said the doctor, "so I do not understand why the honorable nobility, and exalted Emperor of Russia, act as they do. When the mass of the people think, which I understand is very seldom, their thoughts must be those of that very energetic Western poet, who says,—

"Cursed be the king—the rich man's king,
Who has robbed us, and cheated in everything.
He has squeezed our farthings one by one,
And shot us like dogs when the last was gone."

The doctor's bright eyes sparkled as he repeated the lines, for he was decidedly socialistic in his views, and his friend smiled in approval.

"If I thought it best to say anything," he said, "I would tell these newspaper men who want to know everything, to remember their Western sayings, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' and 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Then, with many apologies for dishonoring so honorable a house with his visit, and with very low bows, he rose to take his leave, while with lower bows, and, if possible, more abject apologies for himself and everything in his home, the doctor escorted him out of the house.

When he returned, Noshi was studying her notes with a little frown.

"And how is it with thy work, my little

soldier of Nippon ?" he asked, as he sat down on the floor beside her.

"I will have the copy ready for the printers to-night, my father," said the girl. "It will not take me long to gather up the points in your conversation with the honorable general, and put them together in a way easy to read."

"I do not doubt it, my maid of the swift fingers, and swifter thought," smiled the doctor. "Ah, but I shall miss thee, my little one, in Korea,—where shall I find a secretary like thee, to put my blundering words in order, and make my reports the use the emperor expects them to be ?"

Noshi dropped her note-book and pencil, and folded her hands in supplication. "My father," she pleaded, "take me with you. My body is strong, and though I have but limited understanding, and my education is wretched, still, if with you I could be of service to Dai Nippon, it would be a dishonor not to take me."

The doctor looked perplexed. "It is not the custom, Noshi," he said. "A woman stays in her father's house, until she leaves it for her husband's, not going out among men unless she is a geisha —and that you could not be, nor I allow, seeing that we both are Christians."

Noshi flushed a little. "My father," she said gently, "in those most honorable countries, England and America, women go, I think, everywhere, even when they are young and unmarried, and yet still keep the right to wear white lilies in their hair, a thing no geisha would dare to do, and am I, a woman of ancient race, so mean in your eyes, my father, that you do not think me as able to control myself as they ?"

"To every race its own customs, my Noshi," murmured the doctor. "I only meant that it is never good manners to go against the customs of your own people."

"Yet forty years ago," said Noshi, "our soldiers wore armor, and fought with swords. It was the custom, yet, at the command of the emperor, they honored their customs by breaking them. And did those our men, who took their torpedo boats into Port Arthur that night, disgrace Nippon, even though their manners were not like those of their fathers ? I fancy the honorable Russians wished they were."

"Men and women are very different, Noshi."

"But why, my father ? If it is honorable for a man to sacrifice the manners of his fathers to bring glory to his country, why should not a woman do the same ? Men and women, we are one nation, and we must stand together, if our nation is to stand."

"People will talk about you, Noshi, but still, I will not decide this matter of you going with me ; we will tell your honorable mother of it now, and whatever she says we will do."

Noshi rose obediently, and followed him to the parlor, where Madame Toshio—or, as she preferred to be called, O Toshio Sama—sat with Helen Gordan, her guest.

They were sitting on the floor together, one giving, the other receiving, a lesson in that first of all feminine accomplishments in Nippon, the art of arranging flowers, and black hair and golden were very near each other, as the two women talked softly, touching with dainty fingers the flowers on the mat beside them.

Madame Toshio rose as her husband and daughter entered, her silken draperies falling gracefully round her agile, shapely body, for, though a woman of middle life, she was still beautiful, and as strong as though she had not been a wife and mother for more than twenty years.

"Ioko," said the doctor to her, after they had exchanged bows, "I asked you to give up your firstborn child, our only son, and to-day he lies in an unmarked grave by Port Arthur. Will you say I am a hard husband to you, if I ask that you let our Noshi come with me to Korea, to live as a medical officer must, with no better food or lodgings than our soldiers on the field, and married only to the glory of her country ?"

Noshi smiled placidly at her mother, for though she knew how strongly she held to the old customs, she was far too self-controlled to show any sign of eagerness to hear her decision,—and she would have smiled just the same if her mother refused her, for such was her idea of proper manners. But madame smiled back at her with shining eyes,

"My dove," she said, in her soft, even voice, "whom God sent from His holy temple to nestle in my arms, perfect and fit art thou, even to be offered up for thy country, and freely and gladly as He gave thee to me, so do I give thee up, to die, if such honor be thine, for Him and Nippon."

Noshi bowed her thanks, while the doctor explained to Helen, who was listening, ratner startled, that had there been the least chance of danger to Noshi, he would not have been allowed to take her, but as inspector to test the provisions

which were being collected for the army in Korea, she would be as safe from bodily harm with him as though he left her with her mother in Matsuyama. Then Madame turned to her guest, smiling,—

"Do my manners surprise you?" she said. "Oh, you do not know what this question of honor means to me—to us. Yet I should ask your pardon, for you are a subject of the Emperor Edward's, and the English are a most honorable people. My Noshi, how is it that the English describe their unwritten code of honor?"

"Things which no fellow can do, you know, my mother," said Noshi carefully, evidently repeating something she had heard, verbatim. And Helen smiled to herself at the quaintness of the Saxon boyish words in the mouth of the Eastern girl.

Then as Noshi as well as Helen looked at her expectantly, Madame smiled, and told them a story.

"In the very olden days," she began, "when Nippon first became a people as great as her islands were small, at the head of the nation was the emperor, divine descendant of the sun-goddess; then come the great court nobles, and quite separate from these whose duties were to attend the emperor, were the military lords, the daimyo, greater and lesser, and their followers, the knights or samurai, all men entitled to wear swords, and taught that they must keep their honor as spotless as their swords. They must be brave but never cruel, loving justice and fair play, very gentle to women, children, and animals. Utterly careless of their own lives, always ready to sacrifice themselves and those they loved for the cause they were vowed to. and, above all, pledged to an absolute unquestioning loyalty to their over-lord."

Helen privately thought she would object to be treated kindly as an animal, but she only said, "And did these you have mentioned include all the people of Nippon? or was there some ordinary folk, who had no honor, and did not receive any?"

"The samurai," said Madame, "included all men who carried arms, who served the government in any way whatever, also we might follow the arts, engage in farming, or become teachers or physicians, though we must not take pay from any man—we could receive gifts, however. And we could not be merchants, or buyers or sellers of anything, such work being done by men who had no honor, and therefore could cheat and lie when necessary. Many of this class became very rich, while others were very poor. We were taught to despise wealth, and be indifferent to poverty."

"Your ideals were indeed high ones, Madame," said Helen, "and even though they may have been too seldom realized, and though they were the code of a class, not of the nation, yet a people capable of conceiving such, must be worthy of coming to the help of God in establishing justice and liberty on the earth."

"Nippon was a closed nation to the foreigners," continued Madame, "until 1867, when they made demands on us which we dared not refuse. Treaties were made by the shogun, who, supported by the daimyo, ruled the country in the name of the emperor. But the emperor conspired with the great lords of the southern islands, and rebelled against the shogun, refusing to ratify the treaties, and ordering the shogun, as commander of the army, to turn all foreigners out. The shogun, not knowing what to do, resigned, and the emperor, left all to himself, ratified the treaties, and we, believing he was coerced into doing it, also rebelled.

"Outside Tokio was fought the battle of Uyeno, when the beautiful temple was burnt and we were defeated. Then our leaders seized the fleet and fled north, where some of us, my father and his family among them, were besieged in Aidzu castle. For three months the siege lasted, and soon we knew there was no hope of relief, for our friends and the fleet had been overcome, yet we would not surrender.

"I remember my elder sisters putting on the armor which our soldiers wore then, that they might die beside our brothers on the walls when the final assault was made, so that none of us would be left alive to see the banner of our over-lord hauled down. And I, though but five years old, felt I must do something. I knew I could not go with the soldiers, because being so small, they might fall over me, so I offered myself for service to the commander. If he had refused to hear me, I should have killed myself, but he knew I was the child of virtuous parents, so he would not put shame on me, and with the other children in the castle, we were set to gather up the spent bullets and shells. And twice I was called up by the commander, because I picked up more than any one else, and each time he gave me a fan, with my name and merit written upon it. Then, after three months, there was

no food left, and the emperor wished us to surrender, promising us free pardon, and that we might keep our swords. But we knew how he was opening the country to the foreigners, and we felt that it would be easier to die than to meet these people who were traders as equals. Yet, at last we gave in.

"I remember my father explaining to us why,—even I was not too small to be told and understand. The foreigners were very strong, too strong for us to defy them, so the emperor would make peace with them, until we could gain their knowledge of material things, and then we would put them in their proper place, under the feet of honorable men. You will pardon my ignorance"—Madame turned with a bow to Helen—"but then we did not know enough to understand there were foreigners and foreigners; we thought we must fight them all, and lest Nippon should fail in that day of battle for lack of our swords, and our spirits should be dishonored, we accepted the emperor's pardon, for we loved the honor of Nippon more than we did our own. And it was for this same dear honor of our land that the nobles offered to resign their privileges, and the samurai, not to be outdone in sacrifice by any one, also offered to do the same. So all men, even the outcasts, became equal before the law, and all alike were to have a vote, to give them a voice in the government. For we were not so many altogether, and we thought if we honored the common people, they would see what honor was, and be fit to stand beside us when the day of our defiance came. And so what you call our revolution was accomplished, and we became your 'new Japan.'"

"The dearest of upside-down countries," thought Helen, "where the haughty farmer, living on a handful of rice, looks down on the wealthy merchant. And the emperor rises in rebellion to secure his liberty, while the nobility hold socialistic meetings, demanding that the working men recognize them as equals."

"When the nobles disbanded their retainers," continued Madame, "and the dole of rice always given to us ceased, there was some distress. For generations we had been taught that money was degrading, and those of us who were willing to work for wages did not know how to begin. Many of our younger men went to cold Yezo, where, among the uncivilized Ainu, they took up the land granted them by the emperor, and, according to his wish, started farming on American lines. Also, we borrowed instructors of farming and other things, and sent our statesmen to the West to learn how to make a constitution. Then, too, we sent many of our boys to learn in your schools and armies all that Nippon needed that they should know.

"And all those years while we were making haste slowly to be ready, I lived on my father's tiny farm in the hills. We were very poor, often only eating but once a day, and until my marriage I never knew the feel of silk, yet we were never unhappy, for we had our honor.

"I remember that one winter, when the harvest had failed, and there was hardly anything to eat at all, I saw the neighbors dressing up their little girls about my age—I was ten—hoping to sell them for a term of years, for geishas. And I asked my father why he did not sell me, as then there would be less to feed, and more to be eaten, and he bade me look at my hands, saying that among all the thousands of geishas in our land there was not one who did not have the dumpy fingers and ugly, squat nails, marks of the classes who bought and sold, and those who worked for them. No woman of an honorable family ever became a geisha, not because we thought there was anything wrong in the life itself, but because it was always done for gain. And I believe that it was largely because of the self-control of our women that we ruled so long over the common people, whose wives were often one-time geishas. So, because my hands were those of a woman whose sons, like her father, must be worthy to wear a sword, I reached womanhood, still having the right to wear a lily in my hair. And as none of the men of our class who knew me could afford to marry, I remained unwed in my father's house.

"All this time I had never spoken to a foreigner, though I had seen a few, for the country being open, they came everywhere, but I always ran away from them, in their strange clothes, for I was afraid of them. And we still talked of the terrible things they said of the foreign teachers who were preaching their religion in our land. Like all foreigners, we said, they cared for nothing so much as devouring flesh, and in Nippon there were no animals killed for food, but these people, sooner than give up their flesh-feasts, would feed on men, calling themselves doctors, and cutting away parts of the body from people who were yet alive, that they might eat them. And so, though the inscriptions against Christian-

ity had been removed, and we were commanded not to annoy any foreigner, I was glad none came to our village.

"Then, in the year of the promulgation of our constitution, 1885, I went with many of our family on a pilgrimage to the shrines of Ise. It was all very wonderful to me, the splendid temples, and the crowds of people, but I did not like to see so many of our people wearing foreign dress—you do not see so many today. And one of these was the Viscount Mori, the trusted adviser of the emperor, who had just returned from Europe. As if he did not know what our worship was, he strolled through the sacred courts, moving in his fingers a long cane.

"'What has he brought a stick into the temple for?' I asked my brother. 'Does he think we are dogs for him to beat?'

"Not one offering nor act of worship did he perform, but this we would not have minded, for we believe that in every man who follows after honor, there is an 'ought,' which tells him the way his soul should go to meet her God, and we do not consider it good manners to criticize any man's mode of worship. Christianity we had once prohibited, because it was too foreign, we thought. But the Viscount, going through the temples whirling his stick, struck with his cane the white veil in the gateway of the inner court.

"It is not good manners to make confusion at a festival, so we were all still, only I looked at my brother, and saw my thought in his eyes.

"'Let me do it?' I said.

"But he answered, 'No; leave it to me; as a woman your duty is to obey, so go home and keep yourself in good health and temper, that you may be fit to have children who will be an honor to our name. I shall have no descendants.'

"And a little while afterwards, when he had given the matter careful thought, he went to Tokio and stabbed Viscount Mori to death in his house, and then was himself executed by order of the emperor, and we were not ashamed when he died.

"You look startled at my story, Sister Helen, yet that is the truth of why my brother took life. We were not opposed to the granting of a constitution, ah, no! But we feared our land would be dishonored if her rulers were not good-mannered.

"It was my brother's death that brought about my own marriage, for my father-in-law-to-be was an official in the court, also he hated all things foreign exceedingly, so much so, that when, years before, his son joined the Christians, he attacked him with his sword, and left him for dead outside the castle; the young man, however, came to, and crawled to his mother's chamber; she took him in, and by careful nursing brought him back to life. Then she sent him away from her, until, at the wish of the emperor, his father restored him to favor. And then he was sent abroad to study in Germany and the hospitals of Paris, where they gave him many honors, and his title of doctor. He was on his way back when my brother died, and his father sent a go-between to our village, with an offer of marriage to any suitable woman who was of near kin to the viscount's murderer, and so I was chosen for his son's wife."

"And when Dr. Toshio arrived, you were married to him?" said Helen.

"Certainly," said Madame, "our fathers both had arranged it."

"And then you became a Christian, Madame," said Helen, thinking that after all no one could imagine Dr. Toshio an unhappy man, and certainly Ioko, his wife, was a beautiful woman, and as perfect in temper as she was in health.

"Yes, I became a Christian," said Madame, with very soft eyes. "Ah, you cannot know how terrified I was to be given in marriage to a man who was probably altogether foreign in his manners. I thought of all the evil stories I had heard when I was given to him. And he, ah! the spring sunshine does not woo the buds on the fruit trees more gently than he did the ignorant girl from the mountains who was his wife, and as afraid to disobey him as she was to obey. We are taught that no one need be unhappy unless they wish to, and that perfect obedience in all lawful things brings perfect joy and peace. And I know it did to me. Yes, I became a Christian, because I had seen Christ in my husband's life."

Afterwards, when Helen had left them and Noshi was finishing her copying, her mother came and sat beside her.

"And you are quite sure you do not mind me going, mother," said the girl.

Toshio Ioko smiled.

"I have been very jealous for the honor of Nippon," she said. "I nursed my children and I prayed that, with the life I had given them, they might live only for the honor of their land. You, Noshi, like your brother and sisters, went to the foreigner's schools, you have eaten with sharpened steel, and even learned that

strange Western salutation, which makes me think you mean to devour each other."

"I never kissed anybody but Dolly Hunter, mother," said Noshi, smiling and blushing.

"What are customs after all, but the scabbard," said Madame, softly, "and what is that, if the sword is sharp and stainless. I know, Noshi, if I did not know before, that you are Nippon's alone. I know that you will never hesitate to sacrifice honor or life, to the life or honor of your land."

Noshi smiled as she signed her father's name to the letter of instructions for the printer. Outwardly, with all her dainty prettiness, she was very Western and up-to-date in her knowledge of business methods, but underneath, all the reckless fanaticism of her race, which had even stooped to murder, possessed her soul, and knowing this, Toshio Ioko was content.

So O Noshi San laid her pretty silken robes aside and arrayed herself in a convenient and picturesque costume of loose blue trousers, and full jacket with wide sash, and with hair cut short, she looked far more like the young brother who had died than she did her dainty self.

So she went to Korea, where for years Nippon had been pouring her surplus population, until the seaports consisted of two very contrasted towns—neat little buildings where the neat little men and women from Nippon lived, and everything was spotlessly clean, while in the other town, the tall Korean coolie, in his white robes, which he washed as often as he did himself, made his home in a hovel, amid squalor and smells unspeakable.

It was to protect the interests of her subjects in Korea that Nippon had gone to war with Russia, who was already weaving her web round the strange hermit kingdom, which looked upon the whole matter with philosophic indifference. They were a strange nation, those people who would not fight, and who always dressed in white, the rich man in most immaculate robes, while the poor man's were very much the other thing.

"As cleanliness is next to godliness," remarked Noshi wisely, "Korea must be nearer God since we came."

She was sitting on a mat spread on the ground in a lonely defile among the mountains of northern Korea. A stone's-throw off was the rough road, its dust trampled by the feet of the thousands of soldiers who had passed a hour before, for by tens of thousands Nippon was pouring her men across Korea, yet so quietly and skilfully were they moved that not the keenest war correspondent could tell how many had gone and where they were going.

To such a pitch was the careful secrecy carried, that in every department of the army all who were on service were given nicely-worded, printed forms, with blanks for name and signature, and the entire army smiled happily and accepted the forms, writing no letters home, for who could tell what things they might not write accidentally, nor into whose hands the letters might fall.

Noshi had just dated and signed her name to the weekly form she sent her mother, for, to her great delight, the doctor and his little staff were treated exactly like other soldiers; she felt an inch taller when she thought of it. And certainly in Nippon's idea of army management, the medical officer was found in countless places where in a Western army he would never be met.

Long before the outbreak of hostilities, when the advance agents were collecting provisions for the army Nippon was holding in readiness, with them went the doctors, not raw young men, eager to gain experience, but the best trained experts to be found in all her land.

And now for the last week Dr. Toshio and his party had been with the first screen of scouts, well provided with his microscope and chemicals, testing and labelling wells so that the army to follow should drink no contaminated water. Also, he had inspected every village on the route he was responsible for, examining its sanitary condition, and if there were any contagious diseases, notices were posted up to warn the approaching column, so that no soldiers should be billeted where danger existed.

Other medical officers were with the foraging parties, sampling the food, fruit and vegetables sold by the villagers along the line of march, long before the arrival of the army. If the food was tainted, the fruit unripe, or the water required boiling, notices were posted up to that effect, and Nippon's idea of army discipline demanded that they should be obeyed as though they were the commander's orders for battle.

Now Dr. Toshio's orders sent him to the rear, and Noshi watched the passing of the troops she had helped to prepare the way for. They had their medical officers, too, who gave them carefully prepared and simply worded lectures on sanitation and personal hygiene, how to cook, how to eat, and when not to drink,

how to bathe, and even how to properly cut and clean the finger-nails.

"All this attention to so-called little things," said Dr. Toshio, as he watched Noshi prepare their supper, "means that we will not have thousands of cases of intestinal diseases to treat, diarrhoeas or dysenteries, or the fevers that follow improper feeding and neglected hygiene—things that have brought more campaigns to disastrous terminations than the strategies of the opposing generals or the bullets of their followers. My Noshi, they are wondering in the West how this war will end, and truly I do not know, only I do know that many a battle has been won here and now, before it has been fought in Russia's Manchuria."

He smiled at Noshi's preparations as he spoke, for their camp equipage and rations were in every respect the same as those of a private soldier—aluminum canteen, mess-tin, and pannikin, and the copper camp kettle, with its double sides, water was poured into this outer jacket and heated by burning charcoal in the centre, making it possible for a soldier to boil his tea or soup in a gale or heavy rain. Then there were the biscuits of cooked rice and wheat flour. A very small portion of dried fish and vegetables—beans and potatoes sliced and dried—for preservation and lessened weight. Tea and salt were both in solid little bricks.

"It is certainly very remarkable," said the doctor as he ate his fish, "to think of America, a most honorable country, appointing the five military attaches she is permitted to send with our army, all to the killing departments; the life-saving and life-preserving departments, the medical, commissariat, and the transport are not thought worthy of study, yet, really, I think, it is they which always decide the winning of the battle."

"I am certain that I possess neither reason nor intelligence," said Noshi, "and that is why I cannot see the logic in preserving a man's life that it may be taken, or healing his wounds that he may be wounded again."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, which is God, little one, and to preserve others is the law of Christ, under whose sign of the Cross we are serving now."

"War and Christ, His Cross and the sword—how strange to mention them together. Father, how can a nation accepting the New Testament go to war? How can a man follow Christ and a battle flag?"

"If a man defend not his own, he is even as one who provides not for his own, and he, the Holy Ghost says, 'is worse than an infidel.' But as for a nation not being able to keep faith with Christ, and go to war, perhaps it is wisest not to judge, little one. I am living in hopes that this very illogic of saving men for slaughter will teach the nations to find some way of retaining their honor without fighting for it. So with all my soul I am in the Red Cross work, for we can never overcome hate with hate, Noshi, and when we fight for Christ the Master we must remember that it is only on the field of self-sacrifice, and with the weapons of love, that His battle can be won."

Toronto.

STABILITY.

BY FREDERICK W. FABER.

(B. 1814, d. 1863.)

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

A STORY DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

THE deaconess must have been tired that day. I suppose that even deaconesses, who have nothing to do but visit around, do get tired and nervous, too, somesometimes. And I guess she had come across something that was very unpleasant, and that made her feel bad.

I always like to have the deaconess call. It is so interesting to hear her tell about her poor people. How true it is that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives—or would not if it were not for deaconesses and missionaries, and that sort of people. I often give Miss Wilson a quarter for her poor; I think it is our duty as Christians to help every good word and work.

But, as I was saying, that last call of hers made me feel really unpleasant. I noticed, as soon as she came in, that she was looking tired and used up. She said she had been working all night—she and another woman—making clothes for some little children to wear to their sister's funeral, and that their mother was very ill in a hospital, and could live but a few days, and there would be another funeral there soon. The deaconess does have such interesting cases.

But, seeing how tired she looked that morning, I put her in the easiest rocking-chair, and brought my pretty sofa pillows to make her comfortable. But she didn't seem to want to be comfortable. She would insist upon sitting straight up, just as stiff as could be. Finally I said: "Miss Wilson, you're getting all worn out. You mustn't work so hard. It won't do."

But at that her eyes filled right up with tears, and she said: "I don't want to rest, Mrs. Eveleth. I don't feel as if I had any right to be comfortable or happy when other folks are suffering so."

Of course, I knew that was just her nervousness, and I wanted to cheer her up.

"Now, see here, Miss Wilson," said I, "imagine what the world would be if we all went on that theory, and insisted on being unhappy ourselves just because somebody else was."

But she didn't smile ever so little a bit, but went on: "Perhaps it might be a happier world than it is now, for if none of us could be happy while our neighbors were miserable, we might take more pains to make them happy, instead of just pleasing ourselves."

Of course, there is nothing in such an argument as that; but I saw she was in earnest, so I thought I would change the subject by asking her to tell me about the family she had been sewing for; but, bless you, I just launched her into it, deeper than ever.

It seems that there were three of them, all sick at once; the mother in the hospital, the daughter who had just died at home, and the daughter's husband lying very ill of pneumonia in another hospital. There always is so much sickness among that sort of people. It must be that they don't properly observe the laws of health. I said as much to the deaconess, but such a queer look came over her face, as she said: "Most of them have all they can do to observe the laws of a bare existence."

Then she went on: "What would you do, Mrs. Eveleth, if you had to live with five children in four little stuffy, dark rooms upstairs—four rooms in a row, the two middle ones with no outside windows at all—without a breath of really pure air from one year's end to another? Suppose in the heat of summer you never could have any ice, or fresh fruit, or a bathroom, nor anything to observe the laws of health with; to say nothing of having to work so hard that you'd almost rather die than live. Aren't you afraid you would get sick, too?"

She didn't mean any offence—it was just her earnestness—so I told her to go on, and she did:

"After the mother got sick and went to the hospital they got a district nurse to come in for an hour a day and care for the daughter, and after that there were only the children with her until the father came home from his work at night. The neighbors were kind, but they are all hard-working people, and as for me I had so many others almost as

bad off as they, that I could only go in occasionally. I bought her fruit from my own pocket-money, and made little custards and things to tempt her appetite. But the rooms were wretchedly close and dark, and the flies and vermin were dreadful—you must remember there had been no proper housekeeping for months. This man is janitor in your own church, Mrs. Eveleth. His wages are but $40 a month, which is little enough for such a family when they are well; but with the sickness and bad luck they had run behind until the man said he was afraid to reckon up his bills lest the month's wages should not be enough to pay them, let alone getting things they needed.

"I was there last week, and his face was the picture of despair. He had just got word from the hospital that his wife could not possibly live but a few days. He had been up nights with the sick girl, and with that and the worry he was all unstrung. A letter came while I was there and, when he read it he just sat down and put his face in his hands and cried. What do you think, Mrs. Eveleth? The treasurer of the church had sent just half the wages due him, and written that he would have to wait for the rest, as the collections were small during the summer, and they were short of funds. There are rich people in that church who wouldn't mind spending as much on a day's pleasure as that poor man could earn in a month. Do you suppose a church will ever prosper when the wages of the poor that are kept back cry to God against it?

"I couldn't say a word for my religion then, Mrs. Eveleth. I couldn't even pray with the sick woman. I just had to come away, and yesterday she died. It seems as if my heart would break."

Of course, it was exceedingly distressing, and I'll admit I had to put up my handkerchief and wipe away the tears. But, really, I don't know who is to blame about the money. You know so many of our people go to pleasure resorts during the summer, and, of course, the collections are small. But I do think she ought to have administered the consolations of religion to those poor people. I suppose I could go and talk it over with some of our people and see if something couldn't be done; but one doesn't like to bring up unpleasant subjects, and make one's self disagreeable.

If I had known those people were suffering I would gladly have given a dollar for their relief. Indeed, I did give the deaconess a dollar right then. Her face flushed up, and she hesitated a minute before she took it. She gave a long sigh as she said: "If the Lord's people would give their tithes just as religiously as they say their prayers, there would be plenty of money in His treasury to carry on His work, and His poor would not suffer." Then she told how generous the poor often are to each other, dividing their last penny and their last bite. But it's quite a different thing to give a tenth when it's only eight or ten dollars a year, and giving it when it's eight or ten thousand. Of course, people can't be expected to give like that.

But then, the Lord knows our hearts. I'm sure I want to do all the good I can; but it doesn't seem necessary to get excited and make yourself unpleasant about things you can't help. I do hope the church will pay its debt to the janitor, however, and that the deaconess will not have any such unpleasant things to talk about when she calls again.—Epworth Herald.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY ELLIOTT E. MILLS.

O pale-faced Theologian whose soft hands
And ink-stained fingers never gripped the oar
Or swung the hammer; weary with your books,
How can your slumbering senses comprehend
The breadth and virile purpose of the men
Who bore their joyous tale through quickened lands
To the great heart of Rome; the shipwrecked Paul,
Wandering Ulysses-like to far-off isles
And barbarous peoples; or those peasant kings,
Who ever 'mid voluptuous cities wore
No mediæval halo, but the air
Of some free fisher battling with the wind
The blows across the Galilean hills?

—*The Spectator.*

Current Topics and Events.

Waiting.

The world waits with bated breath the result of the collision between the naval forces of Japan and Russia in the Far East, a collision which will probably be one of the epoch-making events of history. The Japanese have good ground to complain of the harboring of their enemy in the French ports of Madagascar and Indo-China. This is almost equivalent to an act of war, and has provoked gravest comment from the London Times, which in this respect expresses the opinion of the British public. It is all very well for the French Government to profess neutrality, but if their agents in the East

THE LAST THROW.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

permit its flagrant violation and the revictualling, recoaling, and cleaning of the Russian ships in their harbors, thus making them practically a naval base for attack on Japan, it is evidence enough of their partizanship in favor of their Russian ally. If Japan should demand the intervention of Great Britain, in fulfilment of her treaty, and the British Chinese squadron were to interpose, a great European war might be precipitated, which let us pray God may avert. Edward the Peacemaker has been so successful in causing a rapprochement of the neighboring nations of France and England that any interruption of that goodwill would be profoundly to be regretted. It would give the arrogant and aggressive Kaiser the very chance he wants to seize Holland and menace the naval supremacy of both England and France.

The last desperate throw of the dice in the war game is now taking place in launching the forlorn hope of the Russian navy against the Japs. If this should prove a failure, then Russia must crave an ignominious peace.

The Cold Shoulder.

France has already shown the cold shoulder to Russia in refusing a loan, as illustrated in some of our cartoons.

The celebrated French writer, M. Anatole France, speaking of the proposal for a new Russian loan, said: "The indignation which all the world felt at the constant massacres which are being perpetrated in Russia by the Government was in France deepened by a shadow of remorse. The French were not quite innocent of the follies and crimes of Czarism, for they had found the means for committing them to the amount of not far from four hundred millions sterling. In ten years the skill of interested financiers had succeeded in extorting that sum from the savings of France, to place it in the hands of a Government whose finances were under no control and whose administration was without honesty. And what had Russia done with the money? It had spent it on no fruitful objects, but in a greedy and stupid policy; in paying the cost of all these murderous battles, in the slaughter of Japanese who were no enemies of the French, and of Russians who were their allies; in carrying out massacres of workmen with their wives and children in St. Petersburg, of Armenians at Baku, of students in Siberia. When the French subscribed this money they did not know what was going to be done with it."

Another Turn of the Screw.

The grim field-marshal, Oyama, seems preparing another of his sweeping movements, which will probably capture Kirin and Harbin, and isolate Vladivostock,

"HE WHO GOES A-BORROWING GOES A-SORROWING."

How France treated her ally in the good old days. | And how she treats that ally now that war loans are wanted.

—Jugend (Munich).

where the siege of Port Arthur will probably be repeated with similar results.

Domestic affairs in Russia continue to go from bad to worse. The Czar's Easter pledges seem like pie-crust, made only to be broken, or if he keeps the promise to the ear, he breaks it to the hope. The people seem, and with good reason, utterly to have lost confidence in the "Little Father."

An Austrian cartoon strikingly illustrates the graft and guile which have honeycombed the empire by a cartoon in which the frauds upon the Red Cross hospital funds are thus described: "You put your money in the contribution-box of the Red Cross, but when you try to take it out, lo, it is in the Grand Duke's pocket." The necromancy of the magician, Oyama, is portrayed in a companion cartoon: "Now, here's a Cossack division," says the Japanese field-marshal, "I put my hat over it, and—lifting the hat—" lo! it disappears."

In striking contrast to the meddlesome missions of Kaiser Wilhelm, who seems to stir up strife wherever he goes, is the peacemaking skill of King Edward, whose very holiday trips are turned to beneficent diplomatic result. The British nation, as shown in a cartoon from Punch, recognizes this invaluable quality.

The commercial and agricultural development of Canada, which is now proceeding relatively in a more rapid ratio than even the United States, has given its quietus to the one-sided reciprocity which Uncle Sam seems disposed to proffer. Any reciprocity that will be entertained by Canada must be a fair and liberal one.

Autonomy?

By sheer force of numbers the Government has passed its North-West educational scheme—autonomy plan it is not. An almost solid Quebec vote overcomes the large Ontario majority. The issue

TURNED DOWN.

Czar: "What can I borrow on this beautiful weapon? Look at the roll of honor written on it."
M. France: "We cannot loan on those dangerous weapons any more. The risk is too great."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA.

thus raised bodes ill for the future harmony of the Dominion. The day of retribution for the members who have preferred party to principle will surely come. It may then be too late to retrieve the injury done to the new provinces of the North-West.

The influx of American immigrants continues in increasing volume. The time may come when they shall demand a constitutional amendment, that the New West, with its sturdy Protestant immigration from England, Scotland, and the United States, shall receive a real autonomy and the right of self-government. It is too late to treat them as Kruger tried to treat the Uitlanders. The shadow of the dead hand must not menace for ever the young commonwealths of the great west.

A Noble Profession.

The recent annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association was a very noteworthy event. The departments of college and high school, public school, kindergarten, inspection, training and trustees and other sections, held numerous sessions in the several buildings of Toronto University. The address of Chancellor Burwash, president of the Association, showed by historical comparison that the noble profession of teaching had not kept pace in its material rewards and permanence of employment with the prosperity of the country. It ranked just above the unskilled and considerably below the skilled manual laborer. The competitive system and tendency to employ the cheapest teacher were detrimental to the best interests both of the profession and of the schools, and consequently of the country. The Association strongly urges that the standard of admission be rendered still higher and that the Government shall require trustees to pay a minimum salary to the men bearing the necessary credentials.

The noteworthy feature of the convention was the presence of Professor Moulton, of Chicago University. His illuminative address on the study of the Bible, as distinct from theology and criticism, was to many a revelation of the possibilities of this study of the Scriptures as the noblest literature of all the ages. The reproach that the classical literatures of Greece and Rome were

OFF DUTY.

Britannia (to King Edward)—"If ever any one deserved a holiday I am sure you do, Sir. You've done splendid work."—Punch, London.

studied to the entire neglect of the still nobler literature of the Bible is no longer true of Toronto University, and should not be true of any university. Professor Moulton's sermons in our city pulpits, and his wonderful interpretation of Marlowe's "Faust," of Shakespeare's "Lear" and "Macbeth," and of the "Alkestes" of Euripides, were remarkable illustrations of literary analysis and criticism, and of vivid histrionic impersonation.

These annual gatherings of the teaching profession cannot fail to contribute to the unity and solidarity of the Ontario teachers. They are the link between the public and high schools and the provincial university. The sessions were properly held in these old college halls, and the teachers will carry back to their arduous and ill-requited labors fresh enthusiasm and inspiration.

Canada's Curse.

A recent number of The Pioneer, our leading temperance journal, has a tremendous indictment of the drink traffic under this title. It shows by an appalling array of figures that there is a startling increase in Canada in both drunkenness and crime, that the yearly average for five years preceding 1904 in the consumption of liquor was 5.432 gallons per head, while in 1894 it was 5.966. The increase in the consumption of spirits was still greater, rising from an average of .759 per head to .952 per head. Reducing this consumption to that of proof spirits, fifty per cent. alcohol, there was an increase from 1.232 to 1.1521, or forty per cent. more than that of 1899, and twenty-three per cent. more than the average for five years preceding 1904.

Step by step with this increase in drinking has followed increase in crime. The convictions for drunkenness in the five years preceding 1903 were 12,123, for the succeeding year there were 16,832. The convictions for all offences for the five years preceding 1903 were 40,851, for 1903, 40,404, being an increase of more than twenty-five per cent. for drunkenness, and about twenty per cent. for all offences. So wise and cautious a jurist as the late Sir Oliver Mowat stated in the Legislature that in his conviction at least seventy-five per cent. of all the crime and pauperism that afflicts society is the result of strong drink.

The closeness of this connection is shown by comparisons. Quebec and Prince Edward Island are largely under prohibition, and these provinces have the least increase of convictions for crime. In Toronto the Good, during 1904, the cases of drunk and disorderly were more than sixty per cent. in excess of the average for the preceding five years. The Pioneer adds: "The figures convey little idea of the awful extent of sorrow and misery that lie behind them. Every single case of a punished or unpunished drunkard represents a life tragedy fraught with untold woe for many others besides the direct offender. God pity the tens of thousands who endure the blighting curse that rests on every drink-cursed home!"

It analyzes as follows the causes of this increase: One is the general prosperity. The good gifts of Providence have been abused and perverted to direst waste and ruin. The immigration from the old countries where drinking habits are more in vogue than here have scaled down the moral tone of the people in this regard. There is not, it adds further, the organized temperance effort of earlier times. The Good Templars Order thirty years ago had more than 35,000 members, today it has less than 1,500. Other organizations have a similar record. The non-temperance benefit societies have largely taken their place. The juvenile temperance societies, such as the Band of Hope, in England, are not adopted in this country as largely as they should be.

We need a great missionary revival in the churches and outside of the churches. The appointment of one of its ablest ministers by the Methodist Church to the position of Secretary of Temperance has been a step in the right direction and has done much in co-ordinating the efforts of our several Churches. We need more positive temperance instruction. The study of temperance hygiene in the schools is very well, as far as it goes; it should be made more efficient and thorough. The only temperance organization which is accomplishing much on this continent is the W. C. T. U., which has belted the world with its missions, and has secured scientific temperance training in nearly every state in the Union. We urge especially the increased attention to temperance instruction in the four quarterly temperance Sundays in all our Sunday-schools. Our Sunday-school periodicals we endeavor to saturate with temperance sentiment, enforced by facts and figures, pictures and poems. But we need the active co-operation of the teachers and the systematic enrolment of the young people in our temperance pledges.

Our Young People's Societies should organize for aggressive work along temperance lines.

Enforcement of License Laws.

It is a matter of much encouragement that the new license commissioners throughout the country seem disposed to rigidly enforce the license law. The report of the commissioners for Toronto was an illuminating document. Mr. Flavelle carried his business methods into his new office, and with the other commissioners personally visited every licensed place in the city, closing several, and insisting on exact conformity to the law of many more. He declared that many of the taverns were mere saloons, without provision for lodging or feeding guests. These should be quickly weeded out, and all violations of the law severely punished.

To make the taverns more respectable, and restricting them from the residential regions, however, will not cure the evil; indeed, it may in some degree intensify it. It is not in the vulgar tavern or saloon most young men learn to drink, but in such high-toned places as the King Edward, the Queen's, and other first-class hotels.

The tap-root of the evil is the money-making character of the drink traffic. "It's a damnable business," said a hotel man, "but there is money in it," and a great deal of money in it. Hence a license has an altogether artificial value, and the more the number is reduced the greater that value becomes, the greater the capital invested, the stronger the monied interest opposed to temperance reform. Possibly Earl Grey's method of eliminating private interest in the drink traffic by putting it in the hands of the Government might work some beneficial change. Largely increasing the cost of license and making the revenue defray the increased cost of the crime and drunkenness which it creates would be but an act of justice. Most of all must we insist upon religious and moral instruction on the vice and crime of the drink traffic.

Carnegie's Latest.

Mr. Carnegie's latest gift of $11,500,000 for a superannuation fund for retired professors wins wide commendation. The position of professors is often ludicrously underpaid. Some of the graduates in science, for instance, will receive in great commercial houses emoluments far beyond those of their college instructors. But the honor and dignity of the professoriate, and the opportunities for original research, are compensations beyond any money value. Yet the professor, with the increased cost of living, cannot make provision for old age, and nothing is more pitiful than to have a learned recluse either lag superfluous on the stage or retire with inadequate income—nothing except that of the worn-out preacher. The Independent states that ninety-three institutions now existing would receive benefit from the endowment. These have in their faculties 3,900 persons, whose salaries amount to $7,720,000, the average being nearly $2,000. It is thought that professors will become entitled to the benefits of the fund at the age of sixty-five, and that the allowance will be equivalent to half pay, up to the limit of $2,400. This gift brings up Mr. Carnegie's donations to the magnificent total of $130,352,000, the greatest ever made by any person in the world.

A Distinguished Canadian.

Among the well-known names in Canadian literary ranks is that of Graeme Mercer Adam. The literature of our young country is deeply indebted to this indefatigable author, editor, and publisher.

Mr. Adam is now bringing out a volume entitled "Canadian Literature and Oratory," a record, in historical periods, of the achievements of Canadian men and women of letters, including the chief writers in history, science, education, law, medicine, and theology, with some account of Canadian oratory, political and legal, and of the descriptive writers among the discoverers, early and late explorers (French and English), and those who have dealt with modern Canada in its industrial and social as well as political and intellectual relations.

There are representative selections and biographical and critical introductions. It is an octavo volume containing 450 pages. Its price, in cloth, is $3.50; half morocco, $5.00.

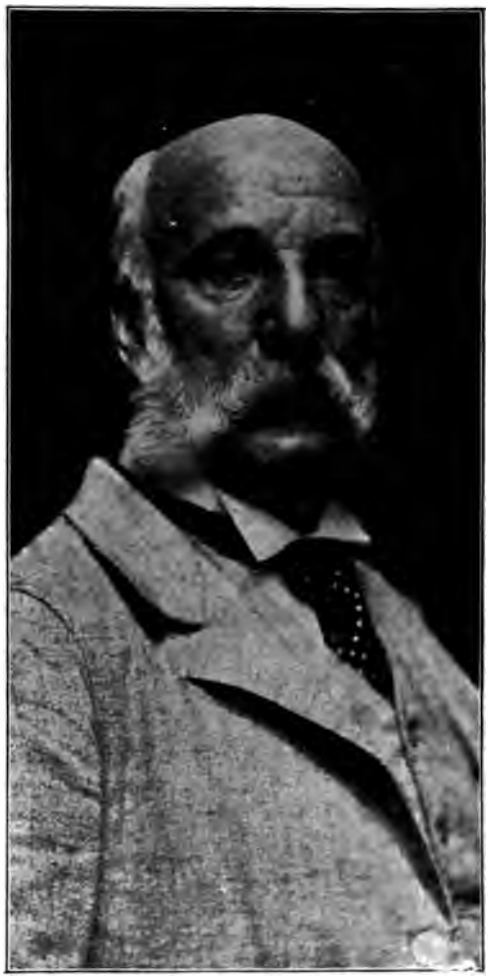
Mr. Adam was formerly editor of The Canadian Monthly and Self-Culture Magazine; is the author of Histories of Modern England, Russia, Greece, and Spain; "Men and Women of History"; "The Canadian North-West, Its History and Its Troubles"; "Canada from Sea to Sea"; "Illustrated Quebec"; "Toronto, Old and New"; "Public School History of England and Canada"; "An Outline of Greek Literature"; "Outline of Canadian Literature," etc.

The subject of our sketch is a native of Midlothian, Scotland, and was educated at Edinburgh. From his earliest

years he has been connected with the world of books. At the age of nineteen he was at the head of the retail branch of one of the oldest Scottish publishing houses. In 1858 he came to Toronto and accepted the management of the book-house of Mr. (now the Rev. Dr.) Cunningham Geikie. Two years later he succeeded to the business, and threw himself actively into the work of a publisher and wholesale bookseller and importer. This firm, under the name of Adam, Stevenson & Co., did much to elevate and develop the book trade of Canada.

In 1876 Mr. Adam opened a publishing house in New York in connection with John Lovell, of Montreal. This enterprise gave the initiative to the mammoth publishing concern known as the U.S. Book Co. In association with Prof. Goldwin Smith he founded The Canadian Monthly. Later he launched The Canada Educational Monthly. Indeed he had much to do with almost all the literary undertakings originating in Toronto between the years 1872 and 1892.

Mr. Adam has also done much service to education apart from journalistic work. He edited the school reading books, known as the "Royal Canadian Readers," and in conjunction with W. J. Robertson, M.A., produced his "School History of England and Canada." which had a sale of nearly 250,000 copies. Mr. Adam returned to New York a second time, where he was connected with the U.S. Book Co. On this occasion he was presented with a purse and an address by Canadian writers and publishers in recognition of his services to Canadian letters. In 1896 he removed to Chicago to become editor of Self-Culture, a new magazine. He has recently issued an up-to-date "Canadian Gazetteer." He has done great service to English and American as well as Canadian publishing houses, in contributing articles, revising MSS., and putting work through the press. We heartily commend this, his latest work, to the public.



G. MERCER ADAM.

"Precious stones are cut and polished
By the lapidary's skill;
Cruel knife and rasping friction
Work on each the Master's will.
Not until the sparkling facets
With an equal lustre glow,
Does the artist choose a setting
For the gem perfected so.

"Thus I wait the Royal pleasure,
And when trouble comes to me,
Smile to think He may be working
On the gem, small though it be.
All I ask is strength to bear it,
Faith and patience to be still;
Held by Him, no knife can slay me,
Trusting Him, no anguish kill."

Religious Intelligence.

THE REV. J. W. DAWSON.

A New Evangelism.

While American preachers are helping their English brethren and are winning thousands of souls to Christ on the other side the Atlantic, the United States is having the benefit of the labors of a distinguished English preacher. The advantages of these exchanges have been easily realized. It is not that the visiting minister has any new truth to present, but that he may have a new mode of presenting it that, by its unfamiliarity, appeals to his hearers. It is so in the case of Rev. W. J. Dawson, the English visitor, who has already on a former visit won the hearts of the people.

Mr. Dawson is widely known through his books, such as "Makers of English Poetry," "Makers of English Prose," a volume of verse and a "Life of Christ." He is known also as a lecturer and as a preacher. His ministerial work has been in the Highbury Quadrant Church in London. He does not employ the methods which have been employed in former evangelistic movements. He stands for a movement which is known as the "New Evangelism." This, as its leaders explain, "is an appeal to all that is highest and best in man; an appeal to follow Christ because that is the right thing to do. It does not emphasize the dark side of human character and of future experience, but it emphasizes the life of union and fellowship with God, getting right with him, and through realizing God in all things, realize the sacredness of life in all its aspects, whether commercial, social, industrial, or religious. It is an appeal to man to put himself fully alongside of Christ and in fellowship with him, and to be guided in all things by the Holy Spirit."

Mr. Dawson is visiting the chief cities in the east and west. He began his work in New England, at Pittsfield, Mass., and worked in Boston, Bangor, Portland, and other New England cities. All the great evangelistic movements have been preceded by intense prayer, and prayer has been a marked feature of the movements throughout. The movement in Wales is largely a revival of the prayer-meeting. It is suggested that there be formed prayer circles in the churches, and neighborhood and cottage meetings, as well as earnest individual prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit.

A decision day is also suggested, either that which has been adopted by many churches of different denominations, for Sunday-schools and Young People's meetings, or some other Sunday in the near future. Personal and social salvation through the acceptance of Christ is urged. There is only one principal task laid upon the Church of Christ. It is to bring all men into living relations with God through the Gospel of his Incarnate Son.

New York and near-by states were visited during this evangelistic tour, after which the west was visited. The general plan was to meet the pastors of the churches in the afternoon of each day and conduct evangelistic meetings in the evenings. Full suggestions were to be sent to pastors for their preparation for

awson's coming, and for following meetings after he goes away.

movement is an outcome of a reso- passed by the National Council of gational Churches in Des Moines, ber last, which appointed an Evan- Committee of nine prominent ers of the denomination from s parts, with Dr. Newell Dwight as chairman. Dr. Hillis urged Mr. m J. Dawson to remain a week nduct a series of evangelistic ser- n Plymouth Church. This he did, od results followed these meetings, ntensive in deepening the spiritual ence of professing Christians, and ive in the conversion of others. ommittee was so impressed with meetings that it arranged with awson to return to America and to an evangelistic tour.

chief feature of the "New Evan- ," on which Mr. Dawson relies for s, is the historic Christ and the of experience. "The great truth," ne leader, "upon which the Church is the Person and Life of Christ. mphasis in evangelistic methods in ew time, should be altogether on alization of the presence of God." seems to be the prevailing idea at resent time, in all the religious ning which is everywhere making elt. The work of the Spirit, which resent going on in Britain, especi- l Wales, attests that God is mak- s presence and power known among

It is a most promising sign of mes. It is hoped that such a of the Spirit will spread throughout orld.—Christian Herald.

HRISTIAN IDEALS IN COMMERCE.

recent hot controversy concerning ceptance of the $100,000 offered by D. Rockefeller to the Board of Mis- of the American Congregational l is one of the significant signs of mes. It is indicative at least of rifying of our commercial ideals. er or not the Church has a right estigate the methods by which ons have been acquired—apart from ich consideration, this means that urch has uttered her protest against stem of the enrichment of the few h the oppression of the many. If urch has been accused in the past ing "the front seat in the syn- " to rich men, simply because they rich, she is certainly far removed such *an error to-day*. There is

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

surely no savor of "toadyism" here. This controversy, if nothing else, should prove to the world that the Church of Christ is not seeking money, but manhood—that the old line between the secular and the sacred is disappearing. The Church is coming into the marketplace, and setting a standard for the merchant as well as for the minister.

This is as it should be. All business to the Christian should be his Father's business. It is not important that we give great gifts. It is important rather that we reflect Christ in our dealings with men every day.

It is doubtless easier to make a far-echoing gift of thousands to charity than to restore even one thousand in small sums to various persons from whom it has been unjustly extorted. But the latter is the greater proof of repentance.

We do not believe that there is necessarily injustice in the amassing of great fortunes. It is often the sterling honesty and fair-dealing of a man that is the very basis of his financial success. But we do say that where there has been injustice and extortion in the amassing of such fortunes great gifts will not condone the wrong.

As to the injunction, "Judge not," as applied to Mr. Rockefeller's case, we believe we have a right to condemn a sin, though we have no right to condemn the

Dr. Gladden—"You can't mix them, John, you can't mix them."
– Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch.

sinner. Mr. Rockefeller stands as the representative of a great commercial system. As such he has been judged, not as a private individual. One's sympathy cannot but go out personally to the man, who, in an effort to do a good deed, has thus received such severe criticism. It is true the wrongs of which Mr. Rockefeller is accused have been practised on a smaller scale by countless others whose gifts are accepted without question. But the very magnitude of the scale on which Mr. Rockefeller has practised them has made him a target not to be ignored. His gift was undoubtedly a good deed, and as such merits praise. The Church is justified, we believe, in accepting it. But the Church is also justified in making patent to the world her utter disapproval of the methods by which such gifts are acquired.

Our Deaconesses.

The eighth Annual Commencement of the Toronto Methodist Training School was held in the Metropolitan Church on the evening of May 5th. A splendid baccalaureate sermon on the need of a vision in every young life was delivered the preceding Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Gallagher, D.D., of the National Training School at Washington.

The closing exercises of the following Tuesday night were largely attended, the church being nearly full.

Twenty-two young women received their diplomas, six of whom are going out as missionaries. The majority of the others are entering the deaconess work.

A truly representative class was this, the girls coming all the way from Revelstoke, B.C., to St. John's, Newfoundland. Three of the class were university graduates. We are glad that this school is coming to be recognized as one of the great educational institutions of our Church. Each year young women are asking to enter its halls and several are being refused for lack of room, though every year six or eight calls come from deaconesses that cannot be met.

How much longer shall the poor, and the sick, and the stranger need the deaconess? How much longer shall consecrated young women wait to be sent to those who need them? Two years ago $1,000 came in for the new building, and during the past year $4,000 more. Let this year bring in the full tide of our givings to this cause.

The students of this year have bought a piano for the new home and contributed $75 for the furnishing of a room. The furniture for three other rooms has also been given. Our superintendent asks what she is to do with the things unless we provide her with a new house shortly.

At the afternoon meeting Dr. Gallagher described the success of the Deaconess Hospital in Washington. Such an institution is needed in Toronto.

Miss Scott spoke of what the people

THE NEW BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.

were doing for the deaconess work. She told interesting things of chicken socials, egg socials, etc., as held in the country. This means that the people give a chicken instead of money as their admission to the social. These products are then forwarded to the deaconesses for distribution to the poor for their Christmas dinner. Egg socials, held in the spring, are a great boon to the sick poor of our cities. And in the summer the eggs are used in the Fresh Air Work at Whitby. Many people who have not money to send have the products of the farm for which very high prices have to be paid in the city. And not one of us can give a chicken or an egg without feeling a deepened interest in this deaconess work which is growing so dear to the hearts of our Canadian people. There are now receiving centres at Hamilton and Winnipeg, as well as Toronto.

The accompanying cut was crowded out of our notice of the new Broadway Tabernacle in New York. It shows how the tall, ten-story tower is used for different church offices, board-rooms, and various other assembly halls, as described in the illustrated article in May number.

At the coming International Sunday-school Convention, to be held at Toronto from June 23rd to June 27th next, one special feature will be an exposition of the most modern equipment of the present-day Sunday-school. It is intended to have an Art Exposition, consisting of pictures loaned for the special occasion by noted artists, and from the collections of the Hon. John Wanamaker, H. J. Heintz, and others. There will also be a display of literature used in the Sunday-schools, Bibles from the different Bible societies, and the Oxford Press, and also an exposition of the best architectural arrangements for Sunday-schools, and the most modern missionary and temperance methods of illustrative teaching will receive ample recognition. Displays of maps, charts, manual work, music, records, novelties, Bible-training material, books, and everything calculated to insure the interest of every one, from the child of tender years to the Sunday-school worker of advanced years, in methods of teaching and illustrating Bible truth. This part of the convention will be under the special charge of the Rev. Dr. C. H. Blackhall, of Philadelphia.

THE LABRADOR AND MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

From a review of all the work of the Moravians (Unitas Fratrum) in 1904, published by Pastor Bechler in the Evangelical Missionary Magazine of Basel, we take the following interesting statements concerning the work in Labrador. This work celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary three years ago, and the station at Nain, which was founded in 1771, is still in existence. Pastor Bechler estimates the number of Eskimos living near the coast at about 2,000 (a little lower than other authorities), but he questions the truth of the oft-repeated statement that the Labrador Eskimos are dying out. The greatest danger to these Eskimos comes from the numerous Newfoundland fishermen who annually visit the coast and deprive the inhabitants of their at best slender living. The missionaries pay especial attention to these visitors, and also to the white settlers in the southern part of Labrador. In 1904 the laborers moved forward into new heathen territory. The peninsula Killinek (Kikkertanjak, in Eskimo) was occupied, so that it will now be possible to reach the Eskimos on the western coast of Ungava Bay. This is the very territory which the Moravians tried to occupy a hundred years ago, but from which they were ejected by the Hudson's Bay Company. At present the Labrador Mission of the Moravians has seven stations, 1.300 communicants, twelve ordained missionaries, six lay helpers, and one physician, who is in charge of the hospital at Okak. The first Eskimo newspaper made its appearance two years ago.

We have received the following interesting letter from the Rev. Jacob Poppen, pastor of the First Holland Reformed Church, Wortendyke, N.J.:

"My Dear Editor,—Your article on 'The Epic of Methodism,' in the current number, I read with profound interest. It seems remarkable to me that the Hollanders have generally proved impervious to Methodism. I was, therefore, startled to be confronted with Paul Heck's Bible, as reproduced in the cut, not in German, but in good old-fashioned Holland, after the excellent version approved by the States General of the United Netherlands, and by the General Synod of Dordt, A.D. 1618-1619."

It is curious that this photograph of the old book in Victoria College library should confirm the fact of the relationship of the Palatines to the Netherlands as well as to the Rhenish palatinate.

Book Notices.

"Dr. Grenfell's Parish." The Deep-Sea Fishermen. By Norman Duncan. Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador." New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 155. Price, $1.00 net.

More fascinating than a tale of romance or fiction is the story of Dr. Grenfell's adventurous and heroic life. A few years ago this well-born, Oxford-bred young Englishman was walking the London hospitals. He strayed one night into one of Mr. Moody's meetings and determined to dedicate his life to the service of humanity. After mission work in London slums he joined the mission to the deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea, and then gave himself to the deeper needs of the fishing fleets on the Labrador coast.

Mr. Duncan gives a vivid account of his "parish," where his doctor's duties take him on a round of three thousand miles of a most rugged and inhospitable country. Here he is at once doctor, parson, master-mariner, and magistrate, a prophet and champion of the people. It is one of the stormiest coasts in the world. In one gale forty vessels were driven on a lee shore, in another eighty were wrecked over night, two thousand fishermen cast away. Twenty-five thousand people go north from Newfoundland every year in a thousand fishing vessels, and four thousand more live the year round on this bleak and rugged coast. The Government employs a physician to make a fortnightly round on the mail steamer in the summer time, but what is one among so many men exposed to sickness, accident and danger every hour. One father had to cut off his little daughter's frozen feet with an axe to save her life. Another sick man dosed himself with a liquid obtained by boiling cast-off pulley blocks!

To this needy community came this modern Viking, and in his little steam yacht "Strathcona," visits every harbor on the coast, ministering to the sick or conveying them to one of the hospitals which he has established on the coast. No peril of fog or sleet or storm can daunt him. In winter it is even worse. He travels for hundreds of miles with *dog-teams* and komatiks, or wooden sleds, ministering to the sick and performing surgical operations, passing the night out of doors in his sleeping bag, snuggled close to his dogs for the sake of warmth. Mr. Duncan's book gives, in his own vivid manner, the stirring incidents of this heroic life and of the dangers encountered and triumphs achieved by this heroic man.

"The Life and Work of the Rev. E. J. Peck Among the Eskimos." By Rev. Arthur Lewis, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-350.

This book has special interest to Canadians, because it describes missionary work, as heroic as any other attempted, in a little-known part of our own Dominion—the east coast of Hudson's Bay. Few of us have any adequate conception of the extent of this great Mediterranean of Canada, soon to be connected by rail with Toronto and the great west. Our author presents a map showing Great Britain and Ireland as transferred to Hudson's Bay and scarce occupying one-fourth of its area. The brave missionary whose life and labors are here recorded responded to the appeal of Bishop Horden for volunteers thirty years ago. He records the grateful indebtedness of the mission to the syllabic character invented by James Evans, by which the Bible and hymn books were translated into the Eskimo language. After ten years' labor in this rugged field the missionary returned to England for a furlough, but was soon back at his work with a splendid reinforcement in the person of a devoted wife. In the first year of their wedded happiness, in mid-winter the missionary set out on a journey of six hundred miles, two hundred and fifty of which he made on foot, the remaining three hundred and fifty with dog-sleds. The isolation of those heroic souls is almost inconceivable. But one ship a year brings letters from England. One missionary did not hear of the death of his child in England for a year after it took place. The missionaries have their unfailing reward. In the snow igloos of the Eskimo gospel triumphs are won, which gladden their hearts and compensate for all their toil. The book has all the fascination of a romance.

"The Clansman." An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Pp. 374. Price, cloth, $1.50.

We had the pleasure of reviewing in this magazine Mr. Dixon's striking tale of reconstruction times in the Southern States, "The Leopard's Spots." This book is the second of a series planned on the race conflict. It develops the story of the Ku Klux Klan conspiracy. It was one of the stormiest periods of American history. The book is one of absorbing interest, even though we may not agree with all of the author's positions and conclusions. Few things are more dramatic than the tale of how this mysterious organization akin to the Vehmgerichte of Germany, spread terror through the South. "In the darkest hour of the life of the South, when her wounded people lay helpless amid rags and ashes under the beak and talon of the vulture, suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a man's hand. It grew until its mantle of mystery enfolded the stricken earth and sky. An Invisible Empire had risen from the field of Death and challenged the Visible to mortal combat. How the young South, led by the reincarnated souls of the Clansmen of Old Scotland, went forth under this cover and against overwhelming odds, daring exile, imprisonment, and a felon's death, and saved the life of a people, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan race."

"History of the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States of America." By James Hannay, D.C.L., author of "A History of Acadia," etc. Toronto: Morang & Co., Ltd. Pp. xv-372. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

The only work that can compare in copious treatment and illustration of this period in our country's history is Benjamin J. Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812," but that book was written from a frankly American, as this is from a frankly Canadian, point of view. Dr. Hannay is by general and special training admirably adapted for the writing of such a book. For over thirty years he has been actively connected with the press, has written a history of Acadia and many historical papers. He gives us the result of much original research. He shows how utterly unjustifiable was the waging of this war, which was precipitated for political reasons by the Madison administration. Canada at the time had less than half a million people, whereas the United States had over eight millions. Our southern neighbors thought all they need do would be to send emissaries int Canada, when the people would fall in.) the arms of the United States. They were very speedily undeceived. Then, as after the War of the Revolution, from the fortress city of Quebec to the remotest extremities of Canada the people sprang to the defence of their homes and hearths. With very little assistance from Great Britain, then engaged in the struggle with the archdespot Napoleon, they repulsed invasion after invasion of our country. Not one foot of Canadian territory was retained by the Americans, and the original cause of the quarrel was not even mentioned in the treaty of peace. Never were more strikingly illustrated the words of Lord Lansdowne that war is the most ferocious and futile of all means of settling difficulties. This book is very handsomely illustrated with portraits and other engravings, diagrams, and maps. It is written in a readable style and throbs with patriotic feeling.

"Sidney Smith." By George W. E. Russell. New York: The MacMillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Pp. vii-242. Price, 75 cents net.

The life of the wise and witty Sydney Smith is one that well deserves to be retold in this admirable series of English Men of Letters. He was a distinct force in letters. The founding of The Edinburgh Review marks an epoch in British literature. But he should be remembered still more by his championship of reform movements, and of catholic emancipation, when narrowness and bigotry were the too general characteristic of his fellow churchmen. It is a pity that the wide-minded divine was not as generous in his treatment of "the people called Methodists," and of missions as he was of the Roman Catholics. He winged the shafts of his banter and ridicule at the new sect and the great movement which have since belted the world. He will be remembered best by his genuine wit, which flashed and sparkled like a diamond. We shall put this book in the hands of a clever writer for fuller review.

"Return." A Story of the Sea Islands in 1739. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Authors of "The Last Word," etc. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark & Co., Ltd. Pp. 544. Price, $1.50.

This is an intensely dramatic and fascinating story. Its scene is laid in the early days of South Carolina and Georgia. The authors have made a careful study of the times, and the distinguished statesman Oglethorpe, and the great preacher George Whitefield appear prominently in its pages. Then as now the drink habit was the curse of mankind. A penitent sinner thus protests to Whitefield: "But the drink—the drink—the drink, man! Do you know what it is? It hath cast me out from my father's house, after I had disgraced him; it hath shamed me before every friend I ever possessed; and now it is losing me the woman I love. What must I do to be saved from it?"

The striking title of this book is the name given to a little lad, the son of its heroine, who, captured by the Indians, was happily restored to his parents, bringing with him reconciliation of estranged hearts. The authors are saturated with the old ballad literature of Scotland, and their chapter headings from these old ballads strikingly fit the movement of the story.

"A Thousand Miles in the Heart of Africa." A record of a visit to the Mission field of the Boer Church in Central Africa. By J. du Plessis, B.A., B.D. With two maps and twenty-nine illustrations. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 176. Price, 3s. 6d.

The literature of missions is of immense volume and value. Missionaries are in many lands the true pioneers of civilization. This book gives an illuminative account of a mission for which we did not give the Boers credit, one in Angoniland, in the heart of Central Africa. The book recites the trials and triumphs of mission effort in one of the most difficult regions of the world—regions smitten by fever, cursed with superstition and cruelty. Side-lights are thrown upon the Roman Catholic and Church of Scotland missions in the Dark Continent. The Blantyre Cathedral is a magnificent structure of stately architecture, which the writer says "astonishes us almost as much as would the discovery of a Madonna of Raphael in a *native* hut." There is for Africa a great future, and it is an inspiration to read what has been accomplished, and a challenge to the Christian Church to take up the work which must yet be done. The book is handsomely illustrated.

"Christus in Ecclesia: Sermons on the Church and Its Institutions." By Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt., D.C.L. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author of this book is a devout and scholarly representative of the Broad Church party in the Anglican communion. If their conceptions of ecclesiasticism prevailed, Nonconformists would have very little to complain of; differences would soon come within sight of adjustment. But amid all the differences of the three great parties, Evangelical, High Church, Broad Church, the one unifying conception after all is "The Church," and "The Establishment." Our author praises the Oxford Movement, with the High Church position of which he does not agree, for restoring "the idea of the Church," and believes that the Romanistic tendencies of the movement will die away. He then points out the "broad" idea of the eucharist, baptism, grace, and other great religious terms. Apostolic succession he opposes without if or but—and denounces the spirit that would unchurch nonconformist denominations, upon whose work the Spirit of God pours His blessing. He insists on the priesthood of all believers; the clergy being simply representative of the whole class, appointed to a work in the interest of the whole. He recognizes the good of the narrower views of the Evangelicals, and points out the fact that therein is often found intensity of Christian spirit which is not the characteristic of the party of "liberal theology."

At the same time truth must be the ultimate aim. They must give their message as they see it, and organize for greater effectiveness, for their weakness is in their isolation and timidity. If this presentation of church ideas does not quite fulfil the Divine ideal, it is certainly a sincere, devout, scholarly, yet simple presentation of one line along which holy men are thinking to-day, and which is not far from the central truth of the kingdom. The careful reading of this view cannot but be of immense service to our intelligent ministry, in preparation for the great world-conflict in which all Churches should unite, at least in appreciative sympathy. C. S. E.

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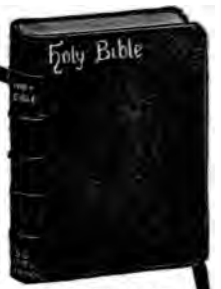

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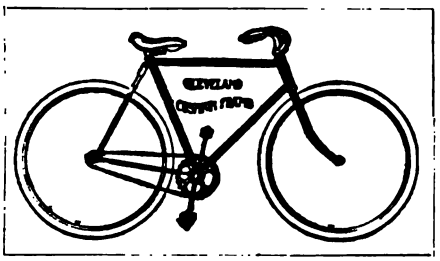

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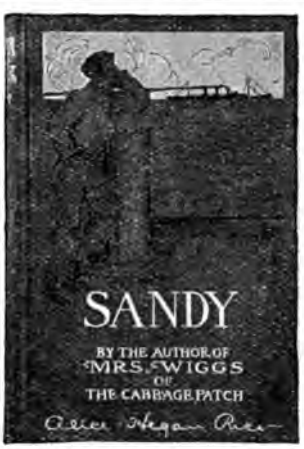

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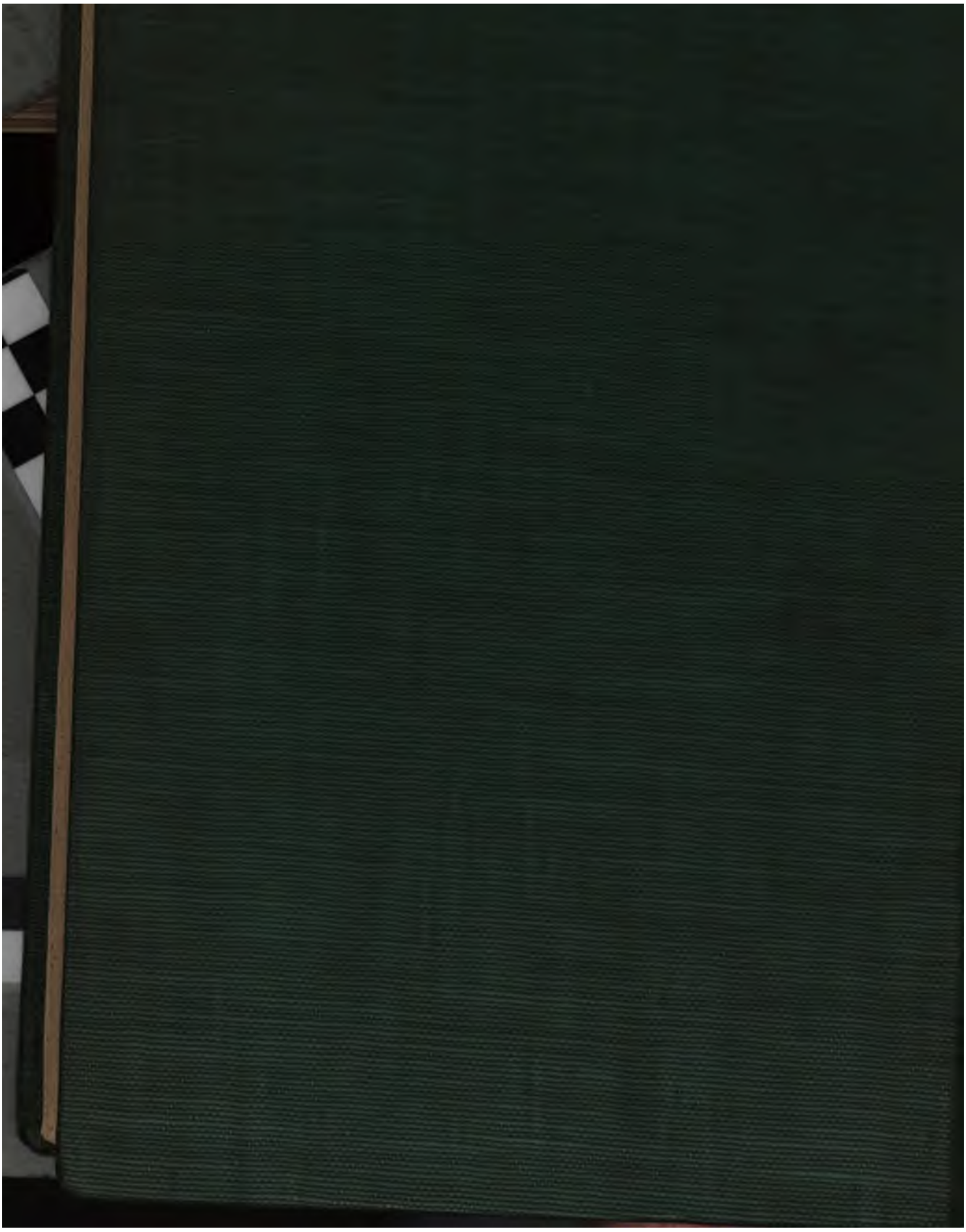
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